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2. *A New Translation of the Holy Bible.* Part II. By John Bellamy.

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4. *A Vindication of our Authorized Translation and Translators of the Bible, in answer to Objections of Mr. John Bellamy and Sir James Bland Burges.* By the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A.

5. *Supplement to an Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation.* By J. W. Whittaker, M.A. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge.

WHEN we last called the attention of the public to Mr. Bellamy's 'New Translation,' we pledged ourselves not to betray our duty by remaining in silence, while he or any one else was attempting to degrade the Bible, by capricious and ill-founded interpretations, tending to the perversion of its sacred truths.

Several circumstances have occurred which induce us to redeem this pledge without further delay. In the first place, it appears that, whatever may be the present opinion of the public respecting Mr. Bellamy's qualifications, he has not yet been led to form a just estimate of them himself: for, notwithstanding all that has passed, he has published a second part of his translation in the same style with the first.—In this he commits the same blunders; displays the same ignorance of the plainest principles of Hebrew; exhibits the same vulgar and incomprehensible jargon; repeats the same exploded falsehoods; and treats with the same insolence the learned persons who framed our present authorized translation. In the next place, a clearer proof has been afforded, than we were prepared so soon to expect, of the advantage which the infidel is ready to take of his perversions. When Carlile was lately indicted for publishing Paine's Age of Reason, he asked, (prudently enough for his own purposes,) in reference to the position that the Bible is sanctioned by the common law of the land, *what Bible is meant,*

whether the Bible according to the authorized version, or that according to Mr. Bellamy's? If the former, he had the authority of this distinguished Hebrew scholar for asserting that it is full of the grossest errors, so as to deprive it altogether of the sacred character which might otherwise attach to it; and, to prove that he (Bellamy) was worthy of credit in such a matter, he quoted the names of the many eminent and illustrious persons,\* who had subscribed to his publication.

But, in the third place, we are now supplied with positive proof that, even after all which has passed, there is some danger of the public being led into the belief that Mr. Bellamy's translations are truly derived from the Hebrew, and that his charges against the received version are not destitute of foundation. At least, there has appeared *one* individual who has publicly and unequivocally professed his belief in them—we allude to Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. This gentleman, we understand, passes in certain circles for a literary character. We are well aware that this term is one of extensive signification, and is sometimes coupled with qualifications sufficiently humble.—Be this as it may, Sir James, as far as we are informed, has hitherto confined himself to works of imagination; in the present instance, however, he has attempted a more serious style of composition, and launched into the field of Biblical criticism. By what course of study he had prepared himself for such an effort, and by what or by whom he was deluded into the belief that he was qualified to enlighten the public mind in this department, must be left to the conjectures of the reader.

His work is entitled 'Reasons in favour of a New Translation of the Holy Scriptures,' and he shews his own opinion of the performance by dedicating it to Lord Grenville, specially on account of his 'eminence as a statesman and scholar,' and his 'dignified situation as Chancellor of Oxford.' We expected, of course, a discussion of such passages in the English version as, in the judgment of the author, are not sufficiently close to the original Hebrew, or do not express the sense with sufficient elegance and propriety; instead of which we found the greater part of his book occupied with a stale and tedious discussion on the origin and merits of the Septuagint version, prefaced by a desperate assault on us for our statements respecting it.

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\* The use made of the great and respectable names of those who subscribed to Bellamy's translation has been most unwarranted. The greater part, if not the whole, of those who gave their names to this publication were influenced entirely by the desire of promoting the cause of sacred literature, having been led into the persuasion that the person whose work they patronized was qualified to do service to this cause. As soon as they discovered their error, and found that any thing rather than advantage to sacred literature was likely to be derived from this new translation, they without hesitation withdrew themselves from all support of it, and connexion with it.



The familiarity of Sir James Bland Burges with 'Cœur-de-Lions,' and 'Dragon Knights,' has evidently given him a chivalrous disposition; yet it is still a mystery to us why he should set his lance in the rest, and tilt so furiously at those who gave him no provocation. We never criticized his poetry—how was it possible we could, since we never read a line of it?—Yet the book opens as if the writer were smarting from recent criticism, and eager to revenge himself on us for the imaginary injury. 'Mr. Bellamy's new translation' (it is thus he begins) 'was continually rising in general estimation, when the Quarterly Review made a most virulent attack upon it, evidently calculated to crush it at the outset, and to intimidate those by whom it had been patronized.'—(p. 1.) How has this author the audacity to accuse us of *virulence*, or of a wish to *intimidate*? We came forward in the solemn discharge of a great but painful duty, actuated by loftier and purer motives than the confused intellects of our calumniators appear capable of appreciating, or even comprehending.

After wading through more than two-thirds of his book, we came to the professed subject of it, his 'Reasons for a new translation:' Sir James repeats, with little variation, the assertions of Mr. Bellamy, that our translators never pretended to translate from the Hebrew, and only copied with servility from the Greek and Latin. Quitting for the present all observation on this part of his statements, we hasten to his method of proving that our authorized version departs from the original. And here we must request the reader's particular attention. Through the space of thirty pages, he ranges in four parallel columns selected verses of the Bible, according to a *literal translation from the Hebrew*, to the Septuagint, to Jerome's version, or the Latin Vulgate, and to the received (English) version. He makes no remarks as he proceeds; but directs the reader at the outset to the general inference to be drawn from the whole, viz. that because the received English version agrees for the most part with the Septuagint and the Vulgate, and differs widely from that which he terms 'a literal translation from the Hebrew,' it must therefore have been made from the Septuagint and Vulgate, and not from the Hebrew. We will readily allow that his conclusion is sufficiently legitimate, provided his premises are sound. But what is meant, it will naturally be asked, by his 'literal translation from the Hebrew,' on which the whole of his conclusion depends? At first we were disposed to take for granted that he had himself examined the original Hebrew, had rendered it into English in what he deemed the most literal manner, and then concluded, from his own judgment of the sense of the original, that the received version is erroneous. Judge then our surprise, when we found that this 'literal translation from the Hebrew,' by which, as a test, he tries the accu-

curacy of the received version, is not his own, but John Bellamy's!—that very translation which has been shewn to be full of the grossest errors and absurdities, and to be framed by a person who is no less ignorant of the plainest rules of Hebrew grammar than destitute of every other qualification for a Biblical translator! Thus, by a style of proceeding more truly astonishing than could have been imagined, Sir J. Burges *assumes*, not only without examination, but in the face of the clearest evidence, the accuracy of Bellamy's translation; adopts it as *the test* by which the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and the authorized English versions are to be tried; and then, because these versions differ entirely from it, comes to the portentous conclusion—not that versions approved by the most competent judges in all ages are right, and that which rests on Bellamy's single authority is entirely wrong, but just the reverse; that these versions are all unfaithful to the original—and that Bellamy's alone gives the true and accurate sense!

In addition to the lamentable weakness of judgment and incapacity which this proceeding betrays, there is, we regret to say, a want of ingenuous dealing in it, which demands the most serious reprobation. As we have stated, Sir James quotes a 'literal translation,' but studiously conceals the name of John Bellamy\* in connexion with it; well knowing that the public were apprized of his demerits, and would not now set much value on a 'literal' or any 'translation,' professing to come from him. Again, when Sir J. Burges brings forward what he calls a 'literal translation,' the natural inference is that he is prepared to vouch for its being so; that he has examined it, and ascertained, on other grounds than the mere assertion of the author, that it is what its name implies, a true 'literal translation.' Now we beg leave to ask, has Sir James Burges done this? Is he able to do it? Does he possess knowledge enough of the Hebrew language to judge whether this or any other translation is literal?—We see no symptoms in his book of his possessing such knowledge, and our belief is, that he does not possess it. How can he, then, as a man of principle, and an investigator of truth, bring forward, for the very grave purpose of shaking the con-

\* Sir J. Burges, in a flippant and angry Reply to Mr. Todd, recently published, pretends to complain that he is coupled by him with John Bellamy, and represented as advocating his cause; and says (Reply, p. 9) 'that, to the best of his recollection, there is only one passage in his book in which any mention of Mr. Bellamy, or any allusion to him, can be discovered.' The best of his recollection seems to be but bad when it suits his purpose. We think we can refresh it a little by reminding him that, through several pages of his book, he has quoted Bellamy's version as *a literal translation from the Hebrew*, and represented our received version as *not a literal translation, because it does not agree with it*. If this be not to shew his implicit faith in Bellamy's version, we beg leave to ask what can be so. We are not surprised that Sir J. Burges begins to be a little weary of the connection: on his account we wish that he had shewn a little more wariness in entering into it.

fidence of the public in the authorized version of the Holy Bible, another version under the title of a 'literal version from the Hebrew,' in terms which imply his solemnly vouching for its being literal, when he knows that he does not possess one particle of the knowledge which would enable him so to do?

All this, however, clearly proves that enough has not yet been done. We will not flatter Sir James by saying that we think him less likely to be gulled by the confident assertions of an ignorant empiric, than the rest of the world; but we will say, that a considerable number of persons who are indisposed to examine such matters for themselves, are at least as likely to be deceived as he is. In addition to this, as he assumes a tone of erudition, his authority may probably carry a certain degree of weight with some readers, and induce them to believe that Bellamy's translations are just, because he has expressed a deliberate opinion in their favour. On these grounds, we are inclined to hope that a further discussion of their merits will not be thought superfluous.

In this discussion, we gladly avail ourselves of the assistance afforded by two works, in which the subject has been considered with a particularity, from which the limits of our Journal required us to abstain. The first and most important of these is entitled 'an Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's New Translation,' by Mr. Whittaker, of St. John's College, Cambridge. This gentleman has exposed in detail, and with peculiar success, the falsehood of many of Bellamy's assertions; and has particularly been enabled, by his accurate and intimate knowledge of the oriental tongues, to bring to the test his skill as a biblical translator. The second is a 'Vindication of our authorized Translation of the Bible, and of preceding Versions, from the Objections of Mr. John Bellamy, and of Sir J. B. Burges,' by the Rev. H. J. Todd, in which the author, abstaining from a critical discussion of the fidelity of the several versions, institutes, as his course of reading has enabled him to do with great advantage, an accurate inquiry into their history; pointing out the high qualifications of the authors of our received version for the task committed to them, and producing a mass of eminent authorities in favour of its general excellence.

Mr. Whittaker properly begins his Enquiry by explaining what is meant when it is said that any particular translation of the Bible is made from the original.

'By these words it is merely understood, that its authors regarded nothing as authority, except the original Hebrew of the Old, and the original Greek of the New Testament, a condition which evidently is not violated by their consulting any number of prior translations during

the progress of their work. No person would attempt a new version, without availing himself of the labours of former interpreters, unless his discretion was altogether overcome by self-conceit, or he was so bad a critic as not to be aware of the advantages resulting from a comparison of different independent translations. Accordingly, those who have undertaken this arduous task have invariably paid the greatest deference to their learned predecessors, which respect has generally been proportioned to their own modesty, and has therefore been most shewn by men of the highest attainments. That degree of confidence in his own acquirements, which leads a translator to neglect or underrate those who have gone before him, usually proceeds from vanity, and may be esteemed no unsure token of inconsiderate rashness.

'It is hardly necessary to dwell on the utility of the Old Translations. There are many passages, particularly in the Old Testament, of such acknowledged difficulty, that learned men never did, and perhaps never will, agree about them. In these cases, if a translator feel any uncertainty, his object ought to be the selection of that interpretation from former versions, which, after mature consideration, he thinks the best; nor would he be justified in forsaking them, unless *a priori* he had reason to believe that their authors were influenced by prejudice, or the desire of supporting some favourite tenet. If in translating the Old Testament he considers none of the versions thus employed as of *ultimate and decisive authority*, it is contended that his translation is made from the Original Hebrew, and from nothing else.'—pp. 1—3.

The soundness of these remarks will be appreciated by every reader. They shew the egregious folly of Mr. Bellamy's boast of translating from the Hebrew *only*, in the sense of referring to, and consulting, no preceding translation; a boast which is sufficient of itself to produce a full conviction of his utter incompetence to the office he has undertaken. Every preceding translation conveys the recorded opinion of the learned persons who framed it, as to the sense of the original; and, where several independent translations agree, a concurrence of opinions as to the sense is afforded, which leaves no room for doubt. By declaring that he translates from the Hebrew *only*, in the sense in which he uses the term, Mr. Bellamy declares that his regular plan is to discard the most valuable means of properly performing the task he undertakes.

Mr. Whittaker proceeds to consider Bellamy's bold assertion that Jerome made his Latin translation from the Greek, and not from the Hebrew. It will be remembered that we mentioned it as an historical fact, too well authenticated to admit any doubt, that Jerome made his version from the Hebrew; and we sanctioned what we advanced by a quotation from the learned and accurate Brian Walton. Mr. Whittaker adopts a still surer method of proving it; for he refers to Jerome himself, and shews, *from his own words*, that he did translate from the Hebrew. In one passage, he says (Epist. 49, at Pammachium) *Libros sedecim pro-*

prophetarum quos in Latinum de Hebræo sermone verti, &c. In another, in answer to some calumnies heaped upon him expressly on account of his translating from the Hebrew, and thereby departing from the version then received—'Certe confidenter dicam—me nihil duntaxat de Hebraicâ veritate mutasse. Sicubi ergo editio mea a veteribus discrepat, interroga quemlibet Hebræorum, et liquidò pervidebis me ab æmulis frustra lacerari.'—(Apolog. adv. Ruffin.) We have ourselves since referred to Jerome's own declarations, and find proof heaped upon proof that he translated from the Hebrew. Thus, in his Epistle to Augustin, v. i. p. 747. Edit. Vallarsii, 1734,) he affirms that his object in translating was 'ut scirent nostri quid Hebraica veritas contineret.' Again, in the same, apparently in answer to doubts expressed on the fidelity of his version to the Hebrew original, he observes that, as all who understood Greek could judge what he had done in regard to the Greek Testament, 'eandem integritatem debueras etiam in Veteri credere Testamento, quod non nostra confinximus, sed, ut apud Hebræos invenimus, divina transtulimus.' Of the book of Job, he says, (Lib. contra Ruffin. v. ii. p. 524) 'quum rursum juxta ipsum Hebraicum verterem:' of the Psalms (p. 525.) 'Psalterium rursum juxta Hebraicum vertens, præfatione munivi:' of the books of Solomon, 'Solomonis libros ex Hebraico transferens.'

Enough, and more than enough, has surely been said to place beyond all dispute the utter falsehood of Mr. Bellamy's assertion respecting Jerome: yet, incorrigible in error, he has the hardihood to repeat it, word for word, in his Second Part; and his champion, (Sir James Burges,) thus steps forward to confirm it! I will produce, he says, two witnesses, to prove that Jerome's version was not a new version from the Hebrew original, but that it was little more than a translation, and in many instances, a very close one, from the Septuagint, or, in other words, from Origen's Hexapla.—'My first shall be Jerome himself.' He then states that a violent clamour having been raised against Jerome, on the publication of his version, not only for attempting to introduce Judaism into the church, but for having entirely changed the Scriptures, and conducted himself in his translation as a Jew and an apostate, he replied in the following terms:—'I entertain no intention to lessen the authority of the Septuagint, which I acknowledge to be divine—I have undertaken this work (his own version) for the instruction of the people, without any design of blaming the ancient version.—How do I condemn the ancient translators? In no way; but I labour in the house of the Lord, treading in the footsteps of those who went before me.'—pp. 106, 107.

Is it possible!—is Sir James Bland Burges's obtuseness of understanding so great; that he cannot perceive how entirely these words

of Jerome *prove the very fact which he brings them to controvert?* Why was this 'clamour raised against Jerome?' Not surely because he translated from the Septuagint, for this was the Scripture with which his opponents were familiar; but because he translated from the Hebrew directly, and thereby incurred the charge of conducting himself like a Jew, and changing the Scriptures (the language in which the sense of Scripture was expressed) from that to which the people were accustomed. To soften this clamour, and to reconcile the prejudices of his opponents, he declares in the words just cited, that he has no intention of blaming the ancient translators, or lessening the authority of the Septuagint; all which expressions prove still more conclusively, that he did not translate from the Septuagint: for how then could it be necessary for him to declare, that he had no intention of lessening its authority?

Such is Sir James Burges's 'first witness.' His second is no less extraordinary.

'I beg leave,' he says, (p. 108.) 'to bring forward my second witness, which is no other than Jerome's own version, which, instead of being a new translation from the original Hebrew, is little more than a literal translation of the Greek Septuagint. The following table contains a collection of sundry portions of Jerome's version, with the corresponding passages of the Septuagint, and of the *Hebrew text literally translated*; which will shew, with their accordance with the former, and their disagreement with the latter, from which source they must have been derived.'

To this 'second witness' our answer shall be very concise. The Hebrew text, *literally translated*, as Sir James calls it, is any thing but that; it is the Hebrew text most vilely distorted from its true meaning; it is, in fact, nothing more than Bellamy's translation of the Hebrew text, which Sir J. Burges has the confidence here also to produce, without stating whose it is, as a literal translation. It would indeed be surprising if Jerome's or any other version should agree with this. But such are the assertions of Sir James Burges, and such is his mode of proving their truth!

We now follow Mr. Whittaker in his investigation of Bellamy's affirmations respecting all modern European translations having been made from the Septuagint and the Vulgate; these, it will be recollected, are as bold and positive as they can possibly be. 'The common translations, in all the European languages, were made from the modern Septuagint and Vulgate.'—'From it (the Vulgate) and the Greek, all the European translations have been made.'—'From the copy of Jerome the Latin Vulgate made its appearance; and from this *contaminated fountain* all the European translations have been made.' These and similar assertions are scattered



scattered through every part of his book. We before proved their glaring falsehood by producing, out of the long list of foreign European versions which, it is notorious, were made from the Hebrew, a few which happened to occur to our recollection. Mr. Whittaker has extended the list, and produced no less than nineteen translations which have been made from the original Hebrew, not to mention many others which have been made from them, and therefore have been virtually derived also from the original Hebrew—not from either the Septuagint or the Vulgate. Translations of this kind (he adds) are so numerous, that a perfect catalogue, accompanied with full proofs that they were not made from the sources alleged by Mr. Bellamy, but directly from the Hebrew, would fill a volume of considerable dimensions. We think it perfectly superfluous to follow him through his list; and shall, therefore, content ourselves with referring the reader (if there be yet any reader who doubts the utter falsehood of Bellamy's assertion on this subject) to the work. Meanwhile, we hasten to the consideration of the different English versions, and especially of the present authorized translation: a subject of primary importance to the English reader, and in which the good faith of the English government and church towards the unlearned part of the public is concerned in no ordinary degree.

It may not be improper to recall to the reader's recollection, the assertions of Mr. Bellamy on this subject, supported, as they now are, by Sir J. Burges. 'From the Latin Vulgate,' says the former, 'all the European translations (including *all made in England*) have been made, thereby perpetuating all the errors of the first translators.'—'The last revision was undertaken in the year 1603, when fifty-four of the most learned men in the universities were appointed: but it appears that they confined themselves to the Septuagint and Vulgate; so that this was only working in the harness of the first translators. Indeed, *it is well known* that there was not a Hebrew scholar among them; the Hebrew language, so indispensably necessary for the accomplishment of this important work, having been most shamefully neglected in our universities.' (*Pref. ii.*)—'Our received version,' chimes in Sir James Burges, 'is little more than a servile translation of the Septuagint and Vulgate.' (*Reasons*, p. 124.)

Our readers will probably obtain a clearer view of the subject, if we first direct their attention to the English translations of the Bible, antecedent to our present authorized one, which are referred to in King James's directions to his translators.

The first was that of Tyndal.

'Tyndal printed the first edition of his Translation of the New Testament, in 1526; of the Pentateuch, in 1530; and of the prophet Jonah,



Jonah, in 1531. Speaking of St. Matthew's Hebraisms, he has said, "if ought seme chaunged, or not altogether agreynge with the Greke, let the finder of the faute consider the *Hebrue phrase or maner of speache left in the Greeke words*, whose preterperfect tense and present tense is oft both one, and the future tense is the optative mode also, and oft the imperative mode in the active voice and in the passive ever. Likewise person for person, number for number, and interrogation for a conditional, and such like, is *with the Hebrues* a common usage." By a man explaining his labour in this manner, we shall hardly be slow to believe that a translation of the "*five Books of Moses from the Hebrew into English*" was made in the true spirit of judiciously preferring the original to a version from it.—*Todd's Vindication*, pp. 22, 23.

The next is that of Miles Coverdale, the first Protestant translation of the whole Bible, published in 1535; considered as the joint production of Tyndal and Coverdale. On the sources from which this version was derived, Mr. Whittaker gives a very satisfactory discussion, (pp. 49, 50) which our limits forbid us to insert; after which he proceeds to a still surer evidence of Coverdale's having translated from the original Hebrew, internal evidence afforded by the version itself. He produces several instances in which this translator conforms closely to the Hebrew, and differs both from the Septuagint and the Vulgate, so as to shew most clearly to what source he referred; and among the rest, one (Isai. lvii. 5.) in which the Septuagint, the Vulgate, Pagninus and Luther, all give the sense of the Hebrew with a certain degree of incorrectness; and Coverdale alone, differing from all these, gives it most correctly; a curious and striking proof both of the fact of Coverdale's translating from the original, and of his ability to do so with critical and learned accuracy.—(*Enq.* p. 52.)

The Bible, called Matthews's Bible, published in 1537, was really edited by John Rogers, who had assisted Coverdale, and been his corrector of the press.

'In consequence,' says Mr. Whittaker, 'of Tyndal's tragical death, and the obloquy now thrown upon his memory, Rogers published this Bible under the name of Thomas Mattheue, whom Mr. Bellamy seems to regard as a real personage. It was printed by Grafton and Whitchurch, at Hamburgh, as is supposed, though it bears date, London, A.D. 1537. Bale, Bishop of Ossory, says that Rogers translated the whole Scriptures, and that he used the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German and English Bibles. Johnson also tells us that Coverdale revised this translation "*from the Hebrew*," and it was in fact a mere revision of the former Bible undertaken by Coverdale and Rogers together. It ought to be considered as their joint production in the same manner as the first Bible is regarded as the work of Tyndal and Coverdale.'—*Enquiry*, pp. 59, 60.

The Bible, referred to in King James's directions, under the  
name

name of Whitchurch's Bible, was published in 1539; it is called Archbishop Cranmer's Bible, in consequence of that prelate having written the preface, and the Great Bible, as being of larger size than any before published.

'The title-page,' says Mr. Whittaker, 'informs us that it was translated "*after the veryte of the Hebrue and Greke textes* by the dylygent studye of dyverse excellent learned men, *expert in the forsayd tonges.*" These learned men were Tyndal, Coverdale and Rogers. Previous to republication, A.D. 1541, it was revised by Cuthbert Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, and Nicholas Heath, successively Bishop of Rochester and Worcester, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England and Archbishop of York. The former of these is styled by Anthony à Wood "a very good Grecian and Hebritian;" by Bishop Goodwin not only "a profound divine," but "*well skilled in Hebrew;*" and by Erasmus, in one of his epistles, "*homo vitæ inculpatissimæ, utriusque literaturæ ad unguem doctus, nec ullius disciplinæ rudis.*"'—pp. 62, 63.

Of the Geneva version, as Mr. Todd accurately states, the New Testament was published in 1557, and the whole Bible in 1560. It was prepared by English refugees, resident at Geneva, during Mary's persecutions. The translators were Coverdale, Goodman, Gilby, Whittingham, Sampson and Cole, to whom some add John Knox, John Bodleigh and John Pullein. Of these, Archbishop Newcome has pronounced Coverdale, Gilby and Whittingham, the chief and most learned. They state in their preface, that they had been for two years and more, day and night, occupied in this translation. And, as they chiefly observed the sense, and laboured always to restore it to integrity, so they had most reverently kept the propriety of the words, and had in many places reserved the Hebrew phrases. To a charge brought against them, of professing to translate from their master Beza, their defender, Dr. Fulke, replies, 'It is a very impudent slander. The Geneva Bibles do not profess to translate out of Beza's Latin translation, but *out of the Hebrew and Greek*: and, if they agree not always with Beza, what is that to the purpose, if they agree with the original text?' (*Vindication*, p. 30, 31.)

The last translation of the Bible, antecedent to that of King James, is known by the name of the Bishops' Bible, published under Queen Elizabeth's authority in 1568; it was the authorized version till the present was formed.

'Archbishop Parker had the superintendence of the whole work, different portions of which were assigned to the most learned men in the realm. These seem again to have associated others with them, so that we frequently hear of men, unmentioned in the Archbishop's list, who nevertheless had a share in this translation. According to the best authorities the following arrangement was adopted in distributing the different parts of the translation. The Pentateuch was committed to

William

William Alley; Joshua, Judges and Ruth to Richard Davies; the two Books of Samuel, two Books of Kings, and two of Chronicles to Edwyn Sandys; Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther and Job to Andrew Pearson; the Book of Psalms to Thomas Bentham; Proverbs, not clearly ascertained; Ecclesiastes and Solomon's Song to Andrew Perne; Isaiah, Jeremiah and Lamentations to Robert Horne; Ezekiel and Daniel to Thomas Cole, and the lesser Prophets to no less a character than Edmund Grindall, Bishop of London.

' Fortunately we are not left in ignorance of the attainments of these learned men, and the names of some of them would be sufficient evidence of the care with which this translation was conducted. Dr. Alley, Bishop of Exeter, was educated at King's College, from which place he went to Oxford, and there wrote a Hebrew Grammar. Dr. Davies, Bishop of St. David's, to which see he was promoted from St. Asaph, had been employed in translating the Bible into Welsh in conjunction with one Morgan, which employment he probably forsook when the English version required his assistance. Dr. Sandys was Bishop of Worcester, afterwards of London, and ultimately Archbishop of York. He, as well as Dr. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge; and Strype says that "he was a man well skilled in the original languages." In a letter which he wrote to the Archbishop, he complains that the Hebrew had not every where been diligently followed in the Great Bible, and that too great attention had been paid to Münster's Latin translation. Dr. Bentham, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, had been Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and during his residence there, Anthony à Wood says that "he did solely addict his mind to the study of theology, and to the learning of the Hebrew language." Being ejected from his fellowship in Queen Mary's reign, he retired to foreign countries and became a preacher at Zurich and Basle, but returned on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The Book of Psalms passed through the hands of Dr. Cox, Bishop of Ely, and perhaps of some other persons. Possibly this prelate may have been originally appointed by Parker, since Bentham was not nominated by the Archbishop, but by the Queen. Dr. Grindall was educated at Magdalen College in Cambridge, and, as well as Bentham, resided abroad during Queen Mary's reign. On his return he was made Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.—His literary attainments in every branch of theological learning have never been doubted, and have been so well described by his biographer, Strype, that to enlarge here upon them would be superfluous.—*Whitaker's Enquiry*, pp. 64—67.

We now turn to our present authorized version, against which the calumnies and insults of Mr. Bellamy and Sir James Burges are principally directed. It must be superfluous to dwell, at any length, on the singular care and pains taken in the formation of this great national work. The King addressed a letter to his archbishops and bishops, requiring them to inform themselves of all such learned men within their several dioceses, as *having especial skill in the Hebrew*

*brew and Greek tongues*, have taken pains in their private studies of the Scriptures, for the clearing of any obscurities either in the *Hebrew* or in the *Greek*, or touching any difficulties or mistakings in the former English translation. A careful selection of these persons was made for conducting the translation of the several parts of the Bible, and regulations were made by which each book, and each division of the Bible, were submitted in turn to the judgment of the whole body. After being thus prepared, the whole underwent two or three revisions from committees specially appointed for the purpose. In cases of difficulty letters were addressed to learned persons, requesting their opinion. More than three years were spent in preparing the work in this laborious manner. Thus it had the benefit of all the theological learning and talent to be found at that time in the kingdom; and this, not hastily applied, but with the most ample time for due investigation and deliberation. It is our firm opinion, that there is no instance on record, in any age, or in any nation, of a great public work of a literary nature, having been conducted with such anxious care to guard against error, as the present authorized translation of the Bible.

But, says Mr. Bellamy, all the care that could be employed in selecting persons for the task was of no avail, for no persons properly qualified could be found. 'The Hebrew language had then been most shamefully neglected in our Universities.—' It is well known that there was not a critical Hebrew scholar among them,' (the persons employed on the authorized translation.) We know not that we ever encountered a more severe trial of our patience than in finding a person, like Mr. Bellamy, mean in talents, devoid of all general information, without a particle of classical education, bred, as we understand, to a mechanic trade, and who has deserted that trade to pick up a few scraps of Hebrew, daring to pronounce judgment in this presumptuous manner on the character and attainments of some of the greatest scholars of their own, or any other age.

Let us hear, however, Mr. Whittaker.

'Had this gentleman (meaning Mr. Bellamy) consulted any historical authority, or in the slightest degree investigated the characters of our translators, he would have found that many of them were celebrated Hebrew scholars, and could not have failed to perceive that the sacred language was at that time cultivated to a far greater extent in England than it has ever been since. We have already seen that twelve editions of the Hebrew Bible were printed before the year 1527, four of which were published in one year. Ever since the first dawn of literature in Europe, the study of the Scriptures in the original languages had been an object of the warmest enthusiasm. The turn which religious controversy took at the birth of the Reformation compelled all learned men to take their authorities from the inspired text, and not from

from a Romish version.—In the year 1540, King Henry the Eighth appointed regular Hebrew Professors, and the consequences of this measure were instantaneous. In Queen Elizabeth's reign no person who pretended to eminence as a learned man was ignorant of this language, and so very common did it become, that the ladies of noble families frequently made it one of their accomplishments. We do not require to be told in the nineteenth century, that, when Capnio, Luther, Pagninus and Felix Pratensis flourished, *Christians indeed knew very little of Hebrew*. Neither must the public be informed that, in the age which produced such men as Bellarmine, Sixtus Senensis, Montanus, Buxtorf and Morinus, and educated scholars like Cappellus, Walton and Pole, the King of England found none of his subjects competent to translate the Scriptures from the original Hebrew only, but employed men who had not a single critical Hebrew scholar among them, and were compelled to confine themselves to the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Does Mr. Bellamy imagine that the dauntless effrontery with which he makes these assertions will pass as a guarantee for their truth, or that all records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have perished?

‘Under Queen Elizabeth and King James, who were not only the patrons of learning by their institutions, but examples of it in their own persons, Hebrew literature prospered to a very great extent, and under the last of these monarchs attained its greatest splendour. The Universities, and all public bodies for the promotion of learning, flourished in an extraordinary degree, and at this happy juncture our translation was made. Every circumstance had been conspiring during the whole of the preceding century to extend the study of Hebrew. The attempts of the Papists to check the circulation of the translations, the zeal of the Protestants to expose the Vulgate errors, the novelty of theological speculations to society at large, and even the disputes of the Reformed Churches, gave an animated vigour to the study of the original Scriptures which has never since been witnessed.’—*Enquiry*, pp. 99—104.

After this just and forcible statement, we cannot forbear to quote one particular testimony to the literary character of the age, incidentally adduced by Mr. Todd. It comes from the pen of a contemporary, Dr. George Hakewill, in a work first published in 1627.

“This latter age,” he says, “hath herein (in grammar) excelled so farre, that all the great learned scollers, who have of late risen, specially if they adhered to the Reformed churches, have been by the fryers, and such like people, in a kinde of scorne, termed grammarians. But these grammarians—are they who have presented us with so many exact translations out of Greke and Hebrew into Latine, and again out of Latine into other languages. To which may be added, the exquisite helpe of dictionaries, lexicons and grammars, in this latter age, beyond the precedent, not only for the easier learning of the western languages, Latine, Italian, Spanish and French; but especially the Easterne, the Hebrew, the Chaldee, the Syriacke, the Arabique. Of all the auncient Fathers, but only two (among the Latines St. Hierome, and

and Origen among the Grecians) are found to have excelled in the Oriental languages; *this last century* having afforded more skilfull men that way than the other fiftene since Christ."—*Todd's Vindication*, p. 66.

But the imputations of Mr. Bellamy are not confined to the age in which the version was made; they are applied also to the individuals engaged in it.—'It is well known (he says) that there was not a critical Hebrew scholar among them.' Well known! Is it even suspected by any one, whose talents or acquirements rank a single step higher than his own?

In order to confute this slanderous imputation on the venerable men, to whose services on this great occasion posterity has been so much indebted, Mr. Todd and Mr. Whittaker have taken pains in collecting such historical notices as have been preserved respecting them. It has happened, it is true, that many of them, persons of retired habits and unassuming learning, respected as they were in their immediate sphere, have left no record of their talents and acquirements to posterity, beyond the fact of their having been selected to assist in this work. But, respecting a large portion of them, sufficient is known to claim for them a very high rank of eminence, both as men of general learning and as theologians, and to place beyond all doubt the extent of their qualifications as translators of the Bible from the original tongues.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the particular history of each individual; but we deem it so important to afford a complete confutation of the calumnious assertions which have been made, that we cannot prevail on ourselves wholly to pass them over.

Among the learned persons then employed on our authorized translation are found the following:—

Lancelot Andrews, the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, a man who has always been ranked among the first scholars of his age, well known for his attainments in theology and other branches of learning, and declared by Bishop Buckeridge, who preached his funeral sermon, to have understood fifteen languages.

John Overal, Bishop of Norwich, author of several well known works, a person eminent for his great attainments in theological learning, to which he was solely indebted for his advancement.

Adrian Saravia, the intimate friend of Hooker and Whitgift, who is said by Anthony Wood to have been educated in all kinds of literature, in his younger days; especially in several languages.

Robert Teigh, Archdeacon of Middlesex, called by Anthony Wood, 'an excellent textuary, and a profound linguist, and therefore employed in the translation of the Bible.'

William Bedwell, esteemed the first Arabic scholar of his time,  
and

and author of several works connected with oriental literature; to him the learned Dr. E. Pocock and Dr. Lightfoot were indebted for instruction and acquirements in that language.

Edward Lively, Regius professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, who is said to have been exceeded by none of that age in oriental literature. The translation was retarded by his death, which occurred during its progress. He published, among other works, annotations on five of the minor prophets, with a Latin interpretation *ad normam Hebraicæ veritatis*.

Laurence Chaderton, afterwards Master of Emanuel College, of whom it is stated, in a life of him published by Dillingham, that he was 'intimately acquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages, and a diligent investigator of the Rabbinical writings, as far as they were useful for scriptural interpretation.'

Thomas Harrison, Vice-master of Trinity College Cambridge, who, in a work entitled *Harrisonus honoratus*, &c. a C. Dalechampia Cantab. 1632, is mentioned as very distinguished 'ob eximiam Hebræi Græcique idiomatis peritiam.'

John Reinolds, president of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, who also died during the progress of the work. He is described by Wood as 'most prodigiously seen in all kinds of learning, most excellent in all tongues,' a living library and a third University; and Hall says of him, that 'the memorie, the reading, of that man, were near to a miracle.'

Richard Kilby, Rector of Lincoln College, who left, among the fruits of his learning, Commentaries on Exodus, chiefly formed from the monuments of the Rabbins and Hebrew interpreters.

Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who, together with Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, was a final revisor of the translation. Anthony Wood says of him, 'so conversant was he and expert, in the Chaldaic, Syriac and Arabic, that he made them as familiar to him, almost, as his native tongue. Hebrew also he had at his fingers' ends.' He wrote the preface to this translation.

William Dakins, described by Ward as having been thought fit to be employed in this work 'for his skill in the original tongues.'

Henry Savil, afterwards Sir Henry Savil, of Merton College, Oxford, and Provost of Eton, a most learned man as well as a munificent patron of learning; editor of Chrysostom's works.

John Bois, who was considered one of the first Greek scholars of the age; described also as extremely well acquainted with the Hebrew language, of which he had acquired the knowledge at a very early age.

Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, one of the final revisors of the work, of whom it is said by Anthony Wood, that he became so complete in divinity, so well skilled in languages, so read in the

Fathers



Fathers and Schoolmen, so judicious in making use of his readings, that at length he was found to be no longer a soldier, but a commander in chief in the spiritual warfare.

To these we will only add the names of Harding, King, Spalding and Byng, *all of whom* held the situations of Regius Professor of Hebrew in their respective universities.

Such are a few\* (and but a few) amongst those brilliant lights of learning, the illustrious and venerable sons of our church, the champions of her faith, the ornaments of the age in which they lived, of whom Mr. Bellamy has dared to speak with contempt, as mean in attainments, and ill qualified for the office committed to them. The only excuse that can possibly be framed for him is, that he laboured under complete ignorance of the truth : but who can allow the validity of such an excuse, in a case where this foul defamation of the illustrious dead is calculated to produce the most injurious consequences among those who have been taught to confide in their valuable labours ?

Far other than this has been the judgment pronounced on our authorized translators and their work, by persons really competent to decide on their merits. Unwilling as we are to enlarge on the testimonies to this effect, we are still tempted to think that the chaste and simple eloquence of the following passage, written by Dr. Field, Dean of Gloucester, soon after the formation of our present version, will find pardon with our readers for its introduction.

“ Lest either the strangeness of the language wherein these Holy books were written, or the deepness of the mysteries, or the multi-

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\* Sir J. Burges, in his Reply to Mr. Todd, has the confidence to say (p. 28) that, on examining his (Mr. Todd's) account of the translators, he finds only nine to whom he himself ascribes any knowledge of Hebrew ; and that, from this number, two are to be deducted, by which they are reduced to seven. This statement is so grossly inaccurate, that it is difficult to conceive he thought of giving the fact. First, the two, that he mentions, are not to be deducted : for one of them, Bois, though specially employed on the Apocrypha, was a reviser of the whole ; and the other, Professor Lively, though he died before the work was completed, lived long enough to render material assistance. Secondly, instead of nine, Mr. Todd mentions no less than seventeen, respecting whom some notice is produced either that they were professors of Hebrew, or specially versed in Hebrew, or generally skilled in languages so as manifestly to include the Hebrew. But, thirdly, how can he affirm that Mr. Todd, or any one else, ascribes a knowledge of Hebrew *only* to those, respecting whom some particular testimony happens to be discovered ? No doubt is entertained by any one who understands the matter, that they were *all* well skilled in the original tongues, and excellently qualified for the office to which they were appointed. It is really singular that, in opposition to Bellamy and Sir J. Burges, who pretend to dispute their competence, (which was never called in question before,) there should be at this late period the means of bringing positive testimony to the qualifications of so many amongst them. The inference respecting the rest is, that they were, undoubtedly, equally well qualified, although we can bring now no proof of it besides their having been most carefully selected in a learned age for this important task, and having performed it so well.

plicity of hidden senses contained in them, should any way hinder us from the clear view and perfect beholding of that heavenly brightness, God hath called and assembled into his church out of all the nations of the world, and out of all people that dwell under the arch of heaven, *men abounding in all secular learning and knowledge, and filled with the understanding of holy things, which might turn these Scriptures and Books of God into the tongues of every nation; and might unseal this book, so fast clasped and sealed, and manifest and open the mysteries therein contained, not only by lively voice, but by writings to be carried down unto all posterities.*—From hence, as from the pleasant and fruitful fields watered with the silver dew of Hermon, the people of God are nourished with all saving food. Hence the thirst of languishing souls is restinguished, as from the most pure fountains of living water, and the everlasting rivers of paradise. Hence the want of needy souls is supplied as out of the best and richest store-house in the world. Hence the soldiers of Christ are armed, as out of the best armoury, that they may be able to overthrow the madness of infidels and the furies of hereticks. From hence, as out of the school of all heavenly virtues, all the life, manners and duties of men are framed and fashioned aright; the unlearned are taught; the learned are exercised; they that are fallen are holpen that they may be able to rise again; they that stand are preserved from the danger of falling. In a word, there is nothing honest, nothing profitable, pleasant, great or rare and excellent, tending either to instruction, godliness of life, or the attaining of endless happiness, but here it may be found."—*Todd's Vindication, preface, pp. xi. xii.*

From the vindication of the character of the age in which this version was made, and of the individuals employed upon it, we now turn to meet another objection advanced on the same side by Mr. Bellamy's coadjutor, Sir James Bland Burges. This gentleman, referring to what took place at the Hampton Court conference, quotes the King's words 'that he had never yet seen a Bible well translated into English, though he thought the Geneva the worst;' and thence infers 'that the sole reason, assigned for the introduction of a new translation, was, *the notoriously corrupted state of all the other existing versions.*' (*Enquiry, p. 118*). Now we beg to ask, where does he find this complaint of the *notoriously corrupted state of existing versions*? James merely says that he had never seen a Bible *well translated*, words, which, as Mr. Todd justly remarks, can imply no more, than that as yet he had seen no English Bible, in which there were not passages capable of improvement. Had not this been his meaning, he would have been guilty of great inconsistency, in afterwards directing his translators to follow the principal of these English versions, as far as the original would permit.'

'As to the particular censure,' Mr. Todd proceeds, 'of the Geneva Bible, it was probably uttered for private reasons, unconnected with its merits as a translation. For, indeed, against the notes annexed to the Geneva translation (and not the version itself) his Majesty publicly contended,

contended, pronouncing some of them very partial, untrue, seditious, &c.'—p. 21.

Sir James Burges quotes the King's instructions to the translators, and infers from them that it was by no means his intention that they should frame a new translation from the original Hebrew, but only a collation or revision of the existing English versions. Now, even if this were the case, we leave the reader to judge whether there would be any ground for the conclusion at which he aims, that our present version is 'little more than a servile translation of the Septuagint and Vulgate.' We have seen that the previous English versions, Tyndal's, Coverdale's, the Geneva, &c. were all made by persons well skilled in Hebrew, and bear internal proofs of having been drawn from the original tongue as the sole authority, not from the Septuagint or the Vulgate. If, therefore, it were true that our present version was made from the preceding, without any reference to the original, it would still be most untrue that this version was made directly or indirectly from the Septuagint or the Vulgate. But his inference from the king's instructions is so contrary to their true and obvious meaning, that it is quite inconceivable how he could have fallen into so grievous a misapprehension. The instructions, to which he refers particularly, are the 1st and the 14th. They are as follows:

1. The ordinary Bible read in the church commonly called 'the Bishops' Bible,' to be followed, and *as little altered as THE ORIGINAL will permit.\**

14. These translations to be used, when they agree better *with the text* than the Bishops' Bible, viz. Tyndal's, Coverdale's, Matthews's, Whitchurch's, Geneva.

Sir James omits the 15th instruction, (probably it was not found in his copy,) which Mr. Todd (p. 11.) supplies from Bishop Burnet's copy derived from Dr. Ravis, one of the translators. It directs that three or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the Universities, not employed in translating, should be 'overseers of the translation *as well Hebrew as Greek.*'

Now, how any man in his senses could understand from these directions, that the translators were not to make a new translation from the original, is to us wholly inconceivable. The 1st instruction says that the ordinary Bible then in use was to be as little altered, as the truth of the original would permit. What was this, but to imply that it was to be altered wherever the original required? in other words, that the original was always to be assumed as the basis, the sole standard authority to which reference was to be made, but that the sense of the original, when correctly ascer-

\* In a more correct copy followed by Mr. Todd, it stands 'as the truth of the original will permit.'

tained, was to be expressed, as far as could be done, in the words of the Bishops' Bible. Precisely the same meaning is to be derived from the 14th instruction. It directs, from what other translations the words are to be adopted when they agree better *with the text* than those of the Bishops' Bible. With what text? can there be a doubt that it is meant, with the original text; and that this original text was to be the basis of the whole? Then again, the 15th instruction expressly mentions the 'translation as well Hebrew as Greek,' implying the fullest understanding that it was to be made from the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New.

It is clear, then, beyond all question, that the drift of the king's instructions is this. The translators were to ascertain, with their best critical skill, the sense of the original text, and to make that text their sole authority; in expressing the sense in English, they were to employ in the first instance the words of the Bishops' Bible, where they rightly gave the meaning. Where the Bishops' Bible did not convey the sense, they were to apply to the words of Whitchurch's, Matthews's, &c.; where none of these correctly gave the sense of the original, they were of course to express it in words of their own. The king wisely considered that it would be very injurious needlessly to shock the prejudices of the people by altering the words of the Bibles with which they had been familiar, where the sense did not require it; and, therefore, ordered that those words should be retained, where, in justice to the original, this could be done.

But we have to meet Sir James Burges on another point, in which he has fallen into *error*—we use the mildest word that our sense of duty to the public permits us to employ: sincerely regretting, at the same time, that he should have thought proper, in reference to what we stated on this very subject, to accuse us of a gross and wilful suppression of the truth; as if he were anxious to prove himself a worthy disciple of John Bellamy, as well in language, as in knowledge and humility! He says (p. 122.) that the translators themselves acknowledge, in their preface, that they did not make a new translation. We before desired the reader to recollect that they entitle their work '*The Holy Bible, translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised;*' and quoted a passage from their preface in which they say, 'if you ask what they (the translators) had before them, truly it was the *Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the Greek of the New.*' We now produce another equally to the purpose. '*The scriptures in these tongues, (the Hebrew and the Greek,) we set before us to translate, being the tongues wherein God was pleased to speak to his church by his prophets*

prophets and apostles.' All this is as plain as language can be. If, therefore, they did not translate from the original tongues, they were disingenuous towards the public; and, if they have any where stated that they did not, they are inconsistent with themselves. How then does Sir J. Burges support his charge against them? He quotes a passage from the preface, in which they say, 'they never thought from the beginning that they should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; but their endeavour and mark was, to make a good one better, or, out of many good ones, one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against.' The meaning of these words, especially when coupled with those before quoted, is too clear to admit of the slightest doubt. The translators intended, out of many good translations, to make one better: how? by referring to the original, ascertaining critically its sense, and then expressing it in the words of one of those translations, if they would suit, and, if not, in a correcter form. This they were instructed to do; this they affirm that they did, and this it may be, and has been, proved by internal evidence that they did. 'They forgot not the deference due to preceding versions, they admitted the advantages to be derived from them, yet looked to nothing, *as authority*, but the original tongue.'—*Todd*, p. 47. So much ground is there for Sir J. Burges's calumnious imputation, from the very words which he adduces to support it.

We now turn to accompany Mr. Whittaker in the further consideration of Mr. Bellamy's merits as a translator. We produced, from his first part, such glaring proofs of his ignorance in the plainest principles of Hebrew, as we thought must more than suffice for the satisfaction of every reader, stating, at the same time, that we should not have the slightest difficulty in multiplying them to any extent that might be desired. Mr. Whittaker has spared us the trouble of any further investigation; for he has put his patience to the severe trial of making a list of the principal blunders, and produced such a mass as must be perfectly astonishing even to those who are best acquainted with our former articles on the subject.

'It was intended (Mr. Whittaker says) to give a list of certain passages from the Hebrew Bible, accompanied with proofs of the incorrectness of Mr. Bellamy's translation; but, upon entering into a calculation of their number, it very soon appeared that they would increase the bulk of this volume far beyond the author's intention. A selection of about half their number has therefore been made, and it was thought proper to place them in an Appendix. Those mistakes which have arisen from giving words a different sense from that which they really bear, or other senses which they may in some cases require, comprising

comprising all perversions which do not involve the charge of grammatical ignorance, will not be noticed at all. Had any attempt been made to collect such errors, the pile would have been gigantic. By referring to the Appendix the reader will find that our author has made futures, preterites; active verbs, passive; infinitive verbs, participles; and confounded all the conjugations and tenses together in a mass of indescribable confusion. Nouns are made verbs and verbs nouns, pronouns are metamorphosed into conjunctions, and conjunctions into pronouns; in short, Mr. Bellamy has used all the parts of speech indiscriminately for one another, as if his translation had been the effect of blind chance. Had not this gentleman made very many professions of rendering the Hebrew word for word, and in the most literal manner possible, we might have imagined that he had occasionally made an active verb passive, or *vice versâ*, for the sake of euphony, to make his periods more melodious and pleasing to English ears; but his own language renders this supposition impossible, and it is to be observed that his ungrammatical alterations do not produce this effect, but always render the sentences more harsh, as well as more obscure, than they are in the English Bible.—*Enquiry*, p. 282—284.

Since the appearance of Mr. Whittaker's 'Enquiry,' a second part of Mr. Bellamy's new translation of the Bible has appeared.—He has himself told us that, when he published his first part, he had devoted not less than *twenty years* to this work: considering with how little advantage this long period had been employed, it was not to be expected that the addition of a few months would much affect his competence as a translator. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprized to hear that, in his second part, he is still himself; the same in ignorance both of Hebrew and of English, in blundering, in carelessness, in arrogant vaunting of his own opinion, and in insolent contempt of that of all others. We have been hesitating whether it could be worth while to produce any specimens of his blunders from this part, and we only determine to do so from the recollection that there is *one* person (perhaps two) who will believe in the fidelity and correctness of his translation.

In the impossibility of producing even a hundredth part of those which are to be found, we will, for the present, confine our attention to the first chapter of Exodus.

V. 7. '*But* the children of Israel encreased, *thus* they brought forth and multiplied, *for* they became exceedingly mighty: and *filled* the land *before* them.'

To say nothing of his rendering the copulative *ו* in this one verse by four different words, *but*, *thus*, *and*, *for*, he translates מִלֵּא 'and filled,' as if it were the third pers. plur. with 'the children of Israel' for the nominative. Now the word is the third pers. fem. sing. fut. in niph. (with *ו* conversive) corresponding to the Latin *impleta est*, manifestly agreeing with מִלֵּא, *impleta est*  
terra

terra iis, which he has rendered, through sheer ignorance, as if it was 'impleverunt (illi)'. In addition to this, he translates the preposition **לפני** 'before,' instead of 'with,' its most usual and its obvious sense in this place.

V. 9. Received Translation—'And he (the king of Egypt) said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel *are* more and mightier than we.' The words of the latter clause are **רַב וְעַצִּים כְּמֵנוּ**. The words **רַב** and **עַצִּים** are manifestly adjectives, and being followed by the preposition **כְּ** are used, according to a well-known Hebrew idiom, in a comparative sense, 'more (or more numerous) and mightier than we,' the verb 'are' being supplied in italics, as obviously necessary to the sense. Mr. Bellamy renders the latter clause 'a multitude which will be stronger than us.' And he complacently adds, 'This (the received translation) does not agree with the history; for, had the Hebrews been more and mightier than the Egyptians, they might have delivered themselves without the interference of the divine power. There is no authority for the word *are*; and the word **וְעַצִּים** reads *and will be stronger*.' Here is error on error! 1st. There is not the slightest foundation for his assertion that the received translation does not agree with the history. He forgets that the Egyptian is speaking, and, in his fear, represents the Israelites as become more numerous and stronger than his own people; it does not follow that they actually were so. 2. He renders **רַב** as a substantive, whereas it is clearly an adjective. 3. He falsely charges the translators with inserting *are* 'without authority.' They insert it, (as he himself inserts words continually,) expressly marking it in italics, to shew that there is no corresponding word in Hebrew, but that it is necessary to express the sense in English. 4. He renders the copulative **וְ** as a pronoun relative 'which.' 5. He makes the tremendous blunder of taking **עַצִּים** for a verb in the future 'will be stronger,' whereas it is a noun adjective, as his own words manifestly shew: or if he knew **עַצִּים** to be an adjective, but inserts '*will be*' to complete the sense, then he actually commits the very error which he falsely charges upon the translators.

We give v. 10. of his translation, as a specimen of his English, and of his skill in punctuation, the latter being a point on which, as we know, he particularly prides himself.

'Come, we will do wisely with *him*: or *he* will multiply, for it will be, when ye proclaim war, if joining also himself with our enemies; then he will fight against us, and ascend out of the land.'

V. 12. R. T. 'And they (the Egyptians) were grieved *because* of the children of Israel.' The meaning is clear; the Egyptians were grieved on account of the increase and strength of the Is-

raelites.



raelites. The word rendered 'because of,' is כְּבִינִי, which frequently bears this sense. See Deut. xxviii. 20. Nehem. v. 15, &c. Now Mr. Bellamy translates 'and they lamented *before the face* of the children of Israel,' a rendering which, even if tolerated by the Hebrew, (which is doubtful,) departs most widely from the sense; since it expresses, not that the Israelites were the *cause* of their lamenting, but that they lamented in their presence, which *must* be wrong.

V. 13. R. T. 'And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve, with rigour.' The verb עָבַד, it is known, signifies 'to serve;' it here occurs in the hiphil form, third plur. fut. with וְ conversive, וַיַּעֲבִדוּ 'and caused to serve.' Mr. Bellamy renders it as if it were in kal not in hiphil, וַיַּעֲבִדוּ; and this to the utter confusion of all sense; for the whole history shews that the Egyptians inflicted rigorous servitude on the Israelites, not that they endured servitude from them.

V. 16. R. T. 'When ye do the office of midwife to the Hebrew women;' a literal rendering of the Hebrew words. Mr. Bellamy renders, 'when ye deliver the Hebrews;' (the original is femin. 'Hebrew women,' and ought to be conveyed in English,); and then observes—'The words "do the office of a midwife to" are supplied;' so that there are seven words in the 'common version which have no authority in the Hebrew.' He here affirms a positive falsehood; there is not a single word inserted without authority from the Hebrew. The words 'when you do the office of midwife to,' are given as the literal translation of בִּילִיכֵן, and do most faithfully give that sense. Such is the manner in which he slanders our translators!

V. 17. R. T. 'But saved the men children alive.' The verb signifies 'to live,' in hiphil, 'to cause to live,' and therefore is most closely rendered by our translators. On this Mr. Bellamy, with his wonted sagacity, remarks, 'If they were saved, they were saved alive; there is no authority for "*saved alive*.'" Very good. Such is his decision here. But only five verses farther on (v. 22.) the same verb recurs, and how does he translate it? 'Every daughter ye shall *save alive*,' the very expression which he had just condemned!

V. 18. R. T. 'And have saved the men children alive.' Mr. Bellamy renders 'and *how* saved the children.' There is nothing in the Hebrew for 'how,' which he inserts without the least authority. Nor is there any possible meaning in the insertion: for Pharaoh's question to the midwives applies, not to the manner in which they preserved the children, but to the fact of their preserving them at all.

V. 19. R. T. 'For they are lively,' Mr. Bellamy renders 'behold they recover,' without the most distant authority from the original. **כִּי** is a causal, 'because,' 'for.' **הֵנָּה** the pronoun plur. fem. 'they'; **וַחַיּוּ** partic. plur. fem. from **חָיָה** 'to live.' 'Are' is inserted in italics by our translators to fill up the sense. Now Mr. Bellamy entirely omits **כִּי**, inserts 'behold' without the slightest authority from the Hebrew, and converts **וַחַיּוּ** into a verb! We have no doubt that he mistook **הֵנָּה** (illæ) for **הִנֵּה** ecce, and therefore inserted 'behold.'

V. 20. R. T. 'And waxed very mighty.' On these words, Mr. Bellamy has the following exquisite note:—

'There is no authority for the word *waxed*, it is not only unmeaning, but improper. The word *wax* means a thick tenacious matter; and *to wax* means *to smear*, or join with wax. But certainly there is no sufficient reason to be assigned, why the English dictionary compilers should give to the verb the sense of growing, encreasing, or becoming bigger or more.'

What terms of admiration will Sir J. Burges find for his great master, when he discovers that he is not less profoundly skilled in English than in Hebrew!—But we cannot trifle on so serious a subject. With a degree of ignorance of which there can only be one example more in the kingdom, Mr. Bellamy confounds the verb neuter 'to wax,' to grow, to encrease, (from *peaxan*, *Sax.* wachsen, *Germ.*) with the active verb signifying to smear or join with wax!

V. 21. R. T.—'And it came to pass, *because the midwives feared God.*' The Hebrew words are perfectly clear, and there is no room for any doubt. Mr. Bellamy translates, 'So it was, when *they saw* the midwives *feared* God,' where he inserts '*they saw*,' without the least authority from the Hebrew: our only way of accounting for it is, that he blundered between **יִרְאוּ** the plur. fut. of **יָרָא** to see, and **יִרְאוּ** the plur. præter. of **יָרָא** to fear; and then, because he did not know how to render the word, made sure of the matter, by translating it *both ways in the same sentence, although the word itself occurs but once!*

Ibid. R. T.—'And made them houses,' 'them' being in the dative, 'for them,' as the English idiom admits. 'This,' says Mr. Bellamy, 'is improper as to expression; and the **ל** 'for,' prefixed to **בָּתִּים** is omitted.' He is evidently ignorant that 'them,' without the preposition expressed, can signify the dative; 'made them houses,' and 'made houses for them,' are perfectly synonymous.

Let the reader call to mind that the foregoing instances (a small part only of those that might be produced) of egregious blundering, of gross ignorance both of Hebrew and of English, of carelessness,  
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of inconsistency with himself, and of false imputations on our authorized translators, occur in the very first chapter in his book, where the language is as plain, as unambiguous, and free from difficulties as any chapter in the Bible: what then must be the probable aggregate of such instances in the whole of this second part, comprising upwards of eighty chapters, most of them of greater length than this which we have examined? But we need not have recourse to probabilities. Blunders and absurdities stare us in the face in every page, and may be produced usque ad nauseam.

Thus at Exodus ii. 6, he renders literally מילד העברים, 'a child of the Hebrews,' mistaking מילי for a noun in the sing. instead of the plur., with a preposition prefixed.

Ibid. 7. איש מניקח, 'a woman to suckle,' as if מניקח were a verb in the infinitive, instead of a participle.

Exodus iii. 1. רעה את צאן he renders literally 'shepherd of the flock,' as if רעה were a substantive, and את the sign of the genitive case, instead of the accusative.

Ibid. 2. He mistakes וירא pass. visus est, apparuit, for וירא act. vidit, at the beginning of this verse, and renders 'saw,' while the true sense is 'was seen,' 'appeared.'

Ibid. 5. He renders the words אשר אחז עומד עליו, 'where thou standest before him.' Independently of all other objections to this, as it is the Deity who speaks, it ought to be 'before me' in the first pers. to make any sense: and even this would be wrong.

Exod. ix. 2. He here exceeds his ordinary blundering jargon. The verse is thus read in the received translation, 'For if thou refuse to let them go, and wilt hold them still'—It is plain that the latter clause is correctly given; it stands literally, ועודך מחזיק בם, Et adhuc tu detinens illos. Now, says Mr. Bellamy, 'this verse exhibits a specimen of the barbarous state of the English language when the Scriptures were translated.' 'מחזיק, is rendered *hold still*; but it is plain that the word *still* is unnecessary; for, if he held them, he held them still.' Excellent logician! He has not wit enough to see that *still* is *adhuc*, the translation of ער. Again, 'The word ועודך is, in the common version, rendered '*and wilt*.' It is no such thing; it is rendered correctly '*and thou still*,' et tu adhuc. But let us observe his own improved translation. 'But if thou refuse to send *them*; or henceforth thine detained them;' a model of elegance! The pronoun *thine*, without any thing conceivable to agree with it; and '*henceforth*,' an adverb, carrying on the sense to the future, with the verb '*detained*' in the past! And all this from a man who is to improve on the received translation! and who has the egregious folly to talk of the barbarous state of the English

*English language*, at a time when it was far more rich, more perfect, and more skilfully and harmoniously modulated than it is at this moment.

The following instance of his utter deficiency in all the qualifications of a competent translator is alarmingly striking. Every person of feeling and taste must have observed the expressive sublimity of the passage (Exod. iii. 14.) where the Deity announces himself to Moses by the title 'I Am that I Am,' a title conveying the most forcible idea of the mysterious nature of Him, to whom the past and the future, through a boundless eternity, are always present, who is, for ever and ever, the same, unchanged and unchangeable. Mr Bellamy, with a superior insight into the original language, translates it thus, 'I will be because I will be!' rendering the verbs in the future sense, and the pronoun *אשר* *who, which, that*, in the unusual adverbial sense, '*because*.' The clause in the common translation *having no determinate meaning*, he is constrained (he says) to translate it as it is in the original, viz. in the future tense. He labours in a long confused note, till he is quite lost in a maze of absurdity, to explain what he conceives to be meant by the passage as he interprets it, and he seems to make it bear reference to the time of the Messiah, when all types and sacrifices should be abolished! With respect to his being 'constrained' to translate the passage in the future tense, he elsewhere broaches the preposterous notion that, because there is no regular present tense in the Hebrew tongue, the Hebrews had no mode of expressing a present sense; while it is known to every reader of the language that they had various modes of expressing it, sometimes by the future and the præterite, sometimes by a participle.

It will be remembered that one of Mr. Bellamy's professed objects in his new translation, is to remove the cavils of infidels to the Bible. The plan pursued in his First Part was to state the objection to a passage in the broadest terms of exaggeration, and leave the confutation of it to the proof he was able to adduce that it had always been erroneously interpreted, and that his new translation established a sense to which the objection did not apply. In his Second Part he proceeds in the same course, and with the same degree of success. One example may suffice.

In the passage of the book of Exodus, in which it is related that the Almighty, after having punished, by various judgments, Pharaoh and his people for detaining the Israelites in opposition to his declared will, at last inflicted a more signal judgment by slaying all their first-born, both of man and beast; Mr. Bellamy contends that this meaning has been derived from Scripture, *solely* through the mistakes of all interpreters in every age; and that the real sense is, that God destroyed, not the first-born of man and beast, but the firstling

firstling animals which were (as he gratuitously assumes) the idols then worshipped by the Egyptians. On this grand discovery he bursts into the following rhapsody.

‘ Now for the credit of the Bible, of the Christian religion, of humanity, and in justification of the unimpeachable moral justice of God, let it be made known to all infidels, and published in all Christian nations, that there is not any mention made in the original Hebrew text of destroying the first-born children of the Egyptians, but only every idol which was the firstling of beasts.’

The question, he says, has often been asked why the clergy have not given the world the important information of so gross an error having been committed in the received translations of the Bible? and he is kindly and considerately pleased to apologize for them by intimating, that the important work of a national revision of the Bible does not rest with the clergy: as if they allowed the errors, but were prevented by authority from correcting them.

After this display of arrogance, which on any other subject would be ludicrous, let us see how he supports his charge. He begins, after his usual manner, with raking out from the oblivion in which they have long slept, the oft confuted objections of a few dull infidels who have inveighed against these passages, as inconsistent with the merciful character of the Deity. Surely it cannot be necessary to dwell at length on the answers which have over and over been given to this, and a hundred similar objections; namely, that man, with his present limited faculties, cannot be an adequate judge of the dispensations of the Almighty; that instances of sweeping destruction by famine and pestilence, for ends wise no doubt, but for the most part inscrutable by us, are continually taking place under His providential government, of which it would be as reasonable to complain, as of the dispensations of destruction recorded in holy writ. Mr. Bellamy then produces an objection to the received sense, which bears, we think, internal proof of being entirely *his own*. He quotes a passage, (Deut. xxiv. 16.) in which it is said, ‘ neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers;’ and sagaciously infers from it, that the Deity must have contradicted his own command if he really destroyed the unoffending first-born of the Egyptians. Is it possible he can suppose there is a shadow of argument in this? In the passage in Deuteronomy, God is manifestly giving laws for the government of his chosen people, and commanding that the civil magistrate, in the administration of them, should not put the children to death for the sins of their fathers. There is not the most distant reference to any rules prescribed to himself in ordaining his own dispensations; among which, as detailed both in the book of revelation and in the book of nature,  
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it is well known that none is more common than the suffering of children for their parents' sins.

The passage which he so marvellously distorts from its true meaning, occurs at Exod. xii. 12. 'I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt, I will execute judgment.' The words translated, 'both man and beast,' are מִאָדָם וְעַד בְּהֵמָה, literally 'from man even unto beast,' ab homine usque ad bestiam, in Greek ἀπὸ ἀνθρώπου εἰς κτήνη. It is a well known Hebrew idiom for expressing the inclusion of two or more individuals or kinds, precisely corresponding to the English phrase 'both man and beast,' or the Latin, cum hominis tum bestię; or more closely answering to the English expression 'from the highest to the lowest,' 'from the top to the bottom.' The two prepositions מִן and עַד occur very frequently in this corresponding form in different parts of the Bible, and we may say with confidence that there is not a single instance in which they do not express the same sense—the inclusion of kinds or individuals mentioned. Thus, Gen. xix. 11, 'Both small and great.' 1 Sam. xv. 3, 'Both man and woman,' &c. Now for Mr. Bellamy; 'I will smite every firstling—before man even to a beast.' To such a translation there are the following insuperable objections: 1st. It is contrary to the acknowledged use of the language generally, as well as to every recorded opinion of this individual passage in particular. 2d. The preposition מִן, even if it were not used, as here, in correspondence with עַד, does not signify 'before.' We do not assert that no solitary instance occurs in which it may be so rendered in a sense allied to its usual sense, 'from,' but we freely affirm that, to render it 'before,' as if it meant 'in the presence of,' which is the sense he affixes here, is decidedly contrary to every known use of the language. 3d. It is perfectly nonsensical. We suppose he intends, by this uncouth jargon, that every firstling was to be destroyed 'before man, in the presence of man'; what follows, however, 'even to a beast,' can have no conceivable meaning.

But we have not yet done with him respecting this phrase. In the very next chapter, where God is ordaining the consecration of the first-born of the Israelites, in commemoration of their signal deliverance, the same form of words again occurs. 'The Lord slew all the first-born—both the first-born of man and the first-born of beast,' מִן—עַד. Here the word 'first-born' being repeated, the same mode of perverting the sense will not avail him: accordingly he is driven to another shift of translating 'not the first-born of man, but,' &c. Thus he actually renders the two prepositions מִן and עַד by the two adverbs 'not' and 'but,' without the slightest authority from the use of the language, in defiance of every known opinion,  
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may, even in defiance of his own opinion, expressed in the preceding chapter!

We had prepared these remarks on Mr. Bellamy's Second Part, when Mr. Whittaker's Supplement was put into our hands. Here, as before, this gentleman applies his profound and accurate knowledge of the Hebrew tongue to the investigation of Bellamy's merits. 'This selection (he says) of his blunders is considerably more compressed than the former, as none but the more flagrant instances of ignorance and negligence have been recorded: whole classes of them also have been discarded on account of their alarming number.'—(p. 2.) Still, those which appear in his list are in Exodus 99, in Leviticus 63, in Numbers (only fifteen chapters of which occur in the Second Part) 27; total 189. We before stated that we discovered no symptoms of improvement in Mr. Bellamy since the publication of his First Part; we now begin to think that we ought to correct our statement by saying that he appears to have actually retrograded: his blunders in the Second Part being more in number, and not less atrocious in character, than in the First.

But Mr. Whittaker traces his proceedings in another department, in a manner which is highly illustrative of his principles. Mr. Bellamy makes it every where his peculiar boast that he translates solely from the Hebrew without consulting any other version. Mr. Whittaker proves, on the contrary, that he freely copies from other versions, and in particular from the Latin; for in several instances he deviates from the Hebrew in common with that version, in a manner which it is next to impossible he should have done, unless he had copied it.—(*Supplement*, p. 5—8.) But what is still more astonishing, Mr. Whittaker traces him actually copying from that very version, which he takes every opportunity of insulting in the most opprobrious terms. One instance of it is too striking to be omitted. At Leviticus i. 6, the received translation has 'and he shall *flay* the burnt offering.' The word translated 'he shall *flay*' is *šwār*. 'This verb in kal means "to put off," or to strip; in hiphil "to cause another to strip," viz. either clothes or skin, and therefore, in the present instance, means "to *flay*" any animal.' Now Mr. Bellamy renders, 'Thus he shall *cause* the offering to be *slain*.' It is impossible that he should have derived the sense of *slaying* from any lexicon, or from any authorized use of the word, for no such sense was ever given to it. The fact evidently is,—he mistook the received version, and read 'he shall *slay*' instead of 'he shall *flay*,' from the similarity of *sl* (*sl*) and *fl* (*fl*); and then, observing the word to be in the hiphil form, thought that he should make a grand improvement by rendering 'he shall *cause*—to be *slain*.' His ridiculous blunder would not have betrayed itself if he had not (for the sake of concealing his obligation)

altered



altered the turn of the expression, so as to use the past participle, when to 'flay' and to 'slay' assume a different form.\*

The reader, if we may judge from our own feelings, has by this time had quite enough of Mr. John Bellamy; we proceed, therefore, to consider those parts of Sir James Bland Burges's 'Reasons for a new translation,' which, though they have no bearing whatever on any such reasons, are calculated to mislead the public on some important points. We do this, as well in justice to ourselves as to the cause of truth; for he has attacked us in the grossest manner, and misrepresented our meaning to a degree which cannot well be conceived.

In the outset of his pamphlet, the Baronet affirms that he has been unaccustomed to give a blind and implicit faith to assertions militating against his preconceived opinions, merely because they are confidently pronounced; (p. 2.) and that, consequently, when the strictures of the Quarterly Review on Bellamy's translation first appeared, he thought it his duty to bestow upon them considerable attention. The result, he adds, was, that of *eighteen distinct propositions*, dogmatically laid down by the critic, every one is either positively false, or a gross misrepresentation of the truth. He then modestly hints that, such being his conviction, he entertained the hope that some person 'more especially qualified by his station and his studies' would have condescended to confute these assertions, and that, finding no such person came forward, he had presumed to enter on the undertaking. It would have been well for him if the same modesty had carried him one step farther; had induced him to doubt the justice of his conviction on the ground that he found no one convinced besides himself; and had led him to reflect that the true reason why no person better qualified came forward, *might* be, because no one better qualified thought as he did.

He then proceeds to detail the eighteen propositions, on which, as he affirms, 'the critic rests his cause.' Our readers will be surprized at hearing that we laid down eighteen distinct propositions; for they may search the strictures alluded to from beginning to end, and find no regular statement whatever of propositions. The whole Article consisted, in fact, of general argument and discussion; and, in the sense in which Sir James Burges discovers his eighteen propositions, he might, with equal facility, have discovered eighteen hundred; for he takes sometimes a whole sentence, which we used in our general argument, sometimes half a one, sometimes a quarter of one; and then calls each of these, exactly as suits his purpose, a distinct proposition laid down by us. At the conclusion of his list, he says, 'from these propositions, as

\* Supplement, Appendix, p. 27.

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from premises not to be controverted, the critic boldly draws his conclusion, that any attempt to make a new translation from the original Hebrew is unnecessary and reprehensible.'—p. 5.

If Sir James really meant to state the truth, he has a most perplexed and tangled understanding. We did not lay down eighteen, or any number of propositions, 'as premises not to be controverted,' and assuredly never came, and never thought of coming, to the conclusion, 'that any attempt to make a new translation from the original Hebrew is unnecessary and reprehensible.'

The conclusions to which we actually did come in that Article, which we have further established in this, and which we defy Sir James Bland Burges and Mr. Bellamy to shake, are these. 1st. That our present authorized version was formed with the greatest care, by persons admirably qualified for the task; that it was made directly from the original tongues, and that, taken as a whole, it conveys the meaning of the original with great accuracy, and great propriety of language. 2d. That Mr. Bellamy is completely destitute of every qualification, as to ability, judgment, knowledge of the original tongues, and of general principles of criticism, which can give him the slightest pretension to improve on our received translation. We never considered that translation as a work which admitted of no improvement, or which it was reprehensible to attempt to improve. On the contrary, we spoke with great commendation of the many learned persons who have devoted their time and talents to the elucidation of Scripture, and only endeavoured to repress the crude attempts of ignorant and incompetent persons, who degrade it by their wild and capricious interpretations. But to proceed.

When we found Sir J. B. Burges drawing up in regular array our 'eighteen propositions,' we naturally expected that he was going, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, to attack them seriatim. But no such thing. From this point to the end of his book, he forgets that he has ever marshalled these propositions, passes over the greater part of them without the most distant allusion, and enters on a long discussion (occupying about two-thirds of his whole volume) respecting the origin and merits of the Septuagint version, in a pretended answer to what he calls our defence of it.

Our readers may recollect, that Mr. Bellamy had pretended that the version now called the Septuagint is different from that which originally bore the name, full of enormous errors, and of no real value in assisting the interpretation of the Hebrew scriptures. In answer to these gross misstatements, we affirmed that it was made about two or three hundred years before the Christian era, at a time when far greater advantages for interpreting the original existed than at present; that from the first it was highly prized by those

those whose opinions deserve the greatest weight; that it was generally used in the synagogues of all Jews who spoke the Greek language; and that it is often quoted as scripture, as well by the inspired writers of the New Testament as by other early writers. We stated further that there is no room for suspicion that the version which we now possess under the name of the Septuagint is not substantially the same as that which originally bore the name. We never meant, of course, to affirm that it had not shared the common fate of all writings of antiquity; that errors arising from various causes had not here and there crept in, or that, in the progress of time, partial discrepancies had not taken place among the different manuscripts.

Now for Sir James Burges. He opens his discussion respecting the Septuagint with a long dissertation to disprove the well known story of seventy-two interpreters having each independently translated the whole Bible in separate cells, and finding at last that they agreed in every single word. Is Sir James so ignorant of the subject into which he has plunged, as not to know that the miraculous origin of the Septuagint has long been given up by all judicious critics! We never affirmed, nor thought of affirming its truth. But though this ridiculous discussion is of no possible use to any argument, it answers one very important purpose in Sir James Burges's estimation—that of enabling him to astonish the unlearned reader, by a juggling display of erudition. He traces with much appearance of original research, the history of this wonderful narrative from Aristæas, (the person from whom it is primarily derived,) through Aristobulus, Philo, Josephus, Eusebius, Justin Martyr and others. He makes not the slightest allusion to the numerous other persons who have produced the same quotations from those early writers, but refers to their works, as if he was well acquainted with them. It may not be amiss, therefore, to inform his readers, and ours, that the investigation of the merits of the story related by Aristæas is one of the most stale and hackneyed subjects of theological discussion; that every thing which is worth saying respecting it has been said centuries ago; and that, if they will turn to such a common book as *Dr. Prideaux's Connection* (vol. ii. lib. i.) they will find there, at full length, the quotations and references so pompously advanced by the baronet, nearly in the same order and the same words; Dr. Prideaux himself not pretending to produce it as new matter, but referring to Hody, Dupin, and other preceding writers. True it is, that Sir James, by mixing up some of his own bad reasoning with the good reasoning of others, does what he can to injure the cause which he supports. Notwithstanding this encouragement, however, we feel not the least

disposition to defend the story of the miraculous origin of the Septuagint.

After this trite and useless discussion, which has little to do with the merits of the Septuagint version, and nothing whatever with what we advanced respecting it, he proceeds to deliver his own opinion of its origin with a degree of solemnity that in such a person is truly ludicrous. It is (what he finds, in fact, maintained by almost every writer who has touched upon the subject,)—that without attributing any sort of weight to the tale of its miraculous origin, this version was framed for the use of the Alexandrian Jews, about the second or third centuries, before Christ, either the whole of the Old Testament having been prepared at once, or, as some think, first the Pentateuch, and subsequently the other books. He then proudly adds—

‘Such being the fair statement of the circumstances attendant on the origin of the Septuagint version—I leave it to the intelligent and impartial reader to decide on the bold assertions of our masterly critic, that “no reasonable doubt can exist that the authors of the Septuagint version possessed the means of making it faithful to the original; and that translations were made when a dialect of the Hebrew was vernacular.”’—p. 64.

There has seldom, we conceive, been displayed a more striking instance of a person being so profoundly ignorant of the method of conducting a plain argument, as to suppose that he is invalidating an opponent's affirmations at the very time he is confirming them.

Sir James is unable (he says) to comprehend what we meant when we spoke of the general reception of the Septuagint among the Jews *from the first*. (p. 65.) We will assist him a little. We meant that, according to all historical evidence, to the united testimony both of Jews and Christians, and the full belief of all competent judges, the Septuagint version, as it was carefully made for the use of Jews who spoke the Greek language, was, from its first formation, generally received by them, and publicly read in their synagogues, as a true, faithful, and accurate version of Scripture. To produce proofs of this must be quite superfluous: no writer on the subject entertains any doubt of the fact. Scaliger, among others, says that it was read in the synagogues through the whole of Asia, Greece, and Egypt. ‘*All persons*,’ says Walton, ‘*agree in this*, that it was used, especially among the Hellenistic Jews, *ab ultima antiquitate*, both in public and in private, whence R. Azarias assures us that the interpretation of the Greeks was confirmed by the whole assembly of the Israelites.’ The inspired Evangelists and Apostles often quoted from the Septuagint; this fact alone, if every other testimony were wanting, proves incontestably

tably not only that they believed and knew it to represent Scripture faithfully, but also that it was familiarly used and received by the Jews as Scripture, at that time. Here, then, is what we meant, when we said that it was so generally received 'from the first,' that is, during the centuries immediately succeeding its formation. Is Sir James now able to comprehend it?

We have next a number of pages filled with statements of the practices adopted by the Jews, about a century after the introduction of Christianity, for the purpose of invalidating the evidence which the Old Testament bore to the purity of the Gospel, such as tampering with particular passages of the Septuagint, and procuring persons of their own persuasion to translate anew the Old Testament into Greek, purposely distorting all the texts which were favourable to Christianity; together with an account of the labours of Origen in correcting the copies of the Septuagint, and of the different editions of that version which have since appeared. Every thing that is at all valuable in this discussion Sir James copies, not only in substance, but almost word for word, from Dr. Owen's Inquiry into the present State of the Septuagint version; without, however, making the slightest acknowledgment of the quarter from which he derives it. He is indeed one of the most wholesale but artful plagiarists we have ever known: for he studiously assumes, in every part, the air of an original investigator, and carefully places at the bottom of his page all the references which he finds in his author, so as to make the world believe that they result from his own learned investigations.

We do not think it necessary to follow him over this beaten ground; nor indeed would any reasonable limits suffice to discuss the subject with the fulness with which it ought to be treated, if once entered upon. After all, what is to be inferred from the utmost that can be urged against the integrity of the Septuagint? It is allowed that this version has occasionally suffered from the designs of wilful corrupters, and from the errors unavoidably incidental to frequent transcriptions. It is also allowed by every judicious critic that the Hebrew original has partially suffered from both these causes, for no cause has operated to affect the one, which has not equally affected the other; but, in neither, have these causes operated to an extent sufficient to affect their *general* purity and integrity. 'Take,' says Dr. Kennicott, 'the most faulty MS. now extant in the world, and, I humbly presume, it will be found to contain the same Bible in the main, and to teach the same great doctrines and duties as are taught at present.' The learned Origen, it is true, speaks in strong terms of the errors which had in his time crept into the Septuagint; errors of which some, no doubt, affected the sense, but the greater part of which were variations of

single letters or words of minor importance; such as are found in all ancient manuscripts. This venerable Father, it is known, took incredible pains in collating the different MSS. so as to restore the text to its original purity; and it is allowed, on all hands, that his services in this department were most valuable. In what degree he succeeded, and to what extent partial discrepancies affecting particular passages have crept into the MSS. subsequently to his time, is a question which would be important in a critical discussion of the Septuagint version, but does not bear upon the subject before us. What we before affirmed, and what we continue to affirm without fear of contradiction, is that, taken as a whole, the Septuagint has come down to us in a state of sufficient purity to make it a very valuable mean of guiding us to the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures.

As to the assertion that our present Septuagint is not substantially the same with that originally designated by the name, it is borne down by such overwhelming proofs to the contrary, that it is perfectly astonishing how any one could dare to make it. The general historical evidence of its identity may probably of itself be deemed sufficient; but this evidence applies with much greater force in the case of the Septuagint than in that of the works of any ancient author, from its having been publicly read as Scripture in many ancient churches, and therefore guarded with the most scrupulous care, the most sacred reverence. Nor is this all. The Apostles and Evangelists undoubtedly quoted in many passages from different parts of the Septuagint; and the very passages which they quoted from the version as it existed in their day, remain in that version as it exists in ours. Again, many of the ancient Fathers, whose works have come down to us, have written commentaries on different books of Scripture which they read according to the Septuagint; for instance, Augustin on the Psalms, Cyril on Isaiah, with many others: and any person comparing their commentaries with the text we now possess, must immediately perceive that it is substantially the same with that which they illustrated. Many of the early Fathers again have made direct quotations from the Septuagint, which appear in our present copies of that version; some have even incidentally remarked on passages in it, to which there are none corresponding in the Hebrew, and vice versa; and the very same discrepancies which are noted by them are found at the present day.\*

Before we finally dismiss Sir J. Burges's publication, we think it right, in justice to ourselves, to advert to one passage, in which he has even outgone himself in a scandalous misrepresentation of our

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\* See Walton's *Prolegomena*, ix, 37, et seq.



meaning. In animadverting on Bellamy's absurd pretension of discovering, in plain passages of the Hebrew Scriptures, a sense which had never been thought of before, we remarked how strongly the folly of it was pointed out by the entire concurrence of all translators, ancient and modern, as to the received sense. In particular, we stated that, besides many other versions, the Chaldee Paraphrase, the Septuagint, the versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, as far as they remained, were entitled to consideration in removing doubts as to the sense of the Hebrew, as they were made at a time when many advantages for the right interpretation of that language probably existed, which we do not now possess. It must have been obvious to every reader, that, in stating this, we had not the slightest intention of pledging ourselves for the accuracy of the versions to which we alluded, in every part; we merely meant to say, that, in passages similar to those to which we then referred, (we were speaking of a passage in the book of Genesis,) if the received sense could be deemed at all doubtful, the concurrence of these several versions must make it completely certain. Yet Sir J. Burges, after observing that Aquila translated the Bible with the insidious design of perverting passages bearing testimony to the truth of the Gospel, quotes (copying from Dr. Owen) a particular text (Isaiah xiv. 7.) which he perverts from its true sense of prophetically alluding to our Saviour's miraculous birth; and most unwarrantably insinuates that we approved of Aquila's version *in such passages as this*; and thence infers that, as Reviewers, we have deserted the cause, and sanctioned a passage 'directly contrary to our avowed principles and to the whole tenor of our orthodox and enlightened publication.'—(*Enquiry*, p. 74.)—This gentleman must already have discovered that we entertain no very extraordinary respect for his talents and understanding: but we really do not rate him so very low as to think that he did not, in the passage to which we have alluded, know that our meaning was *not* that which he has represented.

We here take leave of the Baronet. The duty of guarding the public against the errors into which he would lead them, has been by no means a pleasant one, and we greatly regret that he should have adopted a proceeding which has imposed it upon us. We sincerely believe that it is far from his views to impair the credit of the Holy Scriptures; and we therefore lament the more that weakness of judgment which could lead him to act as if he had the worst intentions. It has often happened, that an injudicious friend has proved more prejudicial than an avowed foe; but never, surely, was there a stronger instance of it, than this before us; where a person wishing to support the authority of the Bible, pursues a course by which weapons of the most fatal kind are supplied to its



enemies. We easily see that he has been carried away by the dangerous vanity of seeking to display his erudition in matters of theology; and the stimulant power of the same busy feeling, probably, induced him to obtrude himself into a discussion foreign to his pursuits, and to which he is wholly incompetent. We believe too (and we grieve while we make the humiliating admission) that he is really the dupe of Mr. Bellamy; and that, imposed upon by his bold and confident asseverations, he verily conceives him qualified to improve the present translations of the Hebrew Scriptures! On these accounts, we could have looked with some indulgence on the part he has taken, if he had not assumed a tone of arrogance and invective, which, in a person of his rate of understanding, is perfectly intolerable. For the part of his proceedings which we noticed in the beginning of this article, we cannot possibly frame any adequate excuse; we allude to his production of Bellamy's translation through many pages of his book, under the name of 'a literal translation from the Hebrew,' with a studious concealment of Bellamy's name, in a manner which must lead every reader to suppose that it is a literal translation which he has carefully made himself, or one, at least, for the accuracy of which he is prepared solemnly to vouch. This bears, as we have said, every appearance of a direct and intentional imposition on the public. Our readers have the facts before them, and must judge for themselves.

With regard to Mr. Bellamy, we really grow more convinced, as we become more acquainted with him, that he is perfectly incorrigible. Since the preceding observations were written, he has published what he calls 'A Critical Examination of the Objections made to the New Translation:' in which he again puffs off himself and his performances\* in the most extravagant strain; scatters in the wildest profusion opprobrious epithets on all his opponents; pretends to argue while he only gratuitously asserts; and asserts under the profoundest ignorance of every thing on which assertion ought to be founded. In fact, it is the unhappy lot of this writer in his vain endeavours to evince his learning and competence, only to redouble the proofs of his incapacity. But the worst part of his proceeding (and it is a feature of peculiar blackness) is his repeated and wilful misrepresentation of the intention of those who object to his translation. He affirms, in the preface of this last publication, (p. iv.) that 'the design of a few objectors to a new revision of the authorized translation is to shew that errors are consecrated by time, to put a stop to any amendment of the present version, however contradictory to the sacred original, however it

\* He especially eulogizes a work which he has recently published under the name of 'The Antidist,' in which he surrenders to the infidel the Bible as it stands in our present version, and considers it to be only defensible, as represented in his translation.

may impeach the moral justice of God, &c.” Was there ever a more impudent statement of a palpable untruth?—How often must we repeat that the sole design of those who object to his translation is, to maintain the true sense of Scripture, and to prevent its being grossly perverted and misrepresented? What to say more we hardly know:—but we are almost tempted by this inveterate persistence in detected falsehood, to suspect (and we speak it with equal seriousness and sorrow) that Mr. Bellamy labours under some deficiency of understanding; that he has not, in short, sufficient matter for reason and argument to work upon, and that, therefore, all human means must fail to produce in him any conviction of his error, or to turn him from the evil of his proceeding.

ART. II.—1. *An Essay on certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks.* By the Hon. Frederick Sylv. North Douglas.

2. *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, &c. during the Years 1812 and 1813.* By Henry Holland, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 1819.

3. *Greece, a Poem; with Notes, Classical Illustrations and Sketches of the Scenery.* By William Haygarth, Esq. A.M.

IT is a remark of Lord Byron, that ‘of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough—of the moderns we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve.’ We do not quite agree with the first part of his lordship’s proposition, for we think that we have still much to learn respecting them. Leaving this, however, we readily admit that a multitude of ‘classical’ volumes on Greece has issued from the press since the middle of the seventeenth century: nor ought we perhaps to wonder that a portion of the globe so intensely interesting to the scholar, the artist, and the antiquary, should, by reviving ancient recollections and associations, exert an influence on the feelings, and so completely absorb the eye and the mind of the traveller as to leave him unconscious almost of the present race of mortals, and careless of the existing state of Greece.

‘Yet are her skies as blue, her crags as wild,  
Sweet are her groves and verdant are her fields,  
Her olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;  
There the blythe bee his fragrant fortress builds,  
The free-born wanderer of her mountain air;  
Apollo still her long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beam Mendeli’s marbles glare,  
Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

It is true that, in most of the accounts of modern travellers, we find, mixed up with the 'remains of ancient glory,' incidental notices of the habits, manners, and condition of the present degraded race of Greeks, more especially in those of our own countrymen. Yet, strange as it may appear, no two maps of Greece are found to agree, nor is there one that is not shamefully defective in all the great features of a country—the mountains, promontories, bays, harbours, creeks, and rivers. We may be allowed, indeed, to notice it as a proof, if not of ignorance, at least of want of taste and feeling, in the compiler of a modern system of geography (Pinkerton) that he has deemed one of the 2563 pages of his three huge quarto volumes sufficient for all Greece, about half a dozen lines for Attica, and half a line for Athens, just to inform the simple reader that 'Atini, the ancient Athens, is of small population.'

In the cursory view which it is our intention to take of this interesting country, we have no design to swell our pages with notices of ruined cities, temples and tombs; of sacred fountains, hallowed groves, and mysterious caverns; or to seek for coincidences with what Homer and Herodotus may have said, or Strabo and Pausanias described. The task we propose to ourselves is the more humble, though perhaps not the less instructive endeavour of looking at Greece and its inhabitants as they now exist; and of exhibiting, from personal acquaintance, and with the aid of the writers whose names stand at the head of this article, in conjunction with the valuable collections of Mr. Walpole, a general, though necessarily an imperfect sketch of the present condition and state of society among the Greeks.

The peninsula of Greece, properly so called, is a tongue of land jutting into the Mediterranean, like the peninsula of Italy, from which it is separated by the Ionian sea on the west, and from Asia Minor by the Archipelago on the east. In the former sea are situated the Seven Islands constituting the Ionian Republic, which may strictly be considered as a component part of Greece; in the latter, about one hundred islands of various size. All these, together with the peninsula lying between them, compose a territory whose chief population consists of the legitimate descendants of the ancient Greeks.

Assuming the peninsula to commence at the head of the gulf of Salonica on the east, and at that of Avlona on the west, or, about the parallel of  $40\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of north latitude, we shall find it extended in the direction of S. S. E. to Cape Colonna (the ancient Sunium) in latitude  $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N. being about 200 English miles in length, and 100 in mean breadth, and containing an area of about 20,000 square miles. Connected with it on the S. W. by the narrow

narrow isthmus of Corinth, is the sub-peninsula of the Morea (the ancient Peloponnesus), containing a surface somewhat less than half the former country. The islands may be estimated roughly as equal in extent to the Morea; and thus the whole will amount to about 40,000 square miles. The population is more difficult to be ascertained; but by taking an average of that which is stated by various writers, we may assume the following estimate.

The Peninsula of Greece . . . . .	2,000,000
The Morea and Negropont . . . . .	1,000,000
The Islands . . . . .	1,000,000

Making a total of . . . . .	4,000,000
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Of these the Greeks may be computed at not less than three millions; the rest being composed of Turks, Musselman Albanians, Jews, and the mixed descendants of Romans, Venetians, Neapolitans, and other Europeans known generally by the name of Franks.\* What may be the number of Greek families spread over the inland provinces of Turkey in Europe, in Asia Minor, in Russia and Germany, it would be idle to offer any conjecture. They have been stated as high as 80,000.

The population of the seven Ionian islands, now under the protection of Great Britain, has been estimated at 200,000, of a very mixed race, but the majority of them Greeks. Of these Corfu may contain from 60 to 70,000; Cephalonia 60,000; Zante 40,000; Santa Maura 18,000; Ithaca and Cerigo, each 8,000; and Paxo 3 or 4,000. Of these islands Zante is by far the most beautiful and fertile, the greater part of its surface consisting of an immense plain of one continued vineyard, interspersed and broken by groves of olives, oranges, and other fruit trees; but the other islands are also exceedingly picturesque and beautiful.

Down the middle of the peninsula, and parallel nearly to its two coasts, runs a continuous range of lofty mountains, varying in height from seven or eight thousand feet in the northern and central part, to as many hundred feet about the southern extremity. Of the former height may be reckoned the loftiest ridge of Pindus and Parnassus; while Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, in Attica, do not exceed the latter. Other branches are thrown off towards either coast from this central chain; to the eastward the celebrated Olympus, rising near the head of the

\* Professor Carlyle reckons the proportion of the Greeks in Europe to the Turks as three or four to one; and the former to amount to three and a half millions.

gulf of Salonica to the height of 6,000 feet, forms the northern extremity of an inferior chain, consisting of Ossa and Pelion, Ceta and Othrys, and continuing through the island of Negropont, of which Mount Delphis is the most remarkable. To the westward are the rugged and mountainous countries of Epirus, Aetolia, and Achaënia, forming that part of Greece now generally known by the name of Albania. The highest mountains of the Morea are the Cyllenian range near the western coast, and the Taygetus near the southern extremity.

Extensive plains of considerable elevation above the level of the sea are encircled by the mountain ranges. Of these, Thessaly, Boeotia, and Arcadia, still preserve their ancient character. The rivers by which these plains are watered are little more than mountain streams, with the exception of the Peneus or Salymphria, whose numerous branches, after intersecting the plain of Thessaly, unite and discharge themselves through the celebrated defile of Tempe into the gulf of Salonica; and the Alpheus,\* which waters the verdant plains of Arcadia and Elis and Achaia. The Spercheus, or Hellada, the Cephissus, the Asopus, the Ilyssus, and many other streams celebrated in ancient story, would scarcely be deemed worthy of notice in any country but Greece—where every rivulet and rill, as well as every stone, have their verse—for, as Spou has justly observed, these smaller rivers make more noise ‘dans les livres, que dans leurs lits.’

The climate of Greece might be supposed, from its situation with regard to latitude and its surrounding sea, to be similar to that of the south of Italy. It is, however, much more severe in winter, and in many parts warmer in summer. The plain of Ioannina, at an elevation of 1200 feet above the level of the sea, and at an equal distance nearly from the central chain of mountains and the western coast, though in the latitude of  $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , is stated by Dr. Holland to experience a degree of cold in winter not less on the average than that of the western parts of England. On the elevated plains of the Morea, in a latitude yet more southerly, the intensity of the cold is still greater, and snow sometimes covers the plain of Tripolitza to the depth of eighteen inches. ‘I had little expected,’ says Dr. Holland, ‘that Arcadia, which fancy and poetry picture as the abode of spring, of softness, and of beauty, would have presented a scenery of this description; nor did I, in the instant of surprize, recollect that Pausanias speaks of its cold dense air, and of the effect it has in giving austerity to the

\* It is a remarkable circumstance, noticed by several travellers, that not a year passes in which several ancient helmets are not floated down the Alpheus; from whence, remains yet to be discovered.

manners of the inhabitants.' At no great distance from Tripolitza (the capital) he found the temperature, at six in the morning, down to 16° of Fahrenheit. 'In short,' he adds, 'the degree and continuance of the cold were such as I scarcely recollect to have experienced in England, and this in the very centre of Arcadia;'—but this was in 1813, a winter remarkable for its severity over every part of Europe. In summer, however, 'the blooming vales of Arcady' assume a very different aspect, and 'present a continual succession of scenery equal to any thing which has been described or imagined in poetic song. Luxuriance and beauty may be pronounced to be the general characteristics; flowering vallies, winding streams, and hills shrouded nearly to their summits with wood, are the objects which commonly awaken our admiration.\*

In the lower region of Attica the atmosphere is more moderate and equable than in most other parts of Greece; the air being generally clear, dry, and temperate; the cold less severe, the heat less oppressive, and the fall of rain less copious. To this difference in the state of the atmosphere was ascribed, as we all know, the difference of character between the Boeotian and the Athenian. The temperature of Athens seldom exceeds 88° or 90°, and as seldom descends to the freezing point. Athens is generally healthy; many parts of Greece are just the reverse during the heat of summer, especially the marshy grounds and rice-fields. 'The whole coast of Achaia,' says Mr. Haygarth, 'is very unwholesome, abounding in marshes; and the sickly appearance of the natives whom I met is very striking. It is the most depopulated part of Greece.'

The peaked summits of the central chain of mountains are covered with snow for nine months of the year, and in the caverns and recesses of some of them patches of snow may always be discovered. The ascent of Parnassus was supposed to be impracticable on account of its perennial snow; but Dr. Sibthorp crossed the summit in the month of July, when he found it perfectly free.†

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\* Haygarth. *Notes*, p. 252.

† Dr. Clarke, who asserts that he reached the summit of this mountain at the winter-solstice, most assuredly labours under some mistake. We find it as difficult to follow him here as in his discovery of the Corcyrian cave which he did and did not see. This celebrated cave, however, was explored by Col. Leake and Mr. Hamilton, and is thus described by Mr. Raikes. 'The narrow and low entrance spreads at once into a chamber of 330 feet long by nearly 200 wide; the stalactites from the top hung in the most graceful forms the whole length of the roof, and fell, like drapery, down the sides. The depth of the folds was so vast, and the masses thus suspended in the air were so great, that the relief and fulness of these natural hangings were as complete as the fancy could have wished. They were not like concretions or incrustations, mere coverings of the

The general produce of the plains of Greece is wheat, barley, rice, maize, millet, and tobacco. Of wheat, eight different kinds are cultivated. Mr. Hawkins found that the *maurogano* or black-bearded wheat, in the plains of Argos, gave ten for one; in the best parts of Megara and Eleusis, twelve; and near Corinth, fifteen. Another sort of wheat, called *greneas*, in the rich plain of Phenœus in Arcadia, yields twelve for one, and the *devedeshi*, in the plains of Thessaly, in extraordinary seasons, fifteen for one. 'Upon the whole,' says Mr. Hawkins, 'I am disposed to estimate the produce of good soils in Greece, in favourable seasons, at from ten to twelve for one, and in the very best soils and remarkably favourable years, at from fifteen to eighteen for one. It must be observed that the wheat in Greece is generally sown in unmanured ground.'

In Bœotia the soil is very rich, and produces wheat, Indian corn, barley, kidney beans, rice, and sesamum, all of excellent quality, with a considerable quantity of cotton. The lakes of Bœotia still supply, as formerly, Athens and various parts of Greece with eels, water-fowl, rush-baskets, mats, and lamp-wicks.

On the plains of Thessaly are cultivated extensive groves of mulberry-trees for the silk-worm, which is there an object of considerable attention; the trees are cut down to pollards, carefully watered and hoed. But the Morea (supposed to derive its modern name from the Mulberry), is celebrated for the excellence of its silks; and all the accounts given by the ancient Greeks of the fertility of Messenia are realized at this day in every species of produce, more especially in corn, wine, and figs; wheat being said to yield here thirty fold, and two crops a year. The plantations are frequently fenced in with the Indian fig (*cactus*), whose thorny coats form an impenetrable barrier. Yet with all

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the rock; they were the gradual growth of ages, disposed in the most simple and majestic forms, and so rich and large as to accord with the size and loftiness of the cavern. The stalagmites below, and on the sides of the chamber, were still more fantastic in their forms than the pendants above, and struck the eye with the fancied resemblance of vast human figures. There was a narrow passage leading into a deep vault at the end of this chamber, at the entrance of which the stalagmitic formations were as wild as imagination can conceive, and of the most brilliant whiteness; a fancy less lively than that of the Greeks might assign this beautiful grotto as a residence for the nymphs. 'The stillness,' adds Mr. Raikes, 'which reigns through it, only broken by the gentle sound of the water, which drops from the point of the stalactites, the *idat' ávaverra* of the grotto of the nymphs in the Odyssey, the dim lights admitted by its narrow entrance, and reflected by the white ribs of the roof, with all the miraculous decorations of the interior, would impress the most insensible with feelings of awe, and lead him to attribute the influence of the scene to the presence of some supernatural being.'—*Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey*.

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the fertility of the Morea, Dr. Sibthorp says, 'a face furrowed with care, a body lean with hard labour and scanty diet, represent the portrait of a modern Arcadian. The residence of a number of hungry Turks, the vermin of the Pasha's court, continually oppress this hapless people; and they seem to exist only to furnish food for their lazy masters.' This melancholy picture, we presume, applies only to the agriculturists in the neighbourhood of towns; for, from another author, we have a very different account of the shepherd peasantry in this part of the country.

'Every thing presented the appearance of rural tranquillity. The peasants, habited in their picturesque dress, coloured turban, a linen jacket and petticoat of snowy whiteness, and carrying in their hands a wooden crook, were quietly employed in following their large flocks of goats and sheep; or watched them as they fed, reclining under the shade of an ancient tree, and playing on their pipe of reed the rude airs of their country. The scenes forcibly recalled to my mind the passages of the poets who have celebrated the beauties of Arcadia, and I acknowledged at every step the justness of the taste which fixed upon it as the residence of rural happiness, and the abode of the sylvan gods.\*

The cotton plant is in general cultivation. The plains of Trikala in Thessaly alone are said to produce 600,000 pounds of cotton wool. The sides of the hills, and especially those in the vicinity of towns or large villages, are planted with vineyards and olive groves; and the fig-tree and the orange are every where common and abundant. Considerable attention is paid to the culture of the fig-tree. The flowers of the wild fig-tree (*επιφος*) are still used for the caprification of the cultivated fig in various parts of Greece. 'At Athens,' says Mr. Hawkins, 'they take the wild figs in June, when the insect shews itself in them, string a few, and suspend them on the branches of the domestic fig-tree, without which it is believed all the fruit would drop.'

The lands in Greece are generally open; inclosed, however, in some parts with hedges of the *cactus opuntia*, and sometimes separated by trenches. The plough is a rude and simple machine. A wheel-carriage of any kind is unknown in the southern parts of Greece; but in Thessaly they have a sort of cart which Mr. Haygarth says is 'truly Homeric. It has two wheels, each of which is composed of one piece of wood; it is open behind, and supported in front by a pole yoked to the necks of two oxen.' A large proportion of the surface of Greece is appropriated for the pasture of sheep, goats, and horses. Cows are not much esteemed except for the breeding of oxen; their milk is not used,

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\* Haygarth. Notes, p. 254.

and that of goats and sheep serves only for making a poor saltish cheese or a little bad butter.

Greece may be considered as the country of the vine. Thirty-nine different sorts of grapes, besides the currant-vine, are enumerated by Dr. Sibthorp; but none of the wines produced from them can be called good, with the exception of that which is made on a few islands of the Archipelago. The modern Greeks, in imitation of their ancestors, mix turpentine (drawn from that particular species of fir called by botanists *pinus maritima*;) with all their wines; a practice which Lord Aberdeen thinks may, in some degree, account for the connection of the fir-cone (surmounting the Thyrsus) with the worship of Bacchus.\* This is one of the most useful trees of Greece. It not only serves to preserve their wine from becoming acid, but with the ΠΙΝΟΣ (*pinus pinea*) furnishes the tar and pitch for all maritime and domestic purposes. The resinous parts being cut into small pieces serve for candles, and the cones are put into the wine casks; the wood is employed by carpenters, and the bark by tanners.

The richest produce of Attica, however, is that of the olive. Of this fruit Greece can boast of not fewer than eight or ten different sorts. Those intended for food are preserved either in salt and water, in oil and vinegar, or in the juice of the grape boiled to a syrup. From the rest the oil extracted is computed at 20,000 measures, or about 30,000 gallons. The plain of Athens, if we except the olive tree, is extremely destitute of wood; but this is by no means the general character of Greece.

Hymettus has for time immemorial been celebrated for the excellence of its honey. It is still in such esteem that presents of it are annually sent to Constantinople. The *satureia capitata* and the *satureia thymbra* are the favourite plants of the bees, and it is to them that the honey of Hymettus owes its celebrity.† Fourmont, who however is not implicitly to be trusted, asserts that the honey of Hymettus produces on those who eat it the same effect as wine; and Dr. Chandler pretends that its odour of thyme prevents flies from settling upon it. The Athenians are particularly fond of honey; they use it in most of their dishes, and, like their ancestors, conceive that it renders them healthy and long lived.

The mountains of Greece, being chiefly of limestone formation, have nothing remarkably grand or picturesque in their

\* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

† By a strange perversion the modern name is Τριλλιβουν, or 'the mad mountain. From Hymettus came the Venetian appellation of Monte Imetto, and the further corruption of Monte Mutto, which retranslated into Romaic gives the present name.

shapes,

shapes, but many of them are well wooded and yield abundance of timber for the purposes of ship-building and carpentry; and few countries, in its milder features, exhibit a more choice collection of elegant flowering shrubs. The *laurus nobilis* (δάφνη), whose berry supplies the Greeks with an aromatic oil to anoint the hair, fringes the skirts of every hill. The *nerium oleander* (νιχιδάφνη) borders the banks of the Ilyssus and every torrent bed; its flowers are used to deck the hair, and at Athens its branches to cover the Bazar. The *arbutus unedo* (χομαριά) abounds on the mountains of Pendeli, and its fruit is esteemed a delicacy: of its wood are made the *φλύγια*, or flutes of the Greek shepherds; and in Zante a spirit is drawn from it, and a vinegar of a bright gold colour. The *arbutus andrachne* is everywhere abundant. The *viter agnus castus* (καυναπίττα) the constant companion of the oleander, grows on the borders of the Ilyssus and the margins of mountain torrents; baskets and beehives are made of the twigs, and the leaves give out a yellow dye. 'It is reported,' says old Gerard in his Herbal, 'that if such as journey or travel do carry with them a branch or rod of *agnus castus* in their hand, it will keep them from merrygals and weariness.' So thought the ancient, and so still think the modern Greeks. The *cistus creticus* yields the ladanum, an aromatic substance whose fragrance is considered as a preservative from the plague. The *pistachia lentiscus* furnishes gum-mastic; and the ashes of the wood are used by the soap-boilers. The common myrtle and the many-flowering heath are everywhere met with on the hills. The *hedera helix* hangs like a curtain in the picturesque scenery of the marble caves of Pendeli, where also grows wild the beautiful *salvia arborea*. The wild olive, the *phyllyrea* and carob tree, the flowering ash and the *fraxinella*, the *coronilla*, the *colutea* and the Spanish broom, adorn the sloping sides of the mountains.

Most of the plants of Greece, whether useful or ornamental, still retain their ancient names with more or less of purity. Dr. Sibthorp, in relating his ascent of Parnassus, observes, 'After dinner, I walked out with a shepherd's boy to herborize; my pastoral botanist surprized me not a little with his nomenclature; I traced the names of Dioscorides and Theophrastus, corrupted indeed in some degree by pronunciation and by the long series annorum which had elapsed since the time of these philosophers; but many of them were unmutilated, and their virtues faithfully handed down in the oral traditions of the country.'\*

The climate, the soil, and the various products of Greece, generally speaking, may be considered as superior to those of most

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\* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

countries in Europe of equal extent; but the inhabitants are in no condition to avail themselves fully of its natural advantages, at the same time they are negligent of those which are within their reach. They might, for instance, easily derive very great resources from their extensive line of sea-coast, abounding with a great variety of excellent fish, as mackerel, soles, turbot, red and grey mullet, lobsters, oysters, scollops, &c. but they are, as they always appear to have been, very inexpert fishermen. It might be supposed that the multitude of fast days, exceeding half the whole year, if it did not give them dexterity in their employment, would, at least, give them encouragement: on the more rigid fasts, however, the people are forbidden the use of fresh fish, and they prefer, on all of them, the salt cod and caviar, which they purchase from foreigners.

The little towns and villages scattered over the valleys and the declivities of the Pindus range of mountains and its numerous off-sets, and inhabited by a mixture of Greeks, Albanians, and Wallachians, mostly Christians, form, according to Dr. Holland, the most interesting and important part of the population of these elevated regions. Among these the *Vlaki* (supposed from Wallachia) are particularly distinguished as a hardy and active people, regular in their habits, and less ferocious in their disposition than the Albanians. During the summer months they dwell with their flocks in the mountain ranges of Pindus, and in the winter spread themselves over the plains under tents or temporary huts. A community of these migratory shepherds is thus described by Dr. Holland.

‘The cavalcade we now passed through was nearly two miles in length, with few interruptions. The number of horses with the emigrants might exceed a thousand; they were chiefly employed in carrying the moveable habitations, and the various goods of the community, which were packed with remarkable neatness and uniformity. The infants and smaller children were variously attached to the luggage, while the men, women, and elder children travelled for the most part on foot; a healthy and masculine race of people, but strongly marked by the wild and uncouth exterior connected with their manner of life. The greater part of the men were clad in coarse white woollen garments; the females in the same material, but more variously coloured, and generally with some ornamented lacing about the breast. Their petticoats scarcely reached below the knee, showing nearly the whole length of the stockings, which were made of woollen threads of different colours, red, orange, white and yellow. Almost all the young women and children wore upon the head a sort of chaplet, composed of piastres, paras, and other silver coins, strung together, and often suspended in successive rows, so as to form something like a cap. The same coins were

were attached to other parts of the garments, and occasionally with some degree of taste. Two priests of the Greek church were with the emigrants, and closed the long line of their procession.'—vol. i. p. 132.

The numerous gulfs, creeks, bays and harbours with which all the sea-coasts of continental Greece, and most of her islands, are indented, afford both convenience and security for shipping. The circumstances under which Europe was lately placed were favourable to the commerce of Greece, and many of her sea-port towns arrived at a pitch of prosperity unknown since the conquest of Mahomet II. The town of Salonica, at the head of the gulf of the same name, became the deposit of English cargoes of sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton-twist and various other articles, which were conveyed thence by land-carriage to the very heart of the continent of Europe. A cavalcade, of a thousand horses at a time, sometimes started with merchandize from that city.

From Livadia a very active commerce is carried on, chiefly by the gulf of Corinth, in grain of different kinds, pulse, cotton, wool, honey, &c. The merchants are wealthy Greeks, many of whom live in all the pomp of grandees, surrounded by dependants, and in large houses magnificently furnished: as the power of Ali Pasha extends to Livadia only in his capacity of Derveni Pasha, or guardian of the passes, it is here of a more modified kind than in Albania or Thessaly.

The disposition of the modern Greeks for active and enterprising exertion gives them a strong bias towards commercial pursuits. This propensity was particularly evinced by the rapid progress of a little colony planted on the barren rock of Hydra, of which we have the following account from Dr. Holland.

‘In the distance, and near the mouth of the gulf of Argolis, is seen the small isle of Hydra; a spot which, of late, has become very interesting from the extent and importance of its commerce. Only a few miles in circumference; with a surface so rocky as scarcely to yield the common vegetables; and even without any other water than that collected in cisterns, this little islet has an active and wealthy population of more than 25,000 souls; and a property in shipping, amounting, it is said, to about 300 trading vessels, many of them of large tonnage and well armed. I have heard, and have some reason to believe the statement, that there is a merchant in Hydra, whose acquired property amounts to about a million of dollars, and many others with a trading capital, bearing proportion to this sum.’—v.ii.p.202.

A very considerable and increasing commerce is carried on in the Ionian Islands. Their exports consist chiefly of oil, wine, and currants. Of the last article Zante alone exports, chiefly to England, 7,000,000 lbs.; of oil 60,000 barrels; and 4000 casks of wine. Cephalonia exports nearly the same quantities. The

mixed inhabitants of these islands are said to be generally 'quick and ingenious in their conceptions; cunning as well as active in their affairs; in their manner bustling, loquacious and verbose; and with a temper disposed to litigation and intrigue.' Deeply tainted with the lax manners and vices of the Venetians, who traded in crime, and sold impunity to the highest bidder, the state of morality and religion among them was deplorable. Murders were frequent, and the whole frame of society, from the highest to the lowest, was depraved and corrupt. The late change in the government has already somewhat improved their condition; the factions are suppressed, if not extinguished; the laws are faithfully and rigidly executed, and assassinations have become rare.

The Greeks of the continent have preserved more of their original character, than the islanders, which is still as various as it was at any period of their history. It varies also according to the portion of Roman, Gothic, Catalan, Venetian, and Turkish blood which they may have imbibed. To form a correct estimate, therefore, of the Greek character, the people should be looked at in detail; at the same time every allowance should be made in their favour, as they act under Turkish influence, and their conduct is swayed, in no ordinary degree, by the personal character of the Pasha or Aga by whom they are governed. On continental Greece, with the exception of Megaris, Attica, and the Morea, the influence of Ali Pasha and his two sons is paramount, and at present, we believe, nearly beyond the controul of the Porte. The character of Ali, as given by Dr. Holland, is not unlike that of another extraordinary man, whose powers of mischief, happily for the peace of the world, have been annulled: 'quick thought, singular acuteness of observation, a conjunction of vigour and firmness in action, are connected with an uncommon faculty of artifice, an implacable spirit of revenge, and the utter disregard of every principle interfering with that active movement of ambition, which is the main spring and master-feeling of his mind.' This man too, like the other, has the power of fascinating those around him by an open, placid, and even gentle exterior, which is well characterized by Dr. Holland as 'the fire of a stove burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface.'

Ali, however, is not without some lighter tints to relieve the sombre hue of his general character.

'It is pleasant,' says the intelligent writer we have just quoted, 'to be able to allege, as one proof of his superior understanding, a degree of freedom from national and religious prejudices rarely to be found among Turkish rulers. He has studiously adopted into his territory several of the improvements of more cultivated nations; he has destroyed the numerous bands of robbers who infested the peaceful inhabitants of the

the country; by his direction, roads have been made, bridges constructed, and agricultural improvements attempted. This laudable spirit has added respect to the terror inspired by his government; and even those who, out of the immediate reach of his power, can venture to express hatred of his tyranny, are obliged to allow that Albania is more happy and prosperous under this single and stern dominion, than when divided among numerous chieftains, and harassed by incessant wars. From this opinion, no deference to the principles of despotism can be inferred. The experience of history has proved that a single tyrant is less injurious to the happiness of a people, than tyranny divided among many; and the Vizier of Albania has himself become a despot, only by the annihilation of the numerous despots who preyed on that heretofore distracted and divided country.'

The mountaineers of Albania have always been described as brave, resolute, enterprising and indefatigable. From them are taken the most faithful guards and soldiers of Ali Pasha.

'The Albanian peasant or soldier, words which in this country seem to be almost synonymous, is here seen in the completeness of his national character and costume. Generally masculine in his person, having features which shew him not subdued into the tameness of slavery, and with a singular stateliness of his walk and carriage, the manner of his dress adds to these peculiarities, and renders the whole figure more striking and picturesque than any other with which I am acquainted. To an eye not yet accustomed to note minute differences, where all was new and imposing, the most remarkable appearances in this costume were the external mantle, falling loosely over the shoulders, and reaching down behind as far as the knees, made of a coarse brown woollen-stuff, but bordered and variously figured with red-coloured threads;—the two vests, the outer one open, descending to the waist, and occasionally made of green or purple velvet; the inner vest laced in the middle, and richly figured;—a broad sash or belt around the waist, in which are fixed one, or sometimes two, blunderbusses, and a large knife; the handles of these blunderbusses often of great length, and curiously worked in silver;—a coarse cotton shirt coming from beneath the belt, and falling down a short way below the knees, in the manner of the Scotch kilt, covering the drawers which are also of cotton;—the long sabre;—the circular greaves of worked metal protecting the knees and ancles;—the variously coloured stockings and sandals;—the small red cap, which just covers the crown of the head, from underneath which the hair flows in great profusion behind, while in front it is shaved off, so as to leave the forehead and temples entirely bare. To this general description may be added the *capote*, or great cloak, one of the most striking peculiarities of the Albanese dress,—a coarse, shaggy, woollen garment, with open sleeves, and a square flap behind, which serves occasionally as a hood, the colour sometimes grey or white, so as to give the resemblance to a goat-skin thrown over the back. I will not venture to say whether this is the *sagum* of the ancients; but unquestionably there are many points of resemblance in the Albanian costume to



that of the Grecian and Roman soldier. In comparing the outlines of this national dress with those of other countries, I find none to resemble it so much as that of the Sardinian peasantry. But the comparison is greatly in favour of the Albanian; and the half-naked Sard, as he is seen in the streets of Cagliari, is but a meagre representative of the majestic figures which keep guard round the palaces of Ali Pasha.—*Dr. Holland*, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

Very similar in their character to the Albanians in the north of Greece are the Mainiotes at the southern extremity of the Morea. These people, supposed to be the descendants of ancient Sparta, were as daring and resolute by sea as the Epirotes by land; but their piracies of late years have been greatly checked by habits of industry and an increasing commerce. When Guilleliere visited Greece in 1669, it was not safe for ships to approach the southern promontory of Maina. Rows of grottos in the rock facing the sea served as the cells or hermitages of the caloyers or priests, who were always on the look out to give the signal on the appearance of ships, receiving as their reward a tythe of the plunder for the use of the church. Turks and Christians were indiscriminately seized and sold as slaves—the Turks to the Christians and the Christians to the Turks. They even seized and sold one another. A pleasant occurrence, he tells us, took place a few days before his arrival on this coast. Two pirates having quarrelled about the division of the spoil of a Venetian prize, one of them took the opportunity of carrying off his friend's wife to sell her to the captain of a Maltese corsair then in the road. The captain not agreeing to the price demanded, assured him that he had just purchased a much handsomer woman for half the money, as he should himself judge. The woman was brought up, when to the great surprise of the Mainiote, he saw his own wife, his brother pirate having got the start of him. Nothing was now left but to let the master of the corsair have the second woman at his own price: and the two husbands, thinking it best to shake hands, joined their efforts to recover their wives, and to prevent their countrymen from making them the subject of perpetual laughter.

Very few travellers have ventured to trust themselves among the Mainiotes; but the terror which these people have inspired appears to be more imaginary than real, and to proceed from their deep-rooted inveteracy against the Turks. Dr. Sibthorp and Mr. Morrit, who traversed the territory of Maina in the year 1795, found the character of the people just the reverse of that which had been represented. They were every where treated with the utmost attention and kindness. However treacherous and cruel their hostility might be, they had every reason to believe

lieve that their friendship was inviolable; and that a stranger within their gates bore a title no less sacred than among the Arabs. Not only did every chief receive the travellers with the highest marks of friendship and hospitality, but, on their departure, invariably conducted them in safety to the next neighbouring chief; and so on through the whole country: and so desirous were all to entertain the strangers, that they found it would have been considered as an insult to pass the dwelling of any one without paying him a visit.

These Mainiote chiefs, who are very numerous, dwell in square towers strongly fortified; their government resembles in many respects that of the Highland clans in Scotland, being perfectly independent of one another, and very frequently engaged in hostilities among themselves. Judges of their people at home, they are their leaders when they take the field. The most powerful is invested with the title of Bey; he negotiates with the Turks, and settles the annual contribution; for no Turk is suffered to reside in any part of the territory of Maina. 'Here,' says Dr. Sibthorp, 'the nature of man seemed to recover its erect form; we no longer observed the servility of mind and body, which distinguishes the Greeks subjugated by the Turks.' Every man carries his rifle, and every woman is trained to arms; near every village is a piece of ground where the boys practise at a target, and even the girls and women take their part in this martial amusement. Dances on the village green invariably succeed to these gymnastics. The figures of the females are light and active, and their features beautiful; advantages which, it appears, are not lost on their countrymen; as their chief assured the travellers that, in their petty wars, they had more than once followed their fathers and brothers to the field, and that the men were always more eager to distinguish themselves before the eyes of their female companions, and partakers in the danger.

A feature in the national character, not less pleasing, is the frank and familiar intercourse which appears to take place between the sexes. Women here partake of the confidence of their husbands, the education of their children, and the management of their families. They also share in the labours of domestic life, and, as we have said before, in the dangers of the field—in short, they live in the enjoyment of full liberty, and it does not appear that they are unworthy of it; for instances of conjugal infidelity are stated to be very rare. The preceding year a poor German fiddler, in attempting the chastity of a pretty Mainiote girl, had given her such offence, that she drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot.

Maina is a very populous district; the natives are Christians of  
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the Greek church, and the places of worship are numerous, neat and well attended. The country is in general barren and stony; but the earth, which is washed down by the rains and torrents from the higher parts, is retained and supported on a thousand platforms and terraces by the indefatigable industry of the inhabitants: these terraces are covered with corn, maize, olives, and mulberry trees growing apparently out of the rock itself. On almost all the hills are apiaries, the honey of which is nearly equal to that of Hymettus, but of a paler colour. The pastures in the neighbourhood of ancient Gythium are even now famous for their cheeses, which, in the time of the Spartan government, were an article of trade much esteemed by the rest of Greece.\*

It might be thought that Athens would afford the best specimen of the modern Greek; but this is not the case. The men of this celebrated city are represented as being less moral, and the women more homely, than in other towns of Greece. The population is still divided, as of old, into four classes—cultivators of the soil, craftsmen, soldiers and priests; the first comprizes the Albanians; the Greeks engage in commerce and mechanics; the Turks garrison the city, and smoke—the priests do nothing.

Most of the early travellers in the Levant speak of the Athenians as remarkable for their cunning; and there is an ancient proverb which classes the lower orders of Attica with 'the Jews of Salonica and the Turks of the Negropont.' Matters are apparently not much mended at present. 'Sir,' said a French merchant of the name of Roque to Lord Byron, with the most amusing gravity—'they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles!' Opinions of this sweeping kind are little worth. Doctor Spon, a sedate and sensible man, whose intercourse with the Greeks was considerable, describes them as chiefly distinguished by a love of industry, frugality, chastity, and patience under oppression;—these, we suppose, are their good qualities:—their bad ones seem to be pretty much the same as those ascribed to their ancestors by Thucydides, vanity, affectation, inconstancy, greediness of gain, thirst of novelty, and a proneness to breaking their oaths. If, as almost every writer has asserted, a disregard of veracity has in all ages been applicable to the Greeks, any amendment, in that respect, can hardly be expected from them under their present circumstances. 'Their life,' as Lord Byron observes, 'is a struggle against truth; and they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten, snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him.'

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\* Morris.—Walpole's *Memoirs on Turkey*.

One good trait among the present race ought not to be overlooked. The clergy from the highest to the lowest receive the stranger with open arms into their habitations; the peasantry are always willing to share their humble dwelling and coarse fare with him; and the door of the wealthy merchant is never shut against the European of decent appearance. 'The traveller in Attica,' says Mr. Dodwell, 'is perfectly secure; the inhabitants are kind and hospitable to strangers; and I never experienced either incivility or extortion.—The ancient hospitality which the Greeks considered so sacred and inviolable, is still partially preserved. When the traveller makes a second tour through the country, he can hardly do any thing more offensive to the person by whom he was entertained in his first journey, than by not again having recourse to the kindness of his former host.\* The Protogeroi, or primates, are enjoined to attend to the wants of travellers, and either to lodge them in their own houses, which they generally do, or to procure them lodgings and provisions on the most reasonable terms.

Every liberal minded traveller, who has been able to converse with the Greeks, will be ready to acknowledge that, among the higher class of citizens, there prevails a very acute feeling at their present degraded state, and a degree of enthusiasm and veneration for their ancient heroes, poets, philosophers, and statesmen, which would do honour to any nation. It would be unjust to measure the national feeling by the standard of those who, we are told by Mr. Douglas, 'after the most frantic exclamations of pity for their country and hatred to its oppressors, will retire to join in the intrigues of a Vaivode's antichamber, and to buy some miserable office about his person by the blackest calumnies and accusations against their fellow slaves.' Doctor Holland, whom, on many accounts, we consider a sounder judge of the Greek character than Mr. Douglas, has given many splendid examples of a feeling and conduct just the reverse of that ascribed to those intriguers of Athens. Vellara, one of the physicians of Veli Pasha, at Larissa, when conversing on his favourite subject of the liberation of his countrymen, 'shewed', says our author, 'an accurate understanding of the ancient authors, and a powerful feeling of enthusiasm for the former glories of his country; and his occasional references, from these topics to the present degradation of Greece, were made with a mixed tone of melancholy and satire, which illustrated the character of the man, and did not ill accord with the nature of the subject.'

The character of a civilized nation will always take its strongest

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\* Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece.

bias from the principles and practice of its religious tenets. All the Greek population, with the exception of some of the Albanians, chiefly those who have enlisted into the service of Ali Pasha, are, as we have said, Christians. It is true the purity of Christianity has been sullied, and its simplicity disfigured, by the multitude of pagan superstitions which inveterate prejudices have engrafted upon its rites. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect that a people who had consecrated every spot of their country, should at once abandon those sacred haunts endeared by so many recollections of ancient glory. It was quite natural, in the early stages of Christianity, that churches should arise out of the ruins of heathen temples, and that painted saints should usurp the place of sculptured gods; that the hills, the groves, the fountains and caverns, should each possess its little church; and, in fact, many of them are at this day places of superstitious resort, where, on certain occasions, votive offerings to the protecting saint are carefully deposited, to deprecate some threatened evil or secure some expected good. In this respect the modern Greeks are nothing changed. Such as their religion is, they scrupulously adhere to its established rites. 'A Greek of the present day,' says Mr. Douglas, 'is generally engaged either in a festival or a fast; and the crowd I once saw roasting two hundred sheep in the open air, round the citadel of Zante, might have led me to fancy that Jupiter, and not the Panagia, (the Virgin,) was the patron of the day.'

It would be well for Greece, even while under the yoke of Turkish tyranny, if some reform could be brought about in her religious establishment. The number of fast days and festivals consumes three-fourths of the year, and the multitude of inferior clergy, poor as they are, and many of them engaged in manual labour, may be considered to derive their chief support from the labour of the community. The caloyers or monks swarm in the monasteries, and the papás or parish priests in every village. The smallness of their stipends occasions their being taken generally from the inferior class of society; they are all, in fact, children of the poor, and have no higher education than that of reading and writing the Romaic, or vulgar language; except that they are taught to repeat, without understanding it, the Church Liturgy in the Hellenic or ancient Greek. The bishops, who appear to be numerous in proportion to the rest of the clergy, are, in general, but poorly provided for. Nothing could be more miserable than the whole establishment of the bishop of Salona, as described by Mr. Dodwell. 'There was nothing to eat,' he says, 'except rice and bad cheese; the wine was execrable, and

and so impregnated with rosin that it almost took the skin from our lips.'

From this state of poverty the archbishops seem to be the only dignitaries of the church who are exempt; but their situations are purchased from the patriarch of Constantinople, who himself purchases the supremacy from the Ottoman Porte. Polycarp, the Archbishop of Larissa, has nine bishoprics under his charge, and a gross revenue of about £9000 a year. This prelate has no learning, nor knowledge of any other language than the Romaic and Albanian, mixed up with a few phrases of broken Italian; yet, in performing the service of the metropolitan church, says Dr. Holland, 'his manner was dignified and imposing; and when, at intervals in the service, he rose from his seat, and spreading his hands in benediction over the people, pronounced the simple and beautiful words *Εἰρήνη πάντι*, *peace be to all*, there was an effect of mingled solemnity and benevolence which could not easily be surpassed.' The hood of black silk thrown over his square hat, and full purple robes richly embroidered with gold lace, set off by a long black beard, gave him a venerable and princely appearance. The decorations of his robes and mitre worn on days of festival, are stated to be singularly splendid and gorgeous; and 'the story of Adam and Eve worked in gold lace with pearls, gave rise,' says Dr. Holland, 'to one or two comments on this subject from the archbishop, which a little surprized me from their freedom.'

The 'comments' of this man were probably the result of ignorance; but we regret to find that the travelled Greeks have imported, together with their literary acquirements, very lax principles of religion and morals from the Italian universities; and 'the tone of satirical scepticism' of Vellara, the companion of the archbishop, and one of the ablest and most learned physicians of Greece, is particularly noticed by Dr. Holland.

The caloyers or monks are unquestionably the most useless ministers of the Greek religion, if they may be so classed. A singular establishment of them (pre-eminently unprofitable) is to be met with in the beautiful valley of the Salypria or Peneus. Out of this vale rise several groups of insulated masses of naked rock, in the shape of truncated cones or pyramids, from a hundred to five hundred feet in height. On the tops of these rocks, sometimes covering the whole area of the vertex, are perched a number of monasteries, like so many dove-cots on pillars. These aerial monuments of vanity and superstition are accessible only by ropes, or by ladders fixed to the rocks in those parts where the surface affords any point to rest on. Ten only of the original number of twenty-four remain, the rest having been abandoned on account of the wearing away of the rock, and the decay of the buildings.

buildings. Dr. Holland, who visited that of Aios Stephanos, which is upwards of 180 feet in height, gives the following interesting account of his ascent.

‘Passing through the ravine just mentioned, we wound round the base of the rock, gradually ascending till we came to the foot of a perpendicular line of cliff, and looking up, saw the buildings of the monastery immediately above our heads. A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. A man was seen looking down from above, to whom our Tartar shouted loudly, ordering him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order, and our request. At length we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net, which we found was intended for our conveyance to this aerial habitation. The net reached the ground; our Tartar, and a peasant whom we had with us from Kalabaka, spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff was sufficient to secure us against injury from striking upon the rock. Yet the ascent had something in it that was formidable, and the impression it made was very different from that of the descent into a mine, where the depth is not seen, and the sides of the shaft give a sort of seeming security against danger. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air; our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not, which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, in safety, and in less than three minutes of time. When opposite the door of the wooden shed, several monks and other people appeared, who dragged the net into the apartment, and released us from our cramped and uncomfortable situation. We found, on looking round us, that these men had been employed in working the windlass, which raised us from the ground; and in observing some of their feeble and decayed figures, it was impossible to suppose that the danger of our ascent had been one of appearance alone. Our servant Demetrius, meanwhile, had been making a still more difficult progress upwards, by ladders fixed to the ledges of the rock, conducting to a subterranean passage, which opens out in the middle of the monastery.—pp. 340—342.

The buildings exhibited nothing but the appearance of wretchedness and decay, and were well suited to that of their miserable tenants. A few old volumes of Greek homilies, and some pieces of ecclesiastical history, seemed to constitute their libraries; they knew nothing of the date or origin of their singular habitations, and could only answer Πολλά παλκία είναι, ‘they are very ancient,’

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—‘an expression,’ says Dr. Holland, ‘which was often repeated to me, in a manner that almost savoured of idiocy.’ Though women are strictly forbidden entrance, by the regulations of the convent, a few are said to be retained as part of the household.

This indulgence, however, is not extended to another of those institutions still more remarkable, in some points of view, than the aerial buildings on the pinnacles of Aios Stephanos; we allude to the celebrated seat of monastic seclusion on Mount Athos. Of this we have a very interesting account by Dr. Hunt, who accompanied Professor Carlyle thither in the search for Greek manuscripts, which occupied them about three weeks.

Athos, the Monte Santo, or Holy Mountain, rises out of a large peninsula jutting into the *Ægean* sea to the height of about 5000 feet, the summit of which, for several months in the year, is capped with snow. The isthmus which connects this peninsula with the continent is contracted to a very narrow neck of land by the Singetic gulf on the west and the Strymonic (now Contesa) on the east. Around the base, and on the lower declivities of the mountain, are situated twenty-two monasteries, varying in their dimension, construction, and situation, but all of them, either strikingly beautiful or strikingly magnificent; and each designed either to soothe the tedium of solitude, or to awaken the fervours of devotion. Nothing indeed can exceed the beauty and variety of the scenery of Mount Athos. ‘Romance,’ says Dr. Sibthorp, ‘has not found a situation more wild and picturesque: here was a sublimity beyond what I ever recollected to have seen.’ Immense trees of oak, of platanus and chesnut adorn the ravines and sloping sides of the mountain, whose upper regions are clothed with pines. The laurel, the myrtle, the daphne, and a great variety of beautiful and fragrant shrubs wildly luxuriate among the rocks; and groves of oranges, lemons and fig-trees surround the convents and the cells of the hermits. The nightingale, and other feathered songsters, fill the air with their warblings, which continue to be heard to a late hour of the night.

Each convent has its abbot, with a number of monks and lay labourers proportioned to its size, who plant vineyards, and make wine, raise fruit and vegetables, and perform all the necessary labours of agriculture and gardening. The total number of resident inhabitants are about six thousand; but they are exclusively of the male species. No woman is permitted to enter the holy precincts of Mount Athos. Even the Turkish Vaivode, stationed on the isthmus to collect the taxes, is not allowed to bring his harem with him; and sees no woman during his tedious government of three years. Like the *Therapeutæ* of Pliny, the inhabitants of the Holy Mountain are ‘gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur.’

citur.' But not only are women excluded, but the female of every domestic animal; not a cow, an ewe, a she-cat, or even a hen is to be found here; the consequence of which judicious arrangement is, that milk and butter and eggs (the chief part of the diet of the inhabitants) are brought from the main land at about ten times the cost for which they might be produced on the spot. The monks, however, gravely assert that no female animal could exist for three days on the holy ground; and this too, while the turtle doves are cooing around them, the birds building their nests on the trees, the swallows hatching their young under the roofs, and vermin multiplying their species in the dirty cells, and on the persons of the monks themselves!

Those who are not employed in the cultivation of the ground usually occupy their leisure time in knitting stockings, making oils and essences, painting rude pictures of their saints, or writing out psalters, which they sell or exchange at the town of Chariessa, on the peninsula, for coffee, sugar, tobacco, snuff, and cordials. These are certainly very innocent, if not very important occupations, and may tend, as Dr. Hunt candidly observes, to justify the poor caloyers, individually, from the general imputation of indolent and vicious habits, so generally brought against them: whether his estimate of their utility as a body be as sound and judicious may, we think, admit of some doubt.

'Defects (he says) there certainly are in this religious republic: but even in its present oppressed and degraded state the establishment is an useful one. It contributes to preserve the language of Greece from being corrupted, or superseded by that of its conquerors; it checks, or rather entirely prevents, the defection of Christians to Mahometanism, not only in European, but Asiatic Turkey; almost all the Greek didascaloi or school-masters, and the higher orders of their clergy are selected from this place. If it sometimes hides a culprit who has fled from public justice, yet that criminal most probably reforms his life in a residence so well calculated to bring his mind to reflection. The oath of a person who becomes caloyer on Mount Athos is very solemn and simple; it implies an absolute renunciation of the world, enjoining the person who makes it to consider himself as quite dead to its concerns. Some are so conscientiously observant of this vow that they never afterwards use their family names, never correspond with any of their relatives or former friends, and decline informing strangers from what country or situation of life they have retired.\*

We suspect that this conscientious and uncommunicative class is not very numerous. We could furnish more than one exception from our own knowledge; but we prefer the following, from

\* *Memoirs of European and Asiatic Turkey.*

Dr. Sibthorp, which we know to be fact, and which is both characteristic and amusing.

'In one of the hermitages (he says) belonging to St. Paul, we found a caloyer that had been four and twenty years on Athos, who addressed us with a rapture of joy in English; he was a native of Epirus; had been seven years a sailor in our fleet: tired with the fatigues and danger of the sea, he sought a retreat on this delightful spot; he was not, however, consuming his time in the indolence of monastic life; we found him very busy in manufacturing a coarse kind of woollen cloak, for which Athos is famous. His hermitage was exceedingly neat, and consisted of a hall and two rooms; before his door was an arbour entwined by a vine, from which hung rich clusters of purple grapes: a garden formed on the pending rock furnished a plentiful supply of kitchen herbs, and excellent fruits. With a gratified look he said, "This is all mine."

It has been already said, that together with the practice of their new faith, the modern Greeks retain many of the customs and superstitious ceremonies of their ancestors. Every fountain within the precincts of a romantic and solitary grove or cavern is an *αγίασμα*. 'To these fountains,' says Mr. Douglas, 'multitudes will flock at certain intervals to invoke the saint (the genius loci) whose protection they are peculiarly thought to enjoy, and, by their songs and dances, to express the gay and joyous feelings which such situations have ever excited in the glowing constitutions of the Greeks.' The sick are brought to them and healed; and a lock of hair or a strip of linen is fixed near the spot, as the 'votiva tabella' which at once records the power of the saint and the piety of his votary. No Athenian quits the Piræus without presenting a taper to St. Spiridion on the very spot where Diana Munychia formerly received her offerings; indeed no voyage is begun, no business undertaken, without some offering at the favourite shrine; even the papas sacrifice on the altar a lock of their hair. On the first of May every door is crowned with a garland, and nothing but music and dancing and gaitry are seen and heard throughout Greece. The same fondness for flowers, and the same mystic and symbolic meaning of particular plants, prevail in modern as in ancient times. 'I have been shewn,' says the writer last quoted, 'a language of which the cypher is expressed by flowers; elopements have been planned and accomplished solely by means of this invention; and one of the great amusements of the Greek girls is to drop these symbols of their benevolence or scorn upon the various passengers who pass under their latticed windows.'

An old batchelor is rarely found in modern Greece; yet, with a strange inconsistency, no country is so infested with monks, who  
always

always incur disgrace by marriage. Among the villagers, marriage is contracted as among Europeans from mutual knowledge and attachment: but in towns and among the higher orders, the match is generally made up by the parents or friends, without the parties seeing each other; or by some matron or go-between who, like the ancient Proxenate, manages the courtship and concludes the treaty: the young couple are then at liberty to see each other, and to converse freely together. This, however, is not always the case; instances occur in which the first glimpse which the bridegroom is permitted to take of his future wife is on the day of marriage.

One of the chief occupations of a bride is that of working her wedding garments; these being finished, on the eve of the day appointed for the marriage, she is conducted by her young female friends in splendid procession to the bath. The following morning, at an early hour, the bridegroom proceeds to the house of her parents, attended by a crowd of young men, singing and dancing, and bawling out the perfections and virtues of the young couple. The bride is led forth loaded with bracelets and necklaces, and, supported by her father and her bridemaid, (*παράνυμφη*), slowly moves along with measured steps and downcast eyes; as she proceeds, showers of nuts, and cakes and nosegays, are poured out of the windows of her friends, with prayers and wishes for her prosperity. The mother and the matrons close the procession.

The marriage ceremony is performed with a great deal of absurd mummery and but little solemnity. On the heads of the bride and bridegroom are placed, alternately, by one of the priests, chaplets or crowns of flowers, among which, if they are to be had, are lilies and ears of corn—emblems of purity and abundance—two rings of gold or silver are interchanged several times between the parties, and the ceremony concludes by their drinking wine out of the same cup.

The bride is now conducted to her husband's abode with the same mirthful assemblage; and as she passes the threshold (sacred still as of old) she is carefully lifted over by her parents; if the husband entertain the slightest suspicion of his wife's honour, she is made to tread on a sieve covered with a skin; and should it not yield to the pressure, no explanation whatever will induce him to take, as his wife, one whose character has not been able to stand so infallible a test.

Among the peasantry, the bride, accompanied by her bridesmaids and husband's relations, goes from house to house, and receives from each male inhabitant a few paras or piastres. Dr. Hunt thus describes the appearance of one who solicited the customary

tomary present from him. 'Small pieces of coin were strung to the braids of her hair, which hung down her back and over her shoulders, nearly reaching the ground; the skull-cap was covered with larger coins, among these were many ancient medals which we in vain attempted to purchase at a high offer. We were told that the cap she wore was considered as a family treasure, and that it descended as an heir-loom, receiving occasional additions; but was never suffered to lose any of its former ornaments.\*—In the more secluded parts of Greece it is customary to collect these presents preparatory to marriage. At a village called Mazee, not far from Livadia, Mr. Hobhouse entered into conversation with some peasant girls; 'they told us,' he says, 'that the males were scarce in that part of the country, and that therefore, contrary to common custom, no woman could get married without bringing about a thousand piastres to her husband. Accordingly, several of those whom we saw, were collecting their portion on their hair; and the tresses of a pretty young girl amongst them hung down nearly to her feet entirely strung with paras from top to bottom. Yet, though in a starving condition, and passing, as they assured us with tears in their eyes, whole days without food, neither the mothers nor the daughters will strip off any of the ornamental coin which has been once assigned for the portion-money.†

Most of the ancient funeral ceremonies, expressive of veneration for the dead, are still preserved among the modern Greeks. The deceased is dressed in his best apparel, crowned with a garland of flowers, and carried in procession to the grave, at the head of which are hired mourners, uttering such howls as are heard, on like occasions, among the lower classes in Ireland. The relations of the deceased, at certain periods, plant or strew flowers on the grave, as is still the custom in many parts of Wales. At particular seasons, groups of women may be seen sitting upon the grave of some relation covering it with flowers, and watering those which had taken root. 'Nor,' says Mr. Douglas, 'are flowers the only offerings placed by the simple piety of the Greek women upon the tomb. Cakes made of honey, flour, and oil, or the *colyva*, a pudding formed with boiled wheat, honey, and almonds, still unmeaningly occupy the room of the "*mellitum far*," the propitiatory repast of Cerberus; or the cake *πελαγος*, used by the ancients on the same occasion.'

The Greeks, like their ancestors, personify the plague. They represent it under the figure of an old woman clothed in black, who, from her lips, breathes a mortal poison during the night on

\* Walpole's *Memoirs on Turkey*.

† *Journal through Albania, &c.*

every

every house which she happens to pass. But they have the happiness of possessing amulets and charms and philtres against every misfortune that threatens them; and the failure is not considered as any want of virtue in the antidote, but of some necessary precaution on the part of those who made use of it. In follies of this kind they are, in fact, as they always were, 'children of a larger growth,' in their creed and their practice. If the eye should give an involuntary motion, a Greek will say that an acquaintance approaches; if the ear tingles, he will give three snaps with the finger close to it, and look upon it as a good omen. If a crow perches on the roof, a friend is coming. If a person happens to sneeze in company, every face is turned immediately towards him, and every one calls out 'Υγια'—'health!' 'Their dreams,' says Mr. Haygarth, 'they explain by contraries; if they see a Turk, they expect an angel; if a priest, the devil.' The shadow of a person falling on another in certain situations is of most ominous import; but the influence of an evil eye is dreaded as much as the plague. Coral, amber, and other amulets are used against the fascination of the *xxxo Mati*; and certain sentences of Scripture, enclosed in a bag, and hung round a child's neck, are an infallible preventive of the spell. Should a stranger take particular notice of a child, or praise its beauty, the parents would not be easy until he had spit in its face to counteract the fascination.

Amidst all their oppressions, not an evening passes, in the summer months, in which the young people of both sexes, of the islands or continental villages, do not assemble near some favourite fountain or grove, adorned with garlands and flowers, and their hair loosely floating on the neck, to indulge in their favourite Romaica, or circular dance; which, lively, changeful and replete with grace, is well fitted to display the beauty of attitude in the human form. The Ariadne of the dance is selected either in rotation, or from some habitual deference to youth and beauty. She holds in her left hand a white handkerchief, the clue to Theseus, who follows next in the dance, holding in his right hand the other end of the handkerchief, and giving his left to a second female. The alternation of the sexes, hand in hand, then goes on to any number.

'The chief action of the dance devolves upon the two leaders, the others merely following their movements, generally in a sort of circular outline, and with a step alternately advancing and receding to the measures of the music. The leading female, with an action of the arms and figure directed by her own choice, conducts her lover, as he may be supposed, in a winding and labyrinthic course; each of them constantly varying their movements, partly in obedience to the music, which is either slow and measured, or more lively and impetuous; partly from the

the spirit of the moment, and the suggestion of their own taste. This rapid and frequent change of figure, together with the power of giving expression and creating novelty, renders the Romaika a very pleasing dance, and perhaps among the best of those which have become national, since the plan of its movement allows scope both to the learned and unlearned in the art. In a ball-room at Athens, I have seen it performed with great effect. Still more I have enjoyed its exhibition in some Arcadian villages; where in the spring of the year, and when the whole country was glowing with beauty, groupes of youth of both sexes were assembled amidst their habitations, circling round in the mazes of this dance; with flowing hair, and a dress picturesque enough, even for the outline which fancy frames of Arcadian scenery. It is impossible to look upon the Romaika without the suggestion of antiquity; as well in the representation we have upon marbles and vases, as in the description of similar movements by the poets of that age.—*Dr. Holland*, vol. i. p. 242, 243.

‘I never shall forget,’ says Mr. Douglas, ‘the first time I saw this dance; I had landed on a fine Sunday evening, in the island of Scio, after three months spent amidst Turkish despotism, and I found most of the poorer inhabitants of the town strolling upon the shore, and the rich absent at their farms; but in riding three miles along the coast to visit what is falsely called the school of Homer, I saw about thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of these groups, the girl who led them, chased the retreating wave, and it was in vain that her followers hurried their steps, some of them were generally caught by the returning sea, and all would court the laugh rather than break the indissoluble chain. Near each party were seated a group of parents and elder friends who (“*παραγιστοι παλαις*”) rekindled the last spark of their expiring gaiety and vigour, in the happiness they saw around them.’—p. 121.

In Albania the common dance, even among the Greeks, is the Albanitiko, of a character very different from the Romaika, and abounding in strange gestures. This barbarous dance has also been dignified by travellers with a supposed resemblance to the Pyrrhic dance of their ancestors. It is almost exclusively performed by men, who display strength and activity, but without grace. It is thus described by Dr. Holland:

‘An Albanian dance followed, exceeding in strange uncouthness what might be expected from a North American savage: it was performed by a single person, the pipe and tambourine accompanying his movements. He threw back his long hair in wild disorder, closed his eyes, and unceasingly for ten minutes went through all the most violent and unnatural postures; sometimes strongly contorting his body to one side, then throwing himself on his knees for a few seconds; sometimes whirling rapidly round, at other times again casting his arms violently about his head. If at any moment his efforts appeared to languish, the increasing loudness of the pipe summoned him to fresh exertion, and he did not cease till apparently exhausted by fatigue.’—vol. i. p. 114.



These scenes of occasional gaiety, however, are but little enjoyed by the females of the towns, except perhaps at Athens, where the state of society is distinguished from that of other parts of Greece, by its greater vivacity and freedom from restraint, owing in part to the feebleness of the Turkish government, and partly to the frequent visits of foreigners. Yet even here, when the Greeks are inclined to have a ball, they must ask the *vaivode's* permission. Our countrymen have contributed much to bring the Athenian ladies into company, and to encourage social intercourse, and none more than Lord Guilford: by numerous acts of kindness and generosity, this nobleman so completely gained the affection of the inhabitants, as to induce them to forego some of their most inveterate habits to afford him pleasure. Dr. Holland mentions a ball given by his lordship at which were between thirty and forty ladies, all habited in the Greek fashion, and many of them with great richness of decoration.

The bath has in all ages been the favourite resort of both sexes for health and recreation; but its too frequent and protracted indulgence has been the chief cause of that early decay of beauty and elegance of form, which renders the women, after being, as Dr. Holland observes, 'for a few years the playthings of man, the objects of his contempt and disregard.' Whole days are spent in the enjoyment of the bath; and the scenes which take place, where no restraint is laid on the loquacity still distinguishing the Grecian fair, equal, we are told, the strongest paintings of the *Ecclesiastuzze* and the *Lysistrata*. Without stopping to inquire into the truth of the picture as drawn by Aristophanes, what transient traveller, we would ask, is likely to know what passes in the female bath at Athens? The very attempt to break in upon its sacred privacy, would subject a man to the risk of losing his life. Of this we have a curious instance before us. The *disdar*, or governor of the Acropolis, took it into his head one day to conceal himself in the female bath, 'and, like another Actæon, (says Mr. Dodwell,) to feast his unhallowed eyes on the forbidden charms of the young females who were unconsciously exposed to his view. The rash intruder was soon discovered; a scream of terror resounded through the vaulted chamber of the bath; the inexpressible insult was soon known to the infuriated husbands, and the trembling *disdar* was compelled to take refuge in the Acropolis.' This was not all; he found it necessary to fly to *Ægina*, from thence to *Hydra*, and it was not till after many months concealment in a catholic convent in Athens, that he was able to make his peace and resume his command.

There are other causes, however, besides the immoderate use of the bath, which hasten the commencement of decay in the females

males of Greece; they seldom exceed the age of fifteen when married, and frequently do not even reach that age; they lead a sedentary and confined life; and the climate itself is relaxing. 'It shortens,' says Dr. Holland, 'the bloom of youth and the beauty of adult age, takes from the period of mental education, and thereby renders the long latter stage of life more burdensome in itself and less graceful and dignified in the eyes of others.' Their general character is thus given:—

'Their conversation, though commonly lively, yet is deficient in variety; they read but little, and are enslaved to many superstitious feelings and practices. There is an air of indolence in the carriage of a Greek lady, which, though alluring perhaps to the stranger from attitude, dress, and a reference to oriental custom, would soon lose its charm in the fatigue of uniformity. All the movements are slow and languid, and the occupations which occur are performed with a sort of listlessness, that seems ever passing again into a state of inaction. Yet it must be allowed, that there is in these women a feminine softness of manner, which wins admiration; as there is also in their habit and style of dress, something which gains upon the fancy, in its relation to the costume and magnificence of the East. Their address is usually graceful and engaging: and both in the course of medical practice and otherwise, I have met with Greek females of the higher class at Ioannina, whose propriety of demeanour might have fitted them for most European circles.'—vol. i. p. 223.

The female peasantry, as in other countries, are exposed to labour on the land, frequently with a child fastened on their back. 'In going from place to place,' says Dr. Hunt, 'they not only carry their infants in this manner, but have often a lofty jar or pitcher on their heads, and a rock and spindle in their hands, with which they spin as they walk;\* yet there is in their appearance a degree of elegance and beauty not commonly to be met with out of Greece. In Bœotia more particularly, the features of the young girls are said to approach more to the *beau idéal* of ancient sculpture than elsewhere; and the traveller who will watch the Hercynian fountain at Livadia, or that of Dirce at Thebes, will find this confirmed even by the appearance of the common washer-women who frequent these fountains. Their profiles resemble those of the ancient statues, or of the figures represented on vases. The face is oval, the nose in general forms nearly a straight line with the forehead, and the eyes are large, dark and brilliant.

It is due to the modern Greeks to mention that drunkenness is a vice almost unknown to them. In this respect they differ essentially from their ancestors. In their eating too, they are far

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\* Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey.

more simple. Fish, poultry and rice, served up in different ways, constitute the principal articles in the cookery of the rich; and salted olives, coarse bread, honey and onions are now, as they always appear to have been, the food of the lower classes. The peasantry of the rich vale of Thessaly, and from the defile of Tempe along the eastern coast as far as Attica, are probably in as good a condition as those in any other part of Greece; yet the most substantial of them is content with what we should call a mere hovel, the principal furniture of which consists of a few implements of cookery, and a large jar, about five feet high, of wicker-work, coated with mud and filled with corn. The dress of the female peasantry in this line of country consists of a coarse woollen petticoat, a short gown, a belt round the waist, fastened in front by two enormous metal clasps, a band round the head, and the hair plaited in two wreaths behind, and descending to the ancles.

The habitations and the domestic economy of the superior classes of Greeks are accurately and minutely described by Dr. Holland from a residence of some weeks in the house of a Greek of Ioannina,—a man of a generous and affectionate temper, whose wife, with much vivacity and beauty, possessed the same excellent qualities of heart, and whose domestic connections were of the most exemplary kind. The family consisted of two sons, two daughters, and an elderly lady, a near relation of the husband.

The habitation of our host resembled those which are common in the country. Externally to the street nothing is seen but a high stone wall, with the summit of a small part of the inner building. Large double gates conduct you into an outer area, from which you pass through other gates into an inner square, surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the house. The basement story is constructed of stone, the upper part of the structure almost entirely of wood. A broad gallery passes along two sides of the area, open in front, and shaded overhead by the roof of the building. To this gallery you ascend by a flight of stairs, the doors of which conduct to the different living rooms of the house, all going from it. In this country, it is uncommon, except with the lower classes, to live upon the ground-floor, which is therefore generally occupied as out-buildings, the first floor being that always inhabited by the family. In the house of our host there were four or five living rooms, furnished with couches, carpets, and looking-glasses, which, with the decorations of the ceiling and walls, may be considered as almost the only appendages to a Grecian apartment. The principal room (or what with us would be the drawing-room) was large, lofty, and decorated with much richness. Its height was sufficient for a double row of windows along three sides of the apartment; all these windows however being small, and so situated as merely to admit light without allowing any external view. The ceiling was profusely ornamented with painting and gilding upon carved wood, the walls divided  
into

into pannels, and decorated in the same way, with the addition of several pier-glasses. A couch or divan, like those described in the seraglio, passed along three sides of the apartment, and superseded equally the use of chairs and tables, which are but rarely found in a Greek house.

'The dining-room was also large, but furnished with less decoration; and the same with the other living apartments. The kitchen and servants' rooms were connected by a passage with the great gallery; but this gallery itself formed a privileged place to all the members of the family, and it was seldom that some of the domestics might not be seen here partaking in the sports of the children, and using a familiarity with their superiors, which is sufficiently common in the south of Europe, but very unusual in England. Bed-chambers are not to be sought for in Greek or Turkish habitations. The sofas of their living apartments are the place of nightly repose with the higher classes; the floor with those of inferior rank. Upon the sofas are spread their cotton or woollen mattresses, cotton sheets, sometimes with worked muslin trimmings, and ornamented quilts. Neither men nor women take off more than a small part of their dress; and the lower classes seldom make any change whatever before throwing themselves down among the coarse woollen cloaks which form their nightly covering. In this point the oriental customs are much more simple than those of civilized Europe.

'The separate communication of the rooms with an open gallery renders the Greek houses very cold in winter, of which I had reason to be convinced during both my residences at Ioannina. The higher class of Greeks seldom use any other means of artificial warmth than a brazier of charcoal in the middle of the apartment, trusting to their pelisses and thick clothing for the rest. Sometimes the brazier is placed under a table, covered with a thick rug cloth which falls down to the floor. The heat is thus confined, and the feet of those sitting round the table acquire an agreeable warmth, which is diffused to the rest of the body.

'The family of Metzou generally rose before eight o'clock. Their breakfast consisted simply of one or two cups of coffee, served up with a salver of sweetmeats, but without any more substantial food. In consideration to our grosser morning appetites, bread, honey, and rice-milk were added to the repast which was set before us. Our host, who was always addressed with the epithet of Affendi by his children and domestics, passed much of the morning in smoking, in walking up and down the gallery, or in talking with his friends who called upon him. Not being engaged in commerce, and influenced perhaps by his natural timidity, he rarely quitted the house; and I do not recollect to have seen him more than five or six times beyond the gates of the area of his dwelling. His lady meanwhile was engaged either in directing her household affairs, in working embroidery, or in weaving silk thread. The boys were occupied during a part of the morning in learning to read and write the Romaic with a young man who officiated as tutor, the mode of instruction not differing much from that common elsewhere.

'The dinner hour of the family was usually between twelve and one, but from complaisance to us they delayed it till two o'clock. Sum-

moned to the dining-room, a female domestic, in the usage of the East, presented to each person in succession a large bason with soap, and poured tepid water upon the hands from a brazen ewer. This finished, we seated ourselves at the table, which was simply a circular pewter tray, still called *Trapeza*, placed upon a stool, and without cloth or other appendage. The dinner consisted generally of ten or twelve dishes, presented singly at the table by an Albanian servant, habited in his national costume. The dishes afforded some, though not great variety; and the enumeration of those at one dinner may suffice as a general example of the common style of this repast in a Greek family of the higher class:—First, a dish of boiled rice flavoured with lemon juice; then a plate of mutton boiled to rags; another plate of mutton cooked with spinach or onions, and rich sauces; a Turkish dish composed of force-meat with vegetables, made into balls; another Turkish dish, which appears as a large flat cake, the outside of a rich and greasy paste, the inside composed of eggs, vegetables, with a small quantity of meat: following this, a plate of baked mutton, with raisins and almonds, boiled rice with oil, omelet balls, a dish of thin cakes made of flour, eggs and honey; or sometimes in lieu of these, small cakes made of flour, coffee, and eggs; and the repast finished by a desert of grapes, raisins and chesnuts. But for the presence of strangers the family would have eat in common from the dishes successively brought to the table, and even with separate plates before them this was frequently done. The thin wine of the country was drunk during the repast; but neither in eating or drinking is it common for the Greeks to indulge in excess.

The dinner tray removed, the basin and ewer were again carried round—a practice which is seldom omitted even among the inferior classes in this country. After an interval of a few minutes a glass of liquor and coffee were handed to us, and a Turkish pipe presented to any one who desired it. In summer a short *siesta* is generally taken at this hour, but now it was not considered necessary. After passing an hour or two on the couches of the apartment some visitors generally arrived, and the family moved to the larger room before described. These visitors were Greeks of the city, some of them relations, others friends of the family, who did not come on formal invitation, but in an unreserved way, to pass the evening in conversation. This mode of society is common in Ioannina, and, but that the women take little part in it, might be considered extremely pleasant. When a visitor enters the apartment, he salutes, and is saluted, by the right hand placed on the left breast—a method of address at once simple and dignified. Seated on the couch, sweetmeats, coffee and a pipe are presented to him; and these form in fact the only articles of entertainment.—vol. i. pp. 227—232.

In the present degraded state of Greece we should look in vain for any progress in the arts of painting or sculpture; these can flourish only in a wealthy and enlightened nation. It is, however, not a little remarkable that the moderns should have so completely lost all traces of those dramatic exhibitions of which the  
ancients

ancients were so fond: not a vestige of these are left; nor have they either taste or skill for music. Mr. Haygarth heard at Athens 'songs exactly such as an admirer of antiquity would wish for'—that is to say, as indifferent as can well be imagined. As far, indeed, as the most careful inquiries have been carried into the state of music among the ancient Greeks, it appears that their scale was always imperfect; that they were ignorant of singing or playing in parts, and that their powers, both of voice and instruments, were exceedingly limited. In the same state they still remain. The beauty and expression of Greek and Turkish music, so rapturously applauded by M. Guys, have no existence.

However disheartening the comparison may be, between the ancient and modern Greeks, we would fain persuade ourselves that the moral regeneration of the latter is not an impracticable event. One thing is at least certain—they have begun, of late years, to direct their attention to the pursuits of literature. 'After an interval of twelve centuries,' says Haygarth, 'their harp is again strung, and though the hand that sweeps the chords is unskilful, and the spirit that inspires the composition weak, yet the rudest efforts of the descendants of so illustrious an ancestry must always be interesting.' These efforts in intellectual improvement, however, are not rude, nor have they been unsuccessful. The progress made, in the last thirty years, in the ancient Greek language, and in general literature, is very considerable; and in the same period the Romaic, or vulgar language, has made approaches towards the Hellenic. That language, in its worst state, may be considered to bear about the same relation to the ancient Greek, as the old Italian to the Latin; perhaps somewhat closer; the approximation, therefore, to the ancient Greek standard may not be attended with those inconveniences which have been apprehended from the recent amended editions of their standard books, while it must necessarily tend to the revival of the ancient authors.

The Greeks of Ioannina, in particular, are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary acquirements. Hitherto they have confined themselves chiefly to translations of the best modern works, which, through the liberality of their merchants, have been executed abroad—and they have done wisely. Ioannina has two academies; one of them kept by Athanasius Psalida, considered as one of the chiefs of the literature of modern Greece; the other, devoted to a younger class of scholars, is conducted by Valano, whose father, the author of some mathematical treatises, preceded him. The physician Sakallarius has produced several original works as well as translations. Koletti, another physician, has published a chemical treatise in the Romaic language, chiefly on the modern doctrines of heat, and translated the *Geometry of Legendre*, and the *Arithmetic of Biot*.

In the flourishing town of Volo, situated at the head of the gulf of the same name, and containing about seven hundred houses built of stone; in the large and populous town of Makrinitza, and the group of villages called Zagora, and indeed in the whole region of Thessaly, from the vale of Tempé to the gulf of Volo, the Greeks enjoy certain advantages in situation and commerce, which afford them more liberty and greater scope for exertion than are common to most of their countrymen. 'Much of the literature of modern Greece,' says Dr. Holland, 'has come from this quarter.' The authors of the 'Modern Greek Geography,' were natives of Melies, and so is Gazi, the conductor of the *Ἐκπαιδευτικὸν Λογίον*, at Vienna. Philipidi, another native of Melies, has published translations of La Lande's *Astronomy* and of the *Logic* of Condillac; and Kavra, of Ampelachia, has translated the *Arithmetic* and *Algebra* of Euler, and the *Abbé Millot's Elements of History*.

The Hellenic language is now extensively cultivated both in and out of Greece. In Constantinople are two schools: one for ancient Greek; the other for logic, physics, and mathematics. At Smyrna there is a Greek college in which the Hellenic language is taught, two on the island of Scio, and one on Patmos; two at Ioannina, and two at Athens; and several in the Ionian islands. In Venice, in Vienna, and many towns of Austria and Hungary, are free schools for the education of the Greeks in their ancient language, and the universities of Padua, Pisa, and Bologna, are open to them. To what extent it is intended to carry the university of Cephallonia, of which the Earl of Guilford has been appointed Chancellor, we know not; but we cannot help thinking that, if the money to be expended upon it were appropriated to the education of the Grecian youths at our own universities, they would have a fairer chance of becoming better scholars, better men, and consequently better patriots, than by receiving their education in the Ionian islands.

Upon the whole, however, the Greeks may be considered as in a progressive state of improvement; and, with their literary improvement, will necessarily be increased that desire for the restoration of their independence, which they have never wholly lost sight of, and of which every lover of freedom must wish to see the accomplishment. There is much, however, to be done before they can be considered ripe for such an event. In their present divided and dispersed condition, without the means of communication, without military skill or military resources, ignorant besides as the bulk of the people are, and low in morals, they are not fit to govern themselves. In such a state, the sudden removal of the Turkish power would prove an evil instead of a good. If from the Achaean league to the present day, the states of Greece never united



united in any general object, it will hardly be expected of them when they are more separated by their character, and more divided in their views, that they should agree for the accomplishment of one and the same object. Let it be recollected also, that the circumstances of the world are totally changed since they were an independent people. Greece, which was a civilized and polished nation in the midst of barbarians, is now, compared with the rest of Europe, herself barbarous; and the eternal warfare and disputes which, in her most flourishing periods, prevailed among her petty states, could not now be tolerated. Mere nominal freedom, therefore, in her present state of ignorance, superstition and disunion, would prove a greater evil than the yoke of the Turks. It is perfectly idle to talk, with Sonnini and others of his description, of the restoration of Greece to independence, and of the sacred duty of the nations of Christendom to unite and form another crusade for the liberation of the Greeks. The first victims of any war undertaken for their freedom would be the Greeks themselves. Of this they had fatal experience in the Russian crusade for the liberation of the Morea. 'While we hoped,' says one of them, 'that the days of our ancient liberty were about to regain their splendour, our houses were set on fire, our daughters were ravished, by the very soldiers who came to defend our country, and unhappy Greece felt only the weight of her chains increased.'—But on this subject we have already stated our sentiments at large, (No. XX. Art. VII.) and circumstances have not materially changed since that time.

It has been justly observed by Mr. Douglas, that 'the seeds of rational liberty will never prosper in a soil not antecedently prepared by proper cultivation to receive them.' The Greeks are accordingly preparing their soil by extending the benefits of education; but they have only yet commenced their formidable task. Education must become much more general; true religion and morality must be far more widely disseminated among the lower orders; the idle ceremonies, the numerous fast days, the multitude of papás and caloyers must be greatly abridged; the land cultivated with more care; roads of communication opened; the fisheries encouraged; commerce extended; the oriental custom of shutting up their women and denying them the blessings of an enlightened education must be abolished; and, above all, those who are at present at the head of the Greek church, and those who, from their wealth or power, have any sway over the people, must be more than ordinarily careful not to suffer the poisonous dogmas of infidelity imported from the Universities of Germany and Italy, to be spread among their youth, before they can rationally aspire to the enjoyment of that freedom of which they will only then be truly worthy.

ART.

ART. III.—*A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review.*  
By Wm. Parnell, Esq. Dublin. 1820.

WE generally have the charity to refrain from noticing the answers which angry authors make to our criticisms; but we have departed from this rule on special occasions; and we are induced to do so in the present instance, because we conceive that, amidst a good deal of petty dispute, Mr. Parnell has involved in the controversy some topics of general interest.

The 'Letter' before us is a protest against the justice of our opinion of 'Maurice and Berghetta, or the Priest of Rahary,' the review of which has, we have reason to know, amused not a few readers who had thrown away the work itself in disgust.—We intimated that Mr. Parnell, Knight of the Shire for Wicklow, was the supposed author of this strange novel; he here avows it, and defends his offspring with even more than parental partiality. But as he affects to write calmly, (though we can perceive that he fancies he has levelled some sly and stinging personalities at us,) we shall examine his Reply without any other objects than those of correcting error and establishing truth.

Any one who reads the novel, the review, and the reply, will be satisfied that even if all Mr. Parnell's recriminations were well founded, they would affect but little, if at all, the real question—'the merit of his work.' He might have corrected us on points of agricultural or genealogical detail (such as his pamphlet dwells upon) without disproving the substantial charges: but, in truth, even that paltry victory we cannot allow him; he is wrong throughout—his novel was as dull as an argumentation, and now his argument is as flimsy as a novel.

Mr. Parnell's '*first ground of complaint*' is, that the person selected to review his work should 'be totally ignorant of the most ordinary facts of farming.'—p. 4.

Some may incline to think that if we had amongst us one person 'ignorant of the most ordinary facts of farming,' he was just the person to whom might be committed, without any great impropriety, the examination of a novel. But Mr. Parnell is not of this opinion, nor indeed were we. We can assure this gentleman that we are so far from being 'totally ignorant' on that subject, that we have entertained many practical farmers by our accurate and judicious accounts of his discoveries. To prove *our* ignorance, however, Mr. Parnell employs three pages in abusing the *fac* (the long handled spade), with which he says 'an Irish labourer always works as timidly as a lady tuning her harp-strings:' but when did *we* say a word in defence of the *fac*? Mr. Parnell recommended the short handled spade, the use of which occasioned '*a great stoop,*'

stoop,' and he also recommended the use of a scythe with a bent handle, which *prevented* the necessity of 'stooping.' It was upon the inconsistency of these reasons, apparent we think even to those who may be 'ignorant of farming,' that we observed, and not at all upon the real value of the respective implements: nay, we did not disagree with Mr. Parnell, for our expression was '*the change may be desirable*, but not assuredly for the reasons assigned by the author.'—No. XLII. p. 485.

We had smiled at Mr. Parnell's developing with great solemnity, 'that recondite mystery in the art of mowing, that damp grass is cut more easily than dry, and that it is less fatiguing to mow in the morning and evening than under the meridian sun.' p. 473. To this he replies:

'It is also no discovery, as your Reviewer states, nor is it a very important fact in England, to shew that grass may be mown easier when full of sap and wet with the morning and evening dew; but it is of importance to urge this fact in Ireland, where, if known, it is not attended to; and to any one who has witnessed, as I have done during the last hot summer, the mowers of the country working through the heat of the day on *task-work*, with no diet but potatoes, and actually with no drink but water, an attempt to lighten this severe labour, by transferring it from the heat of the mid-day to the cool of the morning and evening, would not be esteemed a fit topic for ridicule.'—pp. 7, 8.

What we 'ridiculed' was—not the *fact*, which we asserted to be notorious, but—Mr. Parnell's pompous exhibition of it as valuable information, to acquire which, his hero was obliged to make a tour into England. When it was mentioned that Goldsmith intended to travel in quest of useful inventions, Doctor Johnson thought there was danger of his going to Constantinople, and bringing back a wheelbarrow as a wonderful discovery. Did the doctor by this phrase ridicule either travelling or wheelbarrows? or is not the smile excited at the simple Irishman painfully journeying into foreign parts to make a discovery which every peasant in the country was already acquainted with?—And does Mr. Parnell really believe that *Irish* mowers do not work in the evening and morning, and that English mowers do not work in the mid-day? and does he know what *task-work* means?—We doubt it—if he did, he could not be ignorant that in England, as in Ireland and every other country, when men work *by the day*, they will gladly accept permission not to work during the heat of the day, but that when they work *by task* they will choose their own time, and work only at such hours as they please. If there be any class of the Irish who less than another want Mr. Parnell's advice, it is probably the mowers; for it may surprise this worthy gentleman to be informed that many of those admirable mowers, whom he sees with

with *bent* scythes cutting the swathe of this favoured country, are no other than Irishmen, who migrate hither during the harvest, and return to Ireland in the autumn with the profits of their labour; and we scarcely suppose that they leave all their experience behind.

Having made such exquisite observations on these two points and these only—on one of which we gave no opinion, and on the other, agreed with him—Mr. Parnell proudly exclaims, ‘So much for your Reviewer’s knowledge of agriculture!’

The royal descent and noble names and titles which Mr. Parnell chose to lavish upon two Irish peasants struck us as supremely absurd; and we incidentally observed, ‘that he christened the girl Geraldine, thereby intimating that the Fitzgeralds, to whom the name of Geraldine is appropriate, were of the ancient house of O’Neal or O’Toole.’—p. 476.

On this Mr. Parnell is very angry and very triumphant; he asserts, that ‘if we had known any thing of Irish history, we *would* have known that the illustrious House of Fitzgerald never disdained alliance with the Irish families;’ and he reminds us that Walter Scott tells us in poetry and prose, that the Fitzgeralds and O’Neals intermarried. This Mr. Parnell might have proved without Sir Walter’s assistance, from Collins’s *Peerage*, a venerable authority with which we are not wholly unacquainted; but *what* we were disposed a little to doubt (and what Mr. Parnell ought to have proved) was that Geraldine was a popular Christian name, or likely to be one, amongst the O’Neals and O’Tooles of our day:—and surely when Mr. Parnell was so curious in the selection of *appropriate* and *septic* names as to call the hero Muirheartach, and the heroine Berghetta, it was not quite congruous to give their child the Anglo-Italian name of Geraldine: but upon this *hint*, for it was no more, Mr. Parnell *speaks* thus—

‘Indeed, sir, I begin to blush at the supposition that your Reviewer should be an Irishman; all the waters of the Shannon will not wash out the scandal of such unpardonable ignorance of the antiquities of his country, accompanied with so much pretension, and contrasted with the accuracy of the Scottish bard.’—p. 10.

On this we will just observe, for Mr. Parnell’s sake, that the effect of an immersion in the Shannon is *not*, in the vulgar notion to which he alludes, to wash out the stains of ignorance or to clear the understanding, but the very reverse; and we shall not be greatly surprised to hear that Mr. Parnell had himself taken a dip in this celebrated stream before he began his pamphlet.

The next reproach may appear somewhat trivial, but as we are obliged to admit it to be well founded, we cannot, in candour, suppress it.

Mr. Parnell had been celebrating the glories of a certain king,  
Tuathal,

Tuathal, Tual, or Toole, who reigned over the county of which Mr. Parnell is now a simple Knight-of-the-Shire; and in compliment to the placable disposition of the present *dynast* (to borrow Mr. Parnell's expression) of the county, we contrasted it with the ferocity of the old potentate, by exclaiming somewhat loosely, 'Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!' This unlucky quotation, says Mr. Parnell, 'betrays the reviewer's ignorance of Latin, an ignorance which should at once disqualify him for the department in which he has been strangely misplaced.' This sentence, however just in itself, is not quite consistent with the distribution of duty which Mr. Parnell was so good as to make for us in the outset, when he hinted that his novel ought to have been handed over to some gentleman in the farming line! The words, Mr. Parnell says, are in Virgil, but he carefully and candidly assures us, that he entirely acquits that admired writer of the blunder which he has detected, for Virgil (says he) uses the expression 'with great propriety,' inasmuch as the Hector 'who appeared to Æneas was, "*mutatus*," changed from the Hector who set fire to the Grecian ships; whereas the present Knight of the Shire for Wicklow can by no strain of the word be said to be *mutatus* from King Tual, with whom he had never any personal identity.'

No, seriously, not the least! Mr. Parnell not only is not, but never was, King O'Toole; and he is so touchy on the subject of his personal identity, that we hasten to confess our error, and to assure him that we did not mean to confound him personally with either King O'Toole, or with that Hector who set fire to the Grecian ships; we merely meant to express our dutiful joy, that the dynasty of Wicklow had been so much '*mutatus, changed*,' for the better.

'Before we part with king O'Tual (continues Mr. Parnell), I must redress a wrong done to him by the ignorance of the reviewer. This king NEVER HAD SO VULGAR AN APPELLATION AS TOOLE. His name is written Tuathal, but the middle consonants being mute in the Irish pronunciation, it is pronounced Tual, with a broad accent on the a.'—p. 11.

It may be, perhaps, too hazardous to attempt to meddle with what an Irish gentleman calls 'a broad accent on the a;'—passing this however for the moment, we cannot forbear saying that Mr. Parnell has touched us in a tender point. We prided ourselves a little on our acquaintance with this subject; and, to speak modestly, should have received with more thankfulness than surprise a honorary *adscription into the quiet ranks of the Irish Society of Antiquaries*, for the extent and accuracy of our researches into the archives of this illustrious race.—And to be charged with  
'wronging'

'wronging' the head of it!—this we did not expect nor deserve. But we forgive Mr. Parnell: and, in return for his charge of 'ignorance,' shall simply recommend the following authorities to his knowledge.

In that part of Dr. Ledwich's *Antiquities of Ireland*, (a book of the greatest authority on such subjects,) which treats of the very scene where Mr. Parnell has laid this part of his novel, and of the very tomb of the ancient *Dynasts* of Wicklow, in which his descendant Berghetta is buried, we read—'The valley derives its name from its first Tirbolgian possessors the Totilas, *Tuathals* or *Tools*;'—and again, 'the sept of the Tuathals or *Tools* were the ancient proprietors of this district;'—and again, 'the Refeart' (where Berghetta was buried) 'is literally the sepulchre of kings, being the burial place of the *O'Tooles*.'—*Edit.* 1790, pp. 33. 40. And Archdall says 'the Refeart, literally the sepulchre of kings, is the tomb of M'Uthiel or *O'Toole*, an ancient chieftain;'—and again, 'Laurence *O'Toole* was descended from the princely founders of the abbey;'—and again, 'a monastery was founded here by the *O'Tooles*.'—*Monast. Hibern.* pp. 769. 774. 778. Mr. Parnell sees by this time that the 'appellation,' whether 'vulgar' or not, is and ever was written and pronounced *Toole*; and we can further assure him that several worthy constituents of his own, who derive their descent from the ancient Tuathals, will be wonderfully astonished to learn from their Knight of the Shire, that they have an *a*, whether broad or slender, in their names.

'The reviewer next charges me (Mr. Parnell says) with fulsome flattery towards the Catholic Clergy. It might at least be termed praise, not flattery, till the *truth* of the praise is denied. Fulsome flattery, I imagine, is when questionable eulogy is bestowed upon a person possessed of patronage, and who having the power to reward, the motive of the eulogist must be considered, at least, equivocal.'—p. 11, 12.

We might refer this erudite word-catcher to his dictionary, in which he would find that his *only* interpretation of the word '*to praise falsely*,' is but its secondary meaning: but we will grant him his meaning, and we will go still further and avow it for our own. We meant to charge him with fulsome flattery of the Catholic clergy in the sense which he gives to the words, and his sole answer to this is, How can those be flattered who have no patronage to bestow?—A mob then is never flattered!—the base passions of the populace are never pandered to!—popularity is never sought by gross and unblushing deviations from truth and principle! Alas, of all flatteries, that which Mr. Parnell excludes by his definition is the most dangerous. We have seen it in France, we now see it in England; and yet Mr. Parnell with a grave face tells us, that there can be no flattery but  
of

of persons possessing patronage. But again, we will accept his definition—have the Roman Catholic clergy no patronage? no power? Will Mr. Parnell venture as a man of honour to say, that he, or his brother, or several of his friends, could hold their seats in parliament in spite of the Catholic clergy?—But we called the flattery fulsome; Mr. Parnell obliges us now to shew that it is false; this is easily done. Notwithstanding the *extravagant praise* of his dedication, the priest of Rahery (Mr. Parnell's representative of the body at large,) confesses that *he was little fitted to benefit his flock—that he had no religion in his heart till he began to read Protestant writers—that the priests are generally religious impostors, and practise impious impositions on the ignorant people!*

Mr. Parnell's next complaint is, that, 'in wondering how he could swear at the table of the House, that the Roman Catholic church holds doctrines *impious* and *idolatrous*, when he asserts in his dedication, that that church in Ireland possesses talents, simplicity, *piety*, and *purity*, far beyond that of the Protestant or any other church,'—we accuse him of perjury; but we beg Mr. Parnell's pardon, it is he who accuses himself. We offered him an *alternative*, 'IF (we said) he sincerely believed the Church of Rome to be purer than that of England, we wonder why he does not embrace the former—why at least he does not tell us how he reconciles those sentiments with the epithets superstitious and idolatrous;' but 'IF, ON THE OTHER HAND, Mr. Parnell be really a Protestant, and that these praises of the Popish church be the mere flattery of a dedicator, we cannot praise his good taste or sincerity.'—p. 479.

Against our charge, (which involved a dilemma,) he has made no defence, and he has given occasion to a new charge—which we make without dilemma or alternative—of the *suppressio veri*, by withdrawing the second member of our sentence, and of the *suggestio falsi*, by saying that we *directly* charged him with perjury. Of the cap which Mr. Parnell has thus forced upon his own head, he is naturally very impatient; and complains grievously of making the deficiencies of an author

'a pretext for censuring his conduct as a member of parliament, but more particularly as a man and a Christian.' And if it be answered that this evil results from members of parliament writing novels, we may reply that greater evil results from members of parliament turning reviewers. And the former class have this plain advantage, that they "shun secrecy and talk in open sight," whereas the latter are always exposed to the odium that rests upon safe malignity.'—p. 18.

This is very fine! but who that reads only this passage would believe that Maurice and Berghetta was, in fact, an *anonymous* publication?



publication? When the honourable member chose to avow it—whether before our remarks appeared or since, we really do not know, and have no great reason to care: the bravado about *shunning secrecy* could only have been justified by his having, at the outset, put his name to his book, and he will allow us to say that if he had done so he would have saved us more than half the pains we took in reviewing it.

He next tells us that ‘we proceed to what is fair ground of remark, the supposed seditious tendency of the work’—but does he deny this? No; ‘*all he can say* is that his design was to discourage sedition.’ This is no more than we ourselves said of him: we never said nor thought that he *meant* to promote sedition; we clearly acquitted him of anykind of meaning; we expressly declared ‘that Mr. Parnell did not know what he was saying’—that ‘he was a child playing with fire-arms; an *innocent* who, by way of giving light to his neighbours, sticks his farthing candle into a barrel of gunpowder.’—p. 485.

The true question, however, is, whether, in substance, our opinion of the seditious tendency of the work was correct or not; and to this, our most serious, indeed our only serious charge, Mr. Parnell, after abusing us for the accusation, pleads *guilty*:—‘As this representation of a rebellious and infidel spirit,’ he says, ‘has given offence to those whose opinion I regard, *I have altered the work* so that the hero cannot be exposed to a verdict either of high treason or of *felo de se*.’—p. 19.

His next complaint is, ‘that in ridiculing the respect paid by the Spanish Court to the Irish *dynasts* we *continue* to shew our ignorance.’ We certainly continue our course, whatever it may be; and Mr. Parnell, our readers will find, continues his.

In support of the probability of this part of his narration, he tells us that the O'Donnells and O'Neils have been received with cordiality, and risen to high rank in the Spanish service. This, like the alliance between the Fitzgeralds and O'Neils, is very true; but what has it to do with the object of our ridicule? what we exposed to the wonder, or, if Mr. Parnell pleases, the ridicule of the world, were the following extracts from his work, which we quoted without adding a single observation.

“When we reached the circle where the queen sat, I made a *slender curtsey*, (a *slender Curtsey*!) preserving myself from that mean assiduousness which characterises courtiers both male and female.—She said, in Spanish, “we are obliged to the princess Hi Sullivan for the honour *she* does our court,” and seemed as if she would have said more, but was restrained by the forms of this most formal court; but these few words were accompanied by a smile of great sweetness.”

‘The boys, in right of their father, had the title of Prince acknowledged,

ledged, and the rank of Grandees of Spain superadded. And they and Geraldine received much courtesy from the Spanish court.'—p. 477.

The title of *Prince—in right of their father*—Maurice the mower lately hanged for felony! and Mr. Parnell tells us that in wondering at this, we 'continue to betray our ignorance.' But this is not the worst proof of it;—we had observed—

'The Queen of Spain took as great a fancy to Geraldine as she had done to her Highness of Hi Sullivan; and having resolved to see her well married, her majesty, with a delicacy of sentiment and an easy familiarity peculiar to the court of Spain, had a list of all the unmarried grandees made out, and the grandees hereupon were drawn up in a line in the drawing-room, in order that Geraldine might pick out a husband for herself.'—p. 477.

To this Mr. Parnell gloriously replies.

'The reviewer ridicules the circumstance of a young lady being disposed of in marriage, without freedom of choice, by a Queen of Spain. But many things, which are not so, appear ridiculous to ignorance. The reviewer might have known that the Spanish court, in common with other despotic courts, exercises that most revolting prerogative of tyranny, the disposal of the hands of its noble subjects in marriage. That it exists at the present day, the following article, inserted last year, from Madrid, testifies.

"The beautiful Duchess de la Roca has, after three months, been liberated from her confinement, to which she was subjected for having expressed her intention of marrying the Marquis del Valle de La Palermo. She has been pardoned only in consequence of the pregnancy of the queen, and remains single."—p. 22.

We smiled at the picture of all the nobility of Spain being drawn up in file, and an Irish peasant girl being desired to make a free choice of which of them she pleased for a husband; and Mr. Parnell defends himself with a newspaper story of a Spanish lady who was *not* allowed to choose a husband for herself. But this tale (which we disbelieve altogether) only makes the matter worse, by shewing how unlikely it is that the Irish peasant girl should be treated with an attention which even the grandees of Spain do not receive.—If Mr. Parnell had said that the queen had forced his Princess Hi Nial to a match with some particular individual, we should not have wondered—that would be in the character of this formal court; but the whole of the grandees of Spain subjected to her choice!—that, indeed, is somewhat a different case!

And so Mr. Parnell himself now begins to think; 'he has,' he says, 'prepared an edition of his work adapted to Ireland, and another adapted to England:'—in the former he has preserved the Spanish scenes, because, without some qualification of this kind (namely, the prospect of being made grandees of Spain), so much

censure on their old habits would not be tolerated by the Irish peasantry.'—p. 23.

This is a precious avowal. One edition is prepared for people of common sense; but for the Irish, the nonsense, and the prospect of being made Spanish princes, are necessary to render it palatable; and yet Mr. Parnell goes on abusing us for *ignorance and malignity*, in animadverting on *this very trash which, in consequence of our advice, he has now expunged*.

Mr. Parnell next protests against our remarks on the potatoe diet of the Irish peasantry. Upon this subject Mr. Parnell seems to us to be stark mad—he was bad enough in his Novel, but he is ten times worse in his Letter. Our readers will recollect that this judicious philanthropist proposed, that the Irish peasantry should, from and after the day of publishing his novel, eat *cold meat and bread*, as a *cheaper* food than potatoes and milk, their ordinary diet. Upon this proposition, which, absurd as it is, was supported by arguments still more ridiculous, we observed, with, we think, singular forbearance, 'that we wished the food of the Irish peasantry could be improved; but that none but a visionary could think of changing it *all together*, and, above all, changing it for such reasons of *economy* as had occurred to Mr. Parnell.' p. 484.

We shall not stop to defend ourselves from Mr. Parnell's imputation of advocating the use of the potatoe as the sole diet of the Irish—we have expressly stated, in the strongest manner, an opposite wish; we only took the liberty of calling *visionary* the means by which Mr. Parnell would overturn, by a single stroke of his pen, the habits of a nation, and the reasons by which he would justify the attempt. We think for instance, that it is nearly as advantageous to the English poor to have a mixture of potatoes with their meat, as it would be to the Irish to have meat with their potatoes; but what would be thought of the man who should pretend to commence a reform of the diet of England by proscribing at once both bread and meat, and insisting on the immediate and exclusive use of cold potatoes! Mr. Parnell seems to think that whenever he can raise himself above what he calls a prejudice, he has a right to abuse every one who doubts whether a whole people, bigoted to that very prejudice, could, all of a sudden, and upon his ipse dixit, get rid of it. The following is part of his tirade against potatoes, and is really comparable to nothing but good King James's 'Counter-blast' against tobacco.

'This dirty crop is first to be clawed out of the ground by the women's hands, then when pitted it must be perpetually turned and the shoots rubbed off to prevent spoiling; before it is cooked the women must take the potatoes to some stream of water to wash, no very short operation

operation, as any one that has observed it knows; three times a day she has to cook, and often to collect the fuel from the hedges, and twice she must walk, through all weathers, to carry this sorry meal to the man, let him work at ever so great a distance. But the evil does not end here—this unwholesome food produces a whole tribe of stomach complaints, besides the constant attendant on insufficient nourishment, scrophula; and there probably does not exist in any part of Europe so sickly a peasantry as the Irish.’—p. 24.

In his concluding sentence Mr. Parnell has unluckily run his head against more formidable opponents than he probably considers us. Adam Smith, after some observation on the strength and beauty of the lower orders of Irish, observes ‘that no food can afford a more decisive proof of its *nourishing* quality, or of its being *peculiarly suited to the human constitution*.’ And Arthur Young says, ‘when I see the people of a country (he is speaking of Ireland) with well formed vigorous bodies, and their cottages swarming with children; when I see the men athletic and the women beautiful, I know not how to believe them subsisting on unwholesome food.’ But Mr. Parnell seems to think that we have made common cause with the potatoe, and that while he abuses *it* he abuses *us*. There is, as our readers know, one deleterious effect which is sometimes jocularly attributed to the Irish potatoe; if there were no other ground for rejecting this vulgar notion Mr. Parnell affords a strong one; the most potatoe-eating of his countrymen could not exhibit a more inveterate disposition to blunder than this sworn enemy of the national root.—We will now, as on former points, not only avow all that we have said, but go a little further with Mr. Parnell, and tell him that the reasons he brings against the potatoe diet are the very reverse of those which in truth can be alleged against it. He charges it with being *expensive* and *unwholesome*—the common sense of mankind, the experience of ages, contradict these assertions:—and, in truth, the evils which the use of this food is supposed to aggravate are connected with its *cheapness* and *powers of nutrition*. Indolence and want of foresight and economy are the chief defects of the character of the Irish peasant, and these dispositions are fostered by the ease, the certainty, the cheapness with which a sufficient quantity of potatoes may be produced and cooked for the sustenance of man, and by the effective nature of that sustenance, which renders any higher industry, or any more costly nourishment, unnecessary.

Human wants are the first, and, with the lower orders, the only stimulants of human industry, and when we concurred with Mr. Parnell in wishing that the Irish peasantry could be brought to improve the quality of their food, we did so because we disagreed altogether from his reasoning, and because we know from the history

tory of the whole human race, and from a contemplation of the distributions of Divine Providence, that our duties and our wants operate upon each other, that the morals of a people must be founded in its industry, and that in proportion as man is relieved from the necessity of labour he is debased in the scale of existence.

But Mr. Parnell maintains that bread and meat are cheaper than potatoes; potatoes, he says, must be dug, *and taken to a river* and cleaned, and boiled, &c.—whereas bread and meat cost no time or trouble.—This strange fallacy we have already exposed, but Mr. Parnell repeats it in his Letter, and enforces it with this grave argument that beef may generally be killed at Christmas for about 2½d. a pound, while potatoes at that season are 6d. a stone, so that six pounds of potatoes are about the price of a pound of meat. Now observe the accuracy of our economist!—he takes the cheapest season of beef and the dearest of potatoes, and then makes his comparison;—and again—he reckons beef at the price it bears when, according to his own account, more than half the Irish nation never taste it, and he reckons that potatoes, when more than half the demand is diminished, will continue to bear their present prices. Those who are not acquainted with Mr. Parnell's works will scarcely believe in the possibility of such absurdity.

Mr. Parnell's final attack upon us is conveyed in the following sentences—

'The last hazardous assertion made by the reviewer, "that the Irish have always governed themselves," after exciting general surprize, must, I believe, have excited a general smile.

'This writer seems to me not to be able to explain clearly his own ideas. *If he means, as he certainly must do, that the Irish have been the instruments of governing each other, he is perfectly correct, and nothing is more easy and common. India may be kept in subjection by seapoys, and the African slaves are best managed by African drivers.*'—p. 29.

Mr. Parnell '*seems to us not to be able to explain clearly his own ideas*;' for, accusing us, in the first line of his sentence, of this confusion and incapacity, he in the very next retracts his assertion, and admits that we do understand and clearly explain our own meaning, and moreover that we are quite correct in the inference.—'*If he means, as he certainly must, then he is perfectly correct*;' and this is what Mr. Parnell calls not being able clearly to explain one's own ideas!

But let us examine the *substance* of our difference: Mr. Parnell accused the *Irish* of being 'filthy,' 'lazy,' 'tricky,' 'fraudulent,' 'thoughtless,' 'extravagant,' 'drunken,' 'base,' 'cowardly,' and 'treacherous;' and he imputes these scandalous vices to their connexion with the *English*, whom he represents as cleanly, active, open, honest, prudent, temperate, loyal, bold, and generous;—  
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and we naturally asked him how any man with a grain of logic or common sense could attribute these vices in one people to its intercourse with another which possesses all the opposite virtues?—Oh! replied Mr. Parnell, it is the fault of the *English government*. Nay, we rejoined, but 'Ireland for the last century has, in every thing that related to morals, manners, and domestic economy, (the points in which she is most deficient,) been governed by herself.'—p. 481. And to this Mr. Parnell replies by the passage just quoted;—first of all inserting the word *always* instead of 'for the last century,' and omitting the important limitation upon which the whole argument hinges, 'in morals, manners and domestic economy.' A bolder (not to use a harsher term) attempt at falsification we have never seen—and trivial as the difference, between *always*, and for the last century, may appear, it was not insignificant to Mr. Parnell's mind nor unimportant to his argument; for he had stated in the very preceding sentence, 'that to govern men ill is to make them slaves, is a clear process of reasoning held from Terence down to Sir John Davis, by whom it is applied to the case of the Irish,' p. 29. Now we admit that in Sir John Davis's time Ireland was not governed by herself; but Sir John Davis did not live within the last century, he having died, we mention it for Mr. Parnell's information, about 300 years ago.

The suppression is of yet more importance; because undoubtedly in great political measures, which are usually understood by the word government, the English cabinet may be said to have governed Ireland:—but we repeat it, (and Mr. Parnell, by calling his countrymen *seapoys and slave-drivers*, cannot refute us,) that the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Privy Council, the magistracy, the parochial clergy, being *all Irish*, the Irish must have governed themselves in '*morals, manners and domestic economy*.'

If Mr. Parnell means that all those authorities basely sold themselves to England, and misruled their native country under the corruption of England—he would only impute to his unhappy country one class of depravity more than he has already accused her of, but he would not overthrow our argument:—the Irish parliament *may* have been corrupt, and *may* have sold themselves, and *may* have betrayed the people that they governed; but they *did* govern that people, and they *were* Irish, and that was the whole of our assertion.

But, we totally deny his fact, to the extent, and for the purpose for which he states it: that there has been considerable misgovernment in Ireland we ourselves admitted;—but that the whole aristocracy of that country has for the last century deserved to be treated as African slave-drivers, we totally and in

dignantly deny. Mr. Parnell's own father was, for the most important quarter of that century, a public man in Ireland, for a great while a minister—no less than Chancellor of the Exchequer; was he a slave-driver? was he sold to English corruption? did he do nothing for the advancement of the manners, morals and internal economy of Ireland? We could go through a long list of names as pure and still more illustrious, but it is idle to put even the plainest questions to a person of Mr. Parnell's obliquity of understanding.

Mr. Parnell having censured our learning and approved his own, by defending *Virgil's propriety*, and coupling Terence with Sir John Davis, as Lingo does Heliogabalus with Jack the Painter, crowns his scholarship by finding that the Duke of Bedford and Earl Fitzwilliam are Brutus and Cassius.—He accuses us of omitting the names of these noblemen in our list of the viceroys of Ireland, in these gentle words :

'And, to make the *inversion* of all *moral* and political judgment more striking, the names of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Fitzwilliam are omitted. Has the reviewer never heard of the memory of Brutus and Cassius being more forcibly recalled by the *absence* of their statues?'—p. 32.

We forgive Mr. Parnell his zeal for Earl Fitzwilliam, as we were inclined to do his praise of the Catholic priests, as a good *electioneering manoeuvre*; but no electioneering or any other zeal, should induce a writer to suppress the words of his antagonist, and upon such suppression, to found a charge of the *inversion* of all *moral* judgment (by which we believe, he means *justice*). We confess that in our list of Irish viceroys we omitted these two noblemen, but we omitted also several others—Lords Buckingham, Westmorland, Camden, Hardwick, Whitworth, &c.—and we stated expressly, that in our list, we 'selected only a few,' and selected those 'who were *now no more*,'—and this we did to avoid all pretence for the very imputation, which Mr. Parnell has now made, of undue partiality.

We have now gone through *every one* of Mr. Parnell's charges as fully as our limits would allow; and now we ask has he substantiated one of them—grave or gay, light or serious—always excepting that unhappy error of mistaking him for King O'Tool? And has he given any thing like a defence of any one of that series of absurdities which has made his Maurice and Berghetta the jest book of the united kingdom wherever it has been read or heard of?

Having thus replied to our Critic, we think it right to add, that, with the exception of his electioneering flatteries, we really believe that Mr. Parnell's motives are sincerely honest—that  
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he would do good if he knew how—and that any blame which his works may incur should be attributed to his capacity or rather his incapacity. But he is certainly singularly disqualified by his mind and character from being a useful public man; as we could easily shew, were this the place for it, by the history of the three Bills (for we believe they never grew into Acts) which he introduced into the House during the last and present parliament.—In a word, whether advanced in a bill or in a novel, in sad reality or fantastic fiction, his theories are the wildest and yet the meanest,—the most impracticable, and the most idle even if they could be put in practice,—that we have ever witnessed. For these reasons, and because Mr. Parnell is a very likely person to go on writing, and very unlikely to discern the tendency of what he may write, we have thought it advisable to endeavour, once for all, to render his follies innocuous, and to enable our readers to form a fair judgment of what they may expect from any future attempt at domestic or general reform by this amiable but weak, this well-intentioned but extravagant gentleman, who hoped by the agency of a novel to eradicate sedition and potatoes out of Ireland, and who thinks that the example of his hero is, on the whole, beneficial to his countrymen, because, with the little faults of high treason and suicide, he combined a high and ardent love for short handled spades and long handled scythes.

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ART. IV.—1. *Facts and Observations respecting Canada and the United States of America; affording a Comparative View of the inducements to Emigration presented in those Countries: to which is added an Appendix of Practical Instructions to Emigrant Settlers in the British Colonies.* By Charles F. Grece, Member of the Montreal and Quebec Agricultural Societies; and Author of Essays on Husbandry, addressed to the Canadian Farmers. 8vo. pp. 172. London. 1819.

2. *The Emigrant's Guide to Upper Canada; or, Sketches of the Present State of that Province, collected from a Residence therein during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819. Interspersed with Reflections.* By C. Stuart, Esq. Retired Captain of the Honourable the East India Company's Service, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Western District of Upper Canada. 12mo. pp. 335. London. 1820.

3. *A Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, in 1819.* By James Strachan. 8vo. pp. 224. Aberdeen. 1820.

WE had occasion in a late Number to discuss generally the subject of emigration; but it is too important a topic to be speedily exhausted of its interest: and the public attention has

been of late so particularly directed to the Cape, that it becomes a duty to prevent, as far as our influence extends, an undue neglect of our North American colonies.

In fact, the growth and prosperity of the Cape and of Canada, do not necessarily interfere with each other: both are well deserving the most careful attention of government, and both hold out great advantages to individual emigrants; while these advantages are in many respects so different in the two colonies, as very materially to lessen the rivalry between them. Those whom health or inclination leads to prefer a much warmer climate than our own, will naturally prefer the Cape: those, on the other hand, who wish for a climate and soil, and produce, and culture, the most nearly approaching that to which they have been accustomed, will be more nearly suited, we apprehend, in Upper Canada, than in any other spot they can fix upon. The comparative shortness of the voyage also, will be likely to influence the decision of many emigrants; and the number of colonists of British origin already fixed there, will be an inducement to others, especially to such as have connexions or friends among the number.

Of those, however, who resolve to settle in North America, a very large proportion fix on some part or other (the western territory especially) of the United States, in preference to our own provinces; a preference which, in many instances at least, arises, as we are convinced on the best authority, partly from the exaggerated descriptions of Mr. Birkbeck and others, of the superior advantages held out by the United States, and partly from the misapprehensions and misrepresentations which prevail respecting Canada. Of the effect produced by those exaggerations, a remarkable instance has been transmitted to us by a most respectable correspondent in Upper Canada. A person went from the district of Newcastle, (selling his farm there,) and another, from the Bay of Quinty, allured by the hopes of better success in the United States; one of them looked about for an eligible spot to the north and east of Washington; the other in the western territory: but both ultimately returned, and fixed themselves in the settlements which they had quitted.

The ignorance and misrepresentation also with respect to our own provinces are astonishingly great and wide-spread: Lower and Upper Canada are perpetually, even by those who ought to know better, confounded in a great degree in what regards their climate, productions and inhabitants. Many persons have a vague general idea of Canada as a cold uncomfortable region, inhabited by people of French extraction: but even those whom a glance at the map has satisfied of the wide interval between the extremities of Lower and of Upper Canada, may not be prepared to expect

expect (and indeed the interval of latitude is not sufficient to account for it) so great a difference as between five months of winter and three; or to believe that the Upper Province enjoys, on the whole, a much warmer climate than this island.

We need not indeed wonder at the prevalence of erroneous opinions on this subject among the mass of the community, when we find even official persons stating in general terms, that 'our North American colonies labour under the disadvantage of a barren soil, and an ungenial climate!' How remote this representation is from the truth may be readily inferred from the remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding the high price of labour, and the utter worthlessness, in most cases, of timber, the settler not only can always find persons willing to clear his land for him, on condition of having the first crop from it, but is considered as having made, if he resorts to this method, a very disadvantageous bargain, and much overpaid the labour. Nor can that be called an ungenial climate which brings to perfection, not only all the fruits of the earth which this country can boast, but others, which we are precluded from cultivating. We need only mention the maize or Indian-corn, which would be an invaluable acquisition to the British agriculturist, if our ordinary summers were sufficient to ripen it, from its producing on moderate soils an immense return, frequently above sixty bushels per acre, of a grain particularly serviceable in feeding all kinds of cattle and poultry, and furnishing several nutritious and not unpalatable articles of diet for man.

Strongly impressed with the importance of our Canadian possessions, and the desirableness of having some authentic and practical information respecting them as widely diffused as possible, we were much gratified with the appearance of the works whose titles are prefixed to this Article.

Mr. Grece's is evidently the production of a plain, sensible, practical man. He has manifestly no great skill or experience in authorship; but, what is much more important, he seems to possess those requisites in the subject of which he treats; and it is no slight recommendation to the greater part of his readers, and we may add, to his reviewers, that he seems altogether exempt from the ambition of making a book, and conveys his information briefly and plainly, with the air of a man who writes, not because he *wants to say something*, but because he *has something to say*.

As a Canadian, his statement of the comparative advantages of settling in his own country, and in the United States, will naturally be exposed to the suspicion of partiality: but those who will judge for themselves by a perusal of his book, cannot fail, we think, to be impressed with an appearance of candour and veracity; and

and where he expresses himself the most strongly, he is borne out by the testimony of unexceptionable witnesses.

‘And now let us pursue our comparison of these and other advantages of the Canadas with those which are so pompously held out to settlers in the western territories of the United States.

‘The difference as to distance, and the consequent expense of travelling, by sea and land, have already been sufficiently noticed; as also have the relative situations of the respective markets from the abodes of the growers in Canada and in the Ohio States, by which it has been shewn that in a much less time than a boat can pass between the Ohio country to the Orleans dépôt, and return, might a ship make a voyage from Quebec to Europe or the West Indies, and return again to the Canadian port.

‘Let us suppose, however, that an emigrant has surmounted the perilous and expensive voyage from Europe to the western territory; on his arrival there what a host of difficulties, expenses, and inconveniences has he got to combat.

‘Perhaps, with a delicate wife and a family of children, he finds himself seated under a tree in the midst of a wild and trackless region, where not a single human face besides those of his own retinue can be seen; not a hut or a cabin can he behold; and the alluring stories he had been told about luxuriant natural meadows, called *prairies*, waiting only for the hand of the mower and a day’s sun to be converted into food for his horses and cattle, turn out to have been lavished upon wide open fields of grass, towering as high as the first floor window of the comfortable house he has forsaken in Europe, and penetrating with its tough fibrous roots into the earth beyond the reach of the ploughshare, requiring the operation of fire ere the land can be converted to any useful purpose.

‘Under a burning sun, and with but little shelter from the foliage of trees, or the retreats of the forest, he has to dig wells ere he can quench his thirst, there being no cooling and refreshing springs! and although he may still hope that time will enable him to surmount all his difficulties, and reconcile his complaining, perhaps upbraiding, family to their isolated condition, his heart will be apt to sicken within him, especially when he finds that he must wander many miles in search of some one to assist him in the very commencement of his operations. At length, however, that assistance is procured; but of what species of beings does it consist?—Alas! alas! they are those very unfortunate wretches whose degraded condition he has, while in Europe, learnt most humanely to commiserate.’—pp. 62—64.

There is much practical detail in Mr. Grece’s book, which is calculated to be of great service to emigrants; the chief obstacle to whose success appears to be either the misapplication of their little capital, or the consumption of it in fruitless delays, while they are hesitating what spot to fix on, and what measures to adopt.

‘Emigrants intending to proceed to Upper Canada take their departure

parture from Montreal to La Chine, a distance of nine miles. From thence they go to Prescott in boats, 111 miles. From thence there is a steam boat to Kingston, where there are other steam boats proceeding to York, the capital and seat of government for the Upper Province. After landing passengers, the boat proceeds to Queenstown, on the Niagara frontier. Between Queenstown and lake Erie there is a portage of eighteen miles. The total expense from Montreal is generally considered to amount to about five pounds each person.

‘Those who proceed farther take carriage past the portage, to avoid the Niagara falls, and embark in vessels on lake Erie for Amhurstburgh on the Detroit river. Few people, however, proceed that distance, except for curiosity: they generally concentrate themselves near market towns, where labourers are plentiful, and artificers are to be found to perform the different kinds of work that may be required. There are, nevertheless, many extensive settlements in the Erie country.

‘Those persons who wish to proceed to the Ottawa river will find a packet boat at La Chine, which leaves that place every Sunday morning, from May to November, for St. Andrew’s and Carillion, being the foot of the rapids on that river, extending about nine miles. A steam boat is expected to ply between the head of these rapids and the river Rideau, the present summer, to carry goods and passengers to the Perth and Richmond settlements, where, during the summer of 1818, a road was made to communicate with the Ottawa. Another road has been made through the townships of Chatham, Grenville, the seigniory of the Petit Nation, the townships of Norfolk, Templeton, and Hull, forming a regular communication by land from the above settlement to Montreal and Kingston in Upper Canada.—pp. 51, 53.

‘As every article of real utility, and even of luxury, can be easily procured in the Canadian cities, and that too at nearly as easy a rate as in London, emigrants need not expend their cash in goods for sale, but preserve as much specie as possible. The emigrant may, however, provide himself with such articles of clothing as are suitable to the climate: viz. coarse Yorkshire cloth trousers and round jacket, a long great coat, striped cotton shirts, and worsted stockings, with boots or high shoes. For the summer dress he may provide Russia-duck trousers, and smock frock. He may also take out bed and bedding. Kitchen furniture may or may not be taken out; he might, however, include a few rough carpenters’ tools. Axes, chains, hoes, and ploughs for new land, are made in Canada, better adapted to the work than can be had in any part of Europe.’—pp. 58—60.

The system of husbandry pursued in both the Canadas appears to be still very defective; a circumstance which ought to be taken into account by those who estimate the quality of the land from reports of the produce. We mean defective in comparison of what it might and should be under actual circumstances; for we are well aware that it would be absurd in the case of a new colony to draw our notions of a perfect system of husbandry from what is considered such in Great Britain. The ratios of the price of  
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an acre of land in a state of nature to that of a day's wages to a common labourer, in the two countries, may be taken on a rough estimate, in the one case, as more than two hundred to one, in the other, as something less than five to one; a difference which must in many points occasion a material distinction in the mode of agriculture which prudence would suggest in each. The want of capital also, under which most of the colonists labour, is an insurmountable obstacle to many improvements which would answer abundantly if they could be carried into effect: but there appears to be also, a great deficiency of skill; which indeed to any one who considers the materials of which colonies are generally composed, will by no means be matter of wonder.

Mr. Grece seems to have exerted himself very laudably, and not altogether unsuccessfully, for the improvement of his countrymen in this respect; his agricultural essays having attracted great and deserved attention.

How much the progress of Canadian agriculture would be accelerated by the diffusion of scientific knowledge, if not among the whole body of the farmers, at least among their leaders and instructors, may be conjectured from the following extract from the appendix to Mr. Grece's work, under the head 'Plaster of Paris.'

'This valuable manure, almost unknown, though very easy to be obtained, merits the attention of every farmer; there is scarcely a farm in the Provinces but it might be applied to with advantage. The practice of nine years on the following soils and crops may suffice to prove its quality. On a piece of poor yellow loam, I tried three grain crops without success; with the last, which followed a hoe crop, I laid it down with barley: the return was little more than the seed. The grass seed took very well. In the month of May the following year, I strewed powder of plaster, at the rate of one minot and one peck to the arpent. In July, the piece of land being mowed, the quantity of grass was so great that it was not possible to find room to dry it on the land where it grew. The produce was five large loads of hay to the arpent. It continued good for five years. A trial was made with plaster on a piece of white clay laid down with clover and timothy—the grass was very thin. After the plaster was strewed, it improved so much as to be distinguished from any other part of the field; the sixth year after, the field was broke up in the spring, and sowed with pease: the spot where the plaster had been put produced twice as much as any other part of the field. The haulm was of a deep green colour, nor were they affected with the drought, like the others on the part of the field where no plaster had been put. A trial was made on a strong loam; the crop, Indian corn, manured in the hills with old stable dung, lime, and plaster: the stable dung surpassed the other two, the Indian corn being finest where that was applied. In the spring of the following year, the field was ploughed and sowed with pease; where the  
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plaster and lime had been the year before, the pease were as strong again as in any other part of the field. I tried plaster on cabbages and turnips, but did not perceive any good effect. From the frequent trials of this manure on various soils, it is evident that it is applicable to both strong and light soils for top dressings of succulent plants.

*Method of reducing it.*—Take an axe and break the stone to the size of a nut; then take a flat stone two feet diameter, and break it into powder with a wooden mallet. It must be reduced very fine; those that have an iron pestle and mortar can pound it expeditiously that way. Should plaster meet its deserved attention, it might give employment to people in the houses of correction to reduce it to powder for the use of the farmers, when no other objects of industry present themselves.

In order to give an idea of the measure of a ton of plaster in stone, it will measure three feet square on the base and two feet two inches high, English measure. This is cited in order to assist persons that may wish to buy from the vessels going up the river, where weights cannot be had to weigh. That which is taken from the mine is best, and is of a silver grey colour; that from off the surface is red, and is of less value. A ton will produce fourteen minots of powder when broke; a man can break eighty pounds in one day, in a mortar of six inches diameter, in its natural state. Having a great deal to prepare for the spring of 1817, I had it broke about the size of a goose egg, and then put into the oven of a double stove; it remained about half an hour, after which a man could reduce two hundred and ten pounds in twelve hours, with a sledge hammer, pounding it on a flat stone. As this is an experiment, *time must determine whether the heat diminishes its quality.*—*Facts, &c.* pp. 147, 150.

A very slight knowledge of chemistry would have decided this important question, and led the Canadian farmers at once to the result which they will probably arrive at gradually by experiments, viz. that heat, abstracting nothing from the sulphate of lime, except its water, cannot lessen its value as a manure; and consequently, that its *complete calcination*, which renders it so friable as almost entirely to supersede the laborious process just described, would be the fittest preparation.\* To any one who considers the great value of this manure, together with the high price of labour, and the cheapness of fuel in the newly settled districts, this single improvement will appear of incalculable importance.

Captain Stuart's book is in some respects recommended by the circumstance of its *not* being written by a Canadian. One who is familiar with a different state of society is at least the better qualified to convey to those similarly circumstanced a clear idea of the state of a new colony; besides that he may be expected, by

\* Sir H. Davy is of opinion, that this substance is essential as a component part of many vegetables of the description which are usually called grass crops; and hence accounts for the extraordinary effects which in many cases it has produced.

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taking more enlarged views, to form a better estimate of it. Both kinds of authority, however, have their respective advantages; and it is therefore most desirable to be enabled, as in the present case, to have recourse to both.

There is much interesting information in this book; and it conveys an impression of the author's sincerity and good intentions. Unfortunately, however, he is deeply smitten with the ambition of being an eloquent writer: a character for which he is so little qualified, that we cannot forbear applying to him the celebrated precept which is said to have been given by some austere critic to a young author; viz. 'whenever he had written anything that he thought particularly fine, to scratch it out.' Captain Stuart has not yet attained even correctness in the use of his language; (an acquisition which should precede every attempt at ornament;) and in good taste he is lamentably deficient.

We refrain from giving any specimens of his unsuccessful attempts at sublimity, because we think too well of the design and of the probable utility of the work, to have any pleasure in drawing ridicule upon it: but in case the author should have any thoughts of re-casting it in a second edition, or of publishing anything further on the subject, we would beg leave to advise him to omit all extraneous matter, and say what he has to say on the subject in a plain way; leaving solid arguments and statements of facts to plead their own cause, without calling in the aid of high-flown declamation. Let him absolutely forswear the use of notes of admiration; and let him express his religious sentiments in their proper place, boldly and strongly, but undebased by the cant-language of a religious party. It is, indeed, most consolatory to find a settler and promoter of settlements in Canada, strongly impressed with a sense of the paramount importance of religion. To a layman, and not least to a military man, this is peculiarly creditable; and we fear that such a spirit is in few places more wanted: but great disservice is done to the cause by those injudicious friends of it, who, setting calm discretion and good taste at defiance, by their manner of introducing and discussing religious topics, and by the style which they employ, tend to excite disgust and contempt in the less serious minds, and in those of more sober reflection suspicion of themselves as enthusiasts;

'———Haud illud quærentes num sine sensu,  
Tempore num faciant alieno.'—

We must in justice however assure our readers, that they will find Captain Stuart, in every thing that relates to Canadian affairs, deserving of much greater confidence; many of his remarks are just and important, and in his statements of facts we have had the good fortune to possess most satisfactory means of verifying his accuracy.

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On the whole, there is more good sense and candour in his work than one would at first sight expect to find.

On the subject of the deeded lands, (a most important one,) Captain Stuart has a passage which is very much to the purpose :

‘ The province, originally an immense wilderness, yet possessed of a soil and climate which promised every thing, presented attractions to its first visitors which naturally produced a corresponding effect. They (as other men would have been) were at once desirous of appropriating to themselves the most fertile tracts, and of avoiding the trouble and expense of rendering them productive. They necessarily foresaw that in the course of years the country would be peopled ; that as population increased, the fertile tracts, in this manner secured, would be enhanced in value ; and that thus at length an important property would be obtained for their posterity without any exertion or care of their own. They probably foresaw not the evils necessarily resulting from such property so abandoned to nature. Let every man, before he condemns others for this conduct, lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself, if, under such circumstances, he would not have done the same. There doubtlessly may be men who would not have done so ; but, for my part, though I now irresistibly perceive its pernicious consequences, and lament them, and earnestly desire, as far as may be consistent with justice, to have them rectified ; yet I have no hesitation in acknowledging, that in every probability such would have been my own conduct ; and I blush thus to find in myself, amidst a thousand others, this new corroboration of the darkness and guilt of my nature.

‘ Under this influence, however, blind, and selfish, and base as it is, immense tracts of some of the finest lands in the province have been secured by possessors, who either no longer form even a nominal part of its population, or who, dwelling amidst its plains, revel in anticipation upon the benefits which their sloth shall derive from the labours of others. Having obtained the grant, they are gone whither their more immediate interests or affections have led them (as others would have done), leaving their possessions here to improve in value by the toils and exertions of others ; to whom, as far as depends upon them, they yield not only no reciprocation of benefit, but produce even a most positive and glaring disadvantage ; or they reside in the province, keeping back their fertile possessions from more industrious hands, and leaving them in the wildness of nature, to become eventually valuable by that very industry which they counteract and chill.

‘ Thus wherever you go, wastes of deeded land, sometimes the reward of merit or of service, as often the fruit of falsehood and intrigue, glare in your face, and withstand you under the mighty barrier of law, which protects them, while, with all the stupidity and sordidness of the dog in the manger, they abuse it.’—p. 176—179.

To illustrate more strongly what the author has here said, we will mention a fact which has come to our knowledge respecting the settlement of Perth, first inserting his description of that settlement.

Struck

'Struck by events of the last war with the risks incident to the navigation of the head of St. Lawrence, in case of contest with the United States, it became an anxious object with the government to provide for the public service another route more sheltered from those risks; and the result of the research produced by this desire was the choice of Perth, as an original port, for the prosecution of the work.

'At the distance of about forty miles from Brockville, the nearest and most favourable frontier to it, and far out of the route of common observation, this place would probably have slumbered unknown, beneath the retired wildness of its native forests for another half century, had not this circumstance called it forth; and its remoteness, even when thus produced, required for it a fostering hand to support what had been founded. The assistance of government was liberally advanced; a fine soil, with a salubrious climate, corroborated the effort; the unusual impulse produced a corresponding effect; and Perth, though commenced but the other day (that is, about four years ago), already assumes the appearance of a flourishing colony. The extension of the settlement is continuing both towards Kingston and the Ottawas; and the spirit which planned and supports it sees this great object of public utility apparently approaching to a favourable conclusion.'—pp. 42, 43.

Now it was originally intended that Perth should be fixed on the River Rideau, (not Radeau, as Capt. Stuart calls it,) but this was found impracticable, from the government lands not extending far enough in the requisite direction, but being interrupted by a tract of land (left in a state of nature and *waiting to become valuable*) which had been granted to the heirs of General Arnold; in the rear of which tract (on the banks of a comparatively insignificant stream) the settlement was ultimately placed, and through which a road was necessarily cut, to open a communication with the rest of the province, at a heavy public expense, and to the incalculable profit of the owners of that grant.

The subject of the government and clergy-reserves also deserves consideration in many points of view. The obstacle to improvement which they present, is the same with that of the private grants above noticed, and ought, if possible, to be removed. But a more serious and urgent evil is the inadequate *present* provision for the clergy. We are far from agreeing with Captain Stuart in his apprehensions of evil hereafter, from a liberal independent provision for the clergy; or, in his 'indifference as to the *denomination of protestants*,' on which the support of government should be bestowed,\* but we heartily sympathise in his dissatisfaction at the spiritual state of Canada in the mean time. It matters little that we have a prospect at some remote period of having a nume-

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\* This indifference does not extend to the *Roman Catholics*; so that we presume he believes that there is a kind of charm in the name of Protestant, which secures those who bear it from all essential errors.

rous and well-supported clergy in the province, if its present inhabitants are suffered to remain in a state of heathenism; for, besides that they have souls to be saved as well as their posterity, what chance of success will the clergy have who are appointed to superintend parishes in which religion shall have been for a long time wholly unthought of?—in which several generations, reckoning back to *the present time*, (we speak advisedly,) shall have successively grown up *without baptism*? We do not impute blame to any particular parties; but it is quite clear that, if this state of things be suffered to go on without redress in a part of an empire calling itself Christian, a heavy responsibility must attach somewhere.—If we slumber, we must expect that anabaptists, methodists, and sectaries of all descriptions from the United States, who are already making great progress in Canada, will completely supplant the church. Their exertions cannot be blamed, since they are, in many instances at least, not sowing divisions among Christians, but *making* Christians; nor is their success even to be deprecated, unless we exert ourselves, since any form of Christianity is better than none.

‘There are at present in Upper Canada twelve or fifteen clergymen of the established church, and not quite so many churches. These are supported partly by the government and partly by the Society for propagating the Gospel. I need not add (stationary as they are, or at least confined to narrow circuits,) how totally insufficient such a provision must be for the spiritual wants of a secluded population, scattered over a frontier of nearly one thousand miles. To the mass of the people it is almost as nothing.

‘Yet the province has not been left entirely thus destitute. The spirit of the establishment seems improving; and the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, have concurred in keeping alive in it the worship of God. Of these, the most active and the most successful are the Methodists.’—pp. 111, 112.

We have good grounds for believing that Captain Stuart’s opinion of the American methodists is far too favourable: they are for the most part gross and ignorant enthusiasts, and actuated by a spirit of bitter hostility against the *English methodists*, who are a far more respectable body of men. The existence of a national jealousy, so strong as thus to prevail over religious agreement, is well worthy of attention, as it may hereafter lead to important consequences.

But, whatever may be the character of the sectaries, it is surely incumbent on those who, as individuals, profess themselves members of the Church of England, and, as a community, acknowledge that church as an ally of the state and a part of the constitution, to provide for the instruction of their fellow-subjects in its principles.

Among the measures which appear to be called for, with a view to this object, one of the most obvious seems to be, the appointment of an archdeacon, or some other functionary, to exercise, in the Upper Province, (unless indeed it were constituted a distinct see,) those ecclesiastical duties which cannot possibly be adequately performed in person by the Bishop of Quebec. It would, in fact, be an office of no small labour, to afford the requisite superintendence to the affairs of Upper Canada, such is the extent of territory, the difficulty of travelling, and the number of new demands continually arising for pastors and for places of worship.

Mr. Strachan's book is by far the most interesting that we have seen on the subject; and we strongly recommend it to those of our readers who wish for full information respecting Upper Canada, compressed into a very moderate compass, and conveyed in an unpretending and yet agreeable form. The author presents us with his own first impressions as a stranger, together with the accurate local knowledge obtained from his brother, a settler of long standing, who has access to the best sources of information: and accordingly he appears to have fully made good the profession of his preface, 'that almost every thing which an emigrant going to Upper Canada wishes to know, will be found in his small volume.'

His account of the state of religion in the province (a subject which he treats of like a sincere, but sober-minded Christian) is such as fully to bear out the remarks which we have already made: it is such as ought to encourage, but not to satisfy us. The baptism of some adults by his brother, at a chapel which was indebted for its existence to his exertions, is well described: the fact which he subjoins may create surprise in the minds of some of our readers, and is certainly well worthy of attention. 'On our return home,' he says, 'I inquired of my brother whether such occurrences frequently happened.' 'Since the building of this church,' he replied, 'I have baptized nearly 400 persons, *half of them grown up.*'

Mr. Strachan gives a very interesting account of a conversation at which he was present, between two American citizens on the subject of their grand canal: (of which a detailed description may be seen in the Appendix to Mr. Grece's Book, No. 1, p. 81.) one of them he represents as appearing by no means convinced of the commercial advantages which others anticipated from the scheme:

'It is so easy, (turning to us,) gentlemen, to improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, that all our efforts to divert the trade will prove in vain. And it is well that it should be so; for the produce of the vast countries which surround us will be enough for both. It is not as an instrument of commerce that I admire the canal which we are digging, but as an emblem of peace. Had we not despaired of conquering the Canadas, the hope of which produced the late war, this great work had never been commenced.'—p. 107.

The

The information which the author subjoins respecting the proposed improvements in the inland navigation of Canada, is the more valuable from the circumstance of his brother being, if we are not misinformed, the person to whom the province is principally indebted for the suggestion of the plan.

‘Ships can come up to Montreal; but here dangerous rapids commence, and continue nine miles. The canal, to avoid them, may require a length of ten miles; and is now beginning under an incorporated company. It is to pass behind Montreal, and have a lateral cut from the St. Lawrence, at the entrance of the town. The ground is easy of excavation, and the supply of water inexhaustible: in two or three years it will be open for transport. The whole expense is not expected to exceed 80,000*l.*; and such is the trade that must pass through it, that the stock-holders will, in two or three years after it is in operation, share their maximum, or 15 per cent.

‘Lake Ontario is reckoned 200 feet above the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which may be divided into three unequal parts. From the head of the St. Lawrence, where it leaves the Lake, to the Rapid Plat, a distance of ninety miles, there is not more than forty feet fall; from the Rapid Plat to Lake St. Francis, a distance of forty miles, there is a fall of fifty-five; the next twenty-six miles, called Lake St. Francis, shew some current, and may give a declivity of six feet. From the Coteau du Lac to Lake St. Lewis, nearly twenty-two miles, the fall may be estimated at fifty-seven feet; and the Lachine Rapids forty-two feet, in a distance of twelve miles. It is obvious that much of conjecture enters into this calculation; but it will not be found very wide of the truth.

‘To allow sloops and steam-boats to go from Montreal to Lake St. Francis, two canals are necessary of about equal difficulty—the Lachine canal just begun, and the Cedar canal of much the same length. This canal commences near the junction of the Ottawa, or Grand River, and the St. Lawrence, and enters Lake St. Francis near the east end. The estimated expense 75,000*l.*; so that 155,000*l.* would cure all the defects of the St. Lawrence within the limits of Lower Canada. The impediments in Upper Canada are less considerable; it is not thought a greater sum than 60,000*l.* would be necessary to remove every impediment. But the provincial revenue is too limited at present to admit the disbursement of this sum, small as it is, and great as the advantages must be to the colony. The House of Assembly, in conjunction with the legislative council, sensible of these advantages and their present inability, have petitioned his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, through his excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, for a grant of 100,000 acres of land, to assist in such improvements; and as the request goes home favoured by his excellency, there is little doubt of its being favourably received.

‘Now this quantity of land, if located in a favourable situation, will sell for two and a half dollars per acre; that is, 62,500*l.* for the whole, or 2500*l.* beyond our estimate of the necessary improvements. But should the sum wanted exceed this ten or twelve thousand pounds, no

impediment would arise, for the legislature would very willingly provide for this contingency.

‘ Having thus, at a small expense, opened a direct communication between Niagara and the ocean, the next great object is the junction of the two Lakes Erie and Ontario, which may be more easily effected than is commonly supposed. There are several parts of the Chippawa where it is navigable for vessels of any reasonable size within fifteen miles of Lake Ontario. For thirty miles the Chippawa resembles a canal: the current almost imperceptible, and very little affected by rains; the channel deep and without obstruction. A canal of fourteen miles would reach to the head of the mountain, close on Lake Ontario, in several places; four locks would be sufficient in this distance.— The height of the hill within a distance of two miles of Lake Ontario is 250 feet, requiring upwards of thirty locks, all very near one another. The great expense of so many locks, and the time lost in passing and repassing them, seem to point out a rail-way as more advantageous. The basin at the end of the canal should be formed at some distance from the top of the hill, making the rail-way, with its windings, about four miles before it reached the wharfs on Lake Ontario. The distribution of the height of 250 feet would hardly be perceptible in this distance. The canal, fourteen miles long, will cost 40,000*l.*; and the rail-way, four miles, 10,000*l.*; and 10,000*l.* for stores and wharfs—forming an aggregate of 60,000*l.* for joining the two Lakes.

‘ After passing into Lake Erie, to which there is no difficulty, from the mouth of the Chippawa, except a mile of rapid water at Black Rock, the navigation is open through Lakes Sinclair, Huron, and Michigan; and a trifling expense at the Strait of St. Mary will enable vessels to proceed into Lake Superior.

‘ There is one other improvement connected with this line which I consider of great importance to a large and wealthy section of the province, namely, a communication between the Grand River and Chippawa. The Grand River is navigable for boats to a great distance from its mouth. It abounds in mill seats of the best description, capable of turning any machinery whatever; and the country through which it runs is of the first quality, and must in a short time become rich in the production of grain. It would, therefore, be of infinite advantage to possess a water communication to Lake Ontario, which may be effected by a canal of five miles in length; for so near do the Grand River and Chippawa approach to one another. This would complete the main line of internal navigation, and bring the greater part of the province close to the ocean. What is peculiarly encouraging, there is no expense to be incurred which can be considered beyond our reach. The communication between the two lakes will not be required for a few years, as the surplus produce for some time will find an immediate market among the new settlers, who are flocking in great numbers to the London and Western districts; and before that period elapses the provincial treasury will enable the legislature to appropriate, without any difficulty, a sum sufficient to pay the interest of the capital laid out in making the canals, rail-ways, &c.’—pp. 108—112.

Of



Of the whole process by which lands are cleared, settled, and improved, Mr. Strachan gives, in an unaffected style, the most distinct and graphic descriptions we have met with in any of the numerous publications on the subject: and his book may, on the whole, be safely recommended as the best calculated, not only to amuse the curious, but also to afford to those who have thoughts of emigrating, clear notions (which in such a case is a matter somewhat difficult as well as important) of the very novel state of things they have to expect.

We cannot dismiss the subject without noticing a little more fully than we have yet done some prevailing objections both against emigration in general and emigration in the direction of Canada in particular; and we shall be enabled to point out, as we proceed, the nature of the advantages it promises.

It is objected, in the first place, that all hopes of counteracting by emigration the evils of a redundant population must be utterly illusory; since the necessary expense of the voyage and outfit would place the remedy beyond the reach of those very persons for whose benefit it is proposed. Mr. Malthus, therefore, concludes, from his review of the history of several settlements, 'that the reason why the resource of emigration has so long continued to be held out as a remedy to redundant population is, because, from the natural unwillingness of people to desert their native country, and the difficulty of clearing and cultivating fresh soil, it never is, nor can be, adequately adopted.'—B. iii. c. iv. p. 301. 8vo.

And, accordingly, when it is proposed to afford, either at the expense of government, or from charitable contributions, such assistance to persons willing to emigrate as may enable them to surmount the obstacles opposed to them, it is not unfrequently answered that their maintenance at home would be less expensive: while on the other hand it is urged that those who have such a capital as to enable them to emigrate with advantage, though it would be most unjust to prohibit them from taking that step, yet ought by no means to be encouraged in it, because the capital which they withdraw is so much loss to the mother-country. These objections, however, though undoubtedly sound and weighty under certain modifications, will not bear to be pushed to the utmost extreme; and no one has been more ready to admit this than the candid and able writer already cited. In a passage almost immediately following the one we have given, he says, 'it is clear, therefore, that with any view of making room for an unrestricted increase of population, emigration is perfectly inadequate; but as a partial and temporary expedient, and with a view to the more general cultivation of the earth, and the wider extension of civilization, it seems to be both useful and proper.' And in the supple-

ment to his great work, which was published in 1817, he expresses himself strongly as to the occasional expediency of emigration :

‘ If, from a combination of external and internal causes, a very great stimulus should be given to the population of a country for ten or twelve years together, and it should then comparatively cease, it is clear that labour will continue flowing into the market, with almost undiminished rapidity, while the means of employing and paying it have been essentially contracted. It is precisely under these circumstances that emigration is most useful as a temporary relief; and it is in these circumstances that Great Britain finds herself placed at present. Though no emigration should take place, the population will by degrees conform itself to the state of the demand for labour; but the interval must be marked by the most severe distress, the amount of which can scarcely be reduced by any human efforts; because, though it may be mitigated at particular periods, and as it affects particular classes, it will be proportionably extended over a larger space of time and a greater number of people. The only real relief in such a case is emigration; and the subject at the present moment is well worthy the attention of the government, both as a matter of humanity and policy.’ *On Population*, vol. ii. pp. 304, 305.

In fact, the expediency of resorting to emigration for the relief of a distressed population must always depend on a variety of circumstances, which are to be distinctly considered in each particular case. But it should not be forgotten that there are cases in which that mode of relief might be suggested by the wisest economy, even when the *immediate* support of the individuals in question might cost less at home: if, at a somewhat heavier expense, we have a fair prospect of getting rid of a permanent, and perhaps (as in the case of an increasing family) a growing burden;—if we can, by such an expedient, not only provide for the individuals in question, but benefit others of the same class, by lessening the injurious competition in an overstocked market of labourers,—we may attain advantages which would have entirely escaped the view of a more short-sighted calculator.

As for the apprehensions of impoverishment to this country by the transfer of her capital to the other side of the Atlantic, we are convinced that they are altogether visionary. In the first place, we may be sure that whatever inducements we may hold out, few, after all, will be found willing to carry their capital to Canada, who have a reasonable assurance of deriving from it the means of living in independence and prosperity at home; and those who have *not* such a prospect, are probably consulting the interest of their country, as well as their own, by emigrating. A man, who in the vigour of life, may have acquired a little capital of 200 or 300*l.*, may feel, under many circumstances, a very reasonable doubt whether he shall be enabled so to provide for the wants of a numerous family,  
and

and for the infirmities of old age, as to be secure against becoming dependent, for his children or himself, on parochial relief or private charity. Surely, in this case, his emigration to a country where such a capital, with common prudence and industry, will ensure an independent competence to himself, and comparative affluence to his posterity, is rather a relief than a loss to his own.

In the second place, since, whatever opinion may be entertained respecting this loss of capital, it is quite certain that men *will* transfer it from one country, or one employment, to another, when they find their advantage in so doing, it should be the object of the politician to direct that stream which it would not be possible, even were it desirable, to dam up. We would be the last to encourage an illiberal jealousy of the United States, or to grudge them the advantages they may derive from this country; but it is not going too far to feel a preference, at least, for our own colonies;—to wish that they should receive that accession of numbers and of capital from English emigration, which has hitherto, in a majority of instances, been intercepted by a foreign power.

Lastly, it should be remembered that a commercial country, like this, should not consider all the capital carried out of it as so much loss: the market for our commodities, which is afforded by a flourishing and increasing colony, is a source of wealth to the mother country far exceeding probably what would have been produced by the amount of the capital bestowed on it, if retained at home. It is speaking, we are persuaded, far within compass, to say that for every 1000*l.* carried out to Upper Canada, 500 acres of fertile land, which would otherwise have remained an unprofitable desert, will have been within twenty years brought under cultivation. Let any one calculate the supplies of corn and other produce which these 500 acres will afford us, and the demand for our various manufactures which they will create in return. Mr. Malthus speaks indeed of the impolicy of 'founding a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers;' but neither the means nor the end to which his remarks apply are the same as those now under consideration: it is not proposed to lay out the *national* capital in founding a colony at the public expense; but merely to encourage and facilitate the enterprize of those individuals who are willing so to employ their own capital. It is impossible indeed to contemplate attentively the present state of the continent—the extreme jealousy of this country which prevails in most parts of it—the zeal for improving their own manufactures,—together with the superior cheapness of labour,—without anticipating, as at least probable, a great and progressive diminution of that enormous demand which has hitherto existed in Europe for the productions of British enterprize and skill. With such an expectation

tion before us, nothing can be more consolatory than the prospect of that boundless market for our commodities which seems to be opening in the new world, from which the other nations of Europe, even should they hereafter become our rivals there, can never hope to exclude us. In this point of view, the revolution in Spanish America is likely to prove of incalculable importance to us: but our own colonies are on many accounts calculated to offer greater advantages to our commerce than those of any other country; our own countrymen possess in a peculiar degree, and are likely to transmit to their descendants, both a taste for that description of luxuries which commerce and manufactures furnish, and a persevering industry in acquiring the means of commanding them: not to mention the preference generated by habit, for such articles in particular as are most in use in the mother-country.

There are many, however, who, though friendly to emigration in general, entertain certain objections to our North American colonies in particular: one of these, the supposed 'barren soil and ungenial climate,' we have already noticed; but there is another, which is not unfrequently acknowledged, and probably still more frequently felt, viz. a conviction that Canada must at no distant period fall into the hands of the United States, and that consequently while we are aiding to colonize and improve it, we are in effect labouring for the advantage of a formidable rival.

Now, without professing to 'look into the womb of time' quite so far as some transatlantic politicians, we cannot forbear suggesting a doubt whether the probability here supposed is altogether well established: we suspect that the confident boasts of some American writers on this subject have produced an undue effect, not only on their own countrymen, but on ours. Let it not be forgotten how fully and how arrogantly they anticipated the conquest of Canada at the commencement of the late American war. The parent state was indeed at that time under circumstances of peculiar difficulty; exhausted by the length, and embarrassed by the continuance, of a most desperate struggle in Europe. Yet the Canadians, amidst all these disadvantages, amidst the imbecility and despondency of their own commander, made good the defence of their country against all the efforts of the Americans. They appear indeed to come short of no British subjects throughout the world in devoted attachment to our government and (what to them is a necessary part of that attachment) in a rooted aversion to that of the United States.

But it is urged, that though the Americans were not able to subdue Canada quite so early as they expected, their power is increasing so rapidly that they must ultimately accomplish it. Now to any one who examines the map, it will be plain that the resources of  
Canada,

Canada, in improvable territory, are practically inexhaustible, no less than those of the United States. Why then, we would ask, if a proper use is made of these advantages, should not Canada, we do not say overtake the United States, but at least preserve the same *comparative* strength which she has at present? If in her infancy she has strangled the smaller serpents that assailed her, why may she not, in maturer strength, successfully encounter the Hydra?

In fact, however, such are the circumstances of aggressive war, that its success or failure does not depend entirely on the relative, but partly also on the absolute, strength of the parties engaged; and the greater this is, the less is the advantage of the assailant: 10,000 men can make a far better defence against 50,000 invaders, than 10 could against 50; and if the wealth and population of Canada and the United States were each increased exactly tenfold, the former would be in much less danger of subjugation than at present. We have not, in this view of the subject, adverted at all to the probability of a separation of the United States; which it would perhaps be rash, confidently to foretell, but which those who speculate so freely on future contingencies ought certainly to take into their account. Nor have we taken any notice of the superior advantages possessed by Canada in many points, especially its greater facilities of inland navigation, and the salubrity of its climate.

Nevertheless we are far from maintaining that Canada is *certain* of being a part of the British empire to the end of time, or even for the next three or four centuries: but what worldly events are certain, or what possessions eternal? Our empire in India has been long since described as precarious; but the certainty of its downfall, and the precise limits of its duration, have not yet been made sufficiently clear by any of our political seers, to occasion the removal of that immense capital whose security depends on its continuance. The events which have taken place in Europe, during the last thirty years, have so baffled all calculations, that we are hardly authorized to call any political change impossible. It is unreasonable, therefore, to depreciate our Canadian possessions on the ground of an uncertain tenure, unless it can be shewn that they are exposed to very peculiar and imminent danger: and this we profess our inability to perceive, at least to any thing like the degree in which some seem to apprehend it. There is no doubt, however, that prophecies frequently cause their own fulfilment: the patient hardly stands a fair chance for his life, if he is left to the care of a physician who is convinced that he cannot possibly recover; and if our government were unfortunately to act with respect to Canada, under the conviction that it must inevitably in a few years be wrested from us, the event would probably confirm their expectations. If no means

means of education were provided either in England or in Canada, so that those intended for the church,\* and all others who were desirous of education, should resort for it (as is too generally the case at present) to the colleges of the United States, from which students return deeply imbued with prejudices against our constitution both in church and state,—if no impediment were offered to the retention of large tracts of land in the hands of those who will not improve them, but wait for their increasing in value by the labours of others,—if no measures were taken for facilitating inland navigation,—if, in short, a general neglect of the interests of the colony prevailed, and abuse and mismanagement were allowed to creep into all departments of the government,—then indeed it is probable that the Canadians would not long have either the power or the inclination to maintain their connection with this country. And yet, since no one will suspect that Great Britain would resign the possession of the colony without a blow, we should still have to look forward to a contest for it with the United States more expensive in blood and treasure than any former one.

Such, indeed, as the Canadians have shewn themselves in the late contest, it would be a degradation of the British character to abandon or to neglect them: but every motive of policy, as well as of honour, concurs in recommending that Canada should, with the utmost diligence, be cherished and fortified. Should a line of conduct be adopted in all respects opposite to that which has been above sketched out as tending to its decay, we see no reason to doubt that the result would be altogether opposite likewise: and where else shall we find so strong a barrier to the boundless increase of that power which threatens to prove the most formidable rival that Great Britain has ever encountered?

Let any one but carefully inspect the map, and he will see that Canada is, as it were, the bridle of the United States; while at the same time it is the less likely ever to throw off its allegiance to this country, from the apprehensions which it reciprocally entertains of its powerful neighbour. We are far from sanctioning the

\* A scheme was proposed, not long since, of establishing four or five exhibitions of about 200*l.* each, for the education, at one of the English universities, of native Canadians designed for the church: such persons would be in many respects better qualified for the ministry in that province than natives of this country; (not to mention the difficulty of finding respectable persons willing to emigrate in that capacity;) and they would have a better and *safer* education than they now get in the United States, to which they are principally driven by the want of means to bear the expense of education in England. The amount of the proposed exhibitions is too trifling to deserve a moment's hesitation, when compared with the sum total of what Canada cost us, and with the greatness of the proposed benefit. We are aware that it is in contemplation to establish a college in Canada: and this may be a ground for withholding the exhibitions when the college shall be in full activity; but a merely contemplated college educates no one.

policy of those who make the fear of remote danger a plea for immediate warfare, or for hostile precautions; but such measures cannot surely be censured as tend at once both to diminish the probability of a contest, and to strengthen us in the event of its occurrence; both which effects, as we have endeavoured to shew, would result from a timely attention to our Canadian possessions. The requisite measures to be adopted for advancing the prosperity of the colony, and for deriving from it the advantages it offers both to the state and to individuals, are many and various; some of them fall entirely within the province of government; others depend principally on individuals: we have already noticed several in the course of this article, and many more will be suggested by a perusal of the works reviewed. But if we were asked what is the principal thing wanted, we should reply, (as Demosthenes did, concerning action in oratory,) that the first, second, and third requisite is *Information*. Information as to where Canada is situated, and how it is to be reached:—information as to the capital required,—the articles to be provided,—the spot to be fixed on for settling;—and, in short, as to every step to be taken. With a view, principally, to this object, societies have lately been established in different parts of Canada, which have also raised liberal subscriptions for the relief of those multitudes of our countrymen who, from having emigrated without knowledge of the means of procuring subsistence, or from having wasted their little store in idle schemes, have been reduced to utter destitution.\* A society is also, we understand, just established in London, whose object is to correspond with, and further the views of those in Canada. We heartily wish success to their benevolent exertions; and with a view to this object, beseech them not to attempt too much at the commencement. Let them content themselves in the first instance with communicating information, by handbills and pamphlets, and opening offices at the ports whence the greatest number of embarkations take place, at which the applicants might receive such instructions as would secure them from being grossly imposed upon with respect to their passage, or at least from being left at New Brunswick instead of Quebec. Afterwards it might be thought desirable to make some little addition to the store of those who bore a good character, as likely to prove industrious and useful settlers, and who had collected nearly enough of their own to defray their expenses, but needed some small additional aid.

It has been proposed, we understand, to form a company for the purchase of lands in Canada, on a plan which promises greatly to

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\* We are assured, on the best authority, that not less than 13,000 emigrants arrived in the course of the last season at Quebec.

promote



promote its colonization, and which it is supposed might be carried into effect, not only without ultimately diminishing the funds employed, but so as to afford a reasonable prospect of considerable profit. Any such scheme, if only so far successful as to cover expenses, would have this decided advantage, that its beneficial operation might continue indefinitely; whereas mere charitable contributions are continually tending to exhaust their source. The proposed plan is said to have for its object the accommodation of those who are competent to the management of a Canadian farm, but have not the means of defraying the expense of the voyage and outfit: persons so situated would in general accept with eagerness the offer of having these previous expenses (including the stock, provisions, &c. requisite to enable them to begin farming) advanced to them, on condition of occupying as tenants a portion of uncleared land, from 100 to 200 acres, for a term of years (say 21) at a very low rent, such as would return on the average about one per cent. on the cost of the land and stock advanced; and of receiving, at the end of that term, provided they then replaced the stock originally advanced, one-third or a half of the land as freehold property. It has been calculated, that from the immense increase in value of land brought into cultivation, the portion remaining to the proprietor, would, together with the stock replaced, be worth two or three times as much as the capital originally advanced. The success of any such scheme as this must evidently depend on the obtaining of proper agents resident on the spot. The task of such an agent indeed would not require either great labour or remarkable ability; but vigilant attention, and perfect integrity, would be indispensable. We earnestly hope, however, that no schemes of this nature will be permitted to interfere with that which ought to be the primary object—the diffusion of information.

The subjoined estimate of expenses, drawn up by a person of undoubted knowledge and judgement, is well calculated to further this object, and may be interesting to such of our readers as may not have chanced to meet with it:

‘ 1. Ships sail for Quebec from London, Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow and Cork; the passage (usually about six weeks or two months) costs from £7. to £12. per head, passengers finding their own provisions.

‘ 2. Emigrants will do well to take out with them (besides clothes) bedding, handsaws, hammers, chisels and planes. All other tools, furniture, &c. they can procure in the country itself.

‘ 3. If they mean to settle in the Upper Canada, (which is far preferable, as the climate is much milder, and the language and society are English,) they will proceed from Quebec to Montreal (180 miles) by steam-boat; from Montreal to Kingston (180 miles) partly by open boats

boats and partly by steam-boats: from Kingston there is a steam-boat to the head of Lake Ontario. On their route they will find different Emigrant Societies, which will furnish them with any information they may require respecting obtaining grants of land, &c.

4. The following may be given as a rough Estimate of the necessary expenses of emigration, in the case of a married man, with four children;—

‘ Travelling expenses, (including both the passage by sea £. s. d.		
and on the river, together with provisions,) say . . . . .	70	0 0
Materials and labour for erecting a log-house . . . . .	16	10 0
Fees paid on receiving a grant of land, (usually 100 acres) . . . . .	5	0 0
For a cow, tools, &c. . . . .	10	0 0
Subsistence for one year.—N. B. Provisions are cheaper		
than in England . . . . .	40	0 0

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‘ It would answer for a farmer who has some capital, to take out with him a few steady, industrious men, paying their passage, &c. on condition of their working for him the first year for their board and lodging only, and afterwards for such wages as might be agreed upon.

5. The soil of Upper Canada is generally good; when first cleared it will produce from twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. The climate is healthy; the winters are, indeed, more severe, and the summers are hotter than in this country; but no great inconvenience is experienced therefrom. The harvest season is usually extremely dry and fine: the hay crops are got in with very little trouble. Wood fuel is, of course, very abundant.

The communication of such hints as these cannot but be desirable, even if it should produce no other effect than that of deterring from the enterprise those who have not the requisite means, and securing them from the misery which may ensue from the failure of their hopes. When, however, emigration is recommended as in any case desirable, it is natural to inquire what kind of men should be encouraged to take such a step. This question is indeed sometimes brought forward as an objection, in the form of a most tremendous dilemma: ‘ Would you,’ says the querist, ‘ send out the idle and profligate, who can do no good at home? you would then do the colony more harm than good. Or would you send out the best and most industrious men you could find? this would indeed be a benefit to the colony, but a loss to the mother-country, and would be holding out, as a reward for superior merit, a perpetual exile.’ This kind of argument well deserves to have been honoured with a distinct name by the ancient schools of dialectics; for it is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to all subjects, and may be employed to prove any thing whatever. The principle indeed, on the assumption

tion of which it proceeds, viz. that the two extremes of each class comprehend the whole of it, is one which could not conveniently be acted on; if it had been, in the case of Bias's argument for instance, (which is a fine antique specimen of it,) the human race would probably have long since been extinct; for he contended that marriage altogether was to be avoided, because an eminently beautiful wife might be a source of jealousy, and a hideously ugly one, of disgust; but still the argument is found serviceable for the purposes of an argument; i. e. to perplex an opponent. We shall endeavour to pass between the horns of this dilemma, by replying, that it is neither by the very best, nor the worst, of our countrymen, that we would see our colonies stocked; and as nine-tenths belong neither to the one description nor the other, this exception produces no great difficulty: the former class, indeed, are not likely to be induced to emigrate, as they generally thrive very well at home; and the latter are not likely to thrive anywhere.

But in an improved and fully peopled country, and especially in times like the present, there cannot fail to be great numbers of persons not deficient in industry and good conduct, who, from the unfavourable state of the markets, from excessive competition in every profession and branch of labour, or from casual misfortunes, find themselves either at a loss to obtain a comfortable independent maintenance for themselves or their families, or excluded from the prospect of some respectable situation in life, or perhaps of some matrimonial union, on which their hopes had been fixed. To persons so situated, emigration seems to be precisely the appropriate resource. It need not be apprehended that all the facilities and encouragement, or even all the persuasion and assistance, that can be bestowed, will ever induce those to emigrate who are so circumstanced, and so disposed, as to be contented with their lot at home; and if they are not, their departure is not to be regretted: but it does not follow that all such are of so restless and dissatisfied a temper, that they will never be steady and contented any where: e. g. suppose a strong attachment to exist between a young couple, who are, perhaps, secure from indigence in a single state, but have no prospect of decently bringing up and providing for a family; if they are uneasy at being compelled to renounce an object, the desire of which is so natural, and, in itself, so blameless, are they therefore to be reckoned among those restless characters, who are impatient of every hardship and privation, and unfit for any settled and regular course of life? If, indeed, the violence of a romantic passion prompts them to set at defiance the dictates of prudence, and to marry without a reasonable prospect of supporting their offspring, they are much to be blamed; though even in that case they are generally prepared and willing to undergo much toil and  
privation,

privation, though they may have over-rated the prospects of success. Now there is no reason why persons so situated may not prove industrious and prosperous settlers. They will have difficulties and hardships to encounter,—for these we have supposed them prepared ;—but these difficulties and hardships are all at the beginning of their course. Instead of having to look forward to a continual increase of them, as their family increases,—to regret the past, and dread the future, more and more, each succeeding season, they will find their prospects growing continually brighter, and their resources more abundant. Year after year the forest recedes before the persevering cultivator: fresh fields are clothed with corn or herbage; his cattle multiply; his increasing produce enables him to proceed with still greater rapidity in extending his improvements; the log-hut is enlarged into a convenient dwelling, and fitted up with those articles of comfort and luxury which perhaps he had at first been compelled to forego; and his children inherit, in the place of an unproductive thicket, a fertile and well stocked farm.

It is not too much to say that the degree of industry, frugality, and temperance, which are absolutely essential to enable a person in the middling or lower orders, in this country, to maintain his station in society, and preserve himself from want, are in Canada, sufficient to raise him to comparative wealth. We know from most respectable authority, that one of the wealthiest individuals of a considerable town of Upper Canada arrived in that country as an emigrant, with no other property than the axe with which he was to labour. And though several fortunate circumstances must have concurred to produce such an extraordinary degree of success, there is no presumption in calculating, in the case of every settler, on an independent competence, as the natural result of steadiness and good conduct.

It is not, however, generally speaking, desirable, that men should be encouraged to go out as mere labourers, without having either more money than just enough to pay their passage, or any preconcerted arrangement for obtaining employment when they arrive; and especially is such a step to be deprecated in the case of those who have families: much severe distress has been the consequence of such imprudence; for though there are perhaps many settlers who would be glad to hire them, yet from their remote and scattered situations, and the difficulties of communication, much time may elapse before their mutual wants are made known to the parties, so that the demand and supply may be brought to balance each other; and in the mean time the emigrant is perhaps starving in a strange country. It was for the relief of this distress, the amount of which has been very great, that the societies to which we have already alluded were first established in Canada.

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The best plan perhaps would be that which is hinted at in the printed statement; viz. that those who are emigrating as farmers should, either at their own expense or otherwise, take out with them such labourers as they might personally know, or have good assurance of, as honest, steady, and skilful; making some bargain with them beforehand, as to the time and terms of the engagement. Arrangements might also be made through the medium of such societies as those already established in Canada and in London, for supplying with labourers the settlers already established there, many of whom probably would be glad to receive men bringing from this country testimonials as to character.

One description of workmen, who would be especially well-suited to the colony, is not, perhaps, so frequent in this country now, as formerly, viz. a *Jack-of-all-trades*: in some remote districts, such artisans are still prized; but, in proportion to the increase of population, and the consequent subdivision of labour, they fall into disrepute. As Plato remarks of a certain class of philosophers, (who, notwithstanding the lofty appellation bestowed on them, were neither more nor less than artists of this description,) no one chuses to employ the one man who can do many things tolerably, when he can have access to several who can do each of them excellently: and hence, though in general men of superior ingenuity, their poverty is become proverbial. They have accordingly the more reason to try their fortune in a young settlement, which is exactly their proper field. A scattered population, bad roads, remoteness from towns, and a novel situation, leave in a most helpless condition the man who has concentrated all his powers in learning to perform some one operation very skilfully, and who has no resources.

It would appear indeed that from this cause a nation like our own, in which the subdivision of labour has been brought to the utmost perfection, is less fitted for furnishing colonists than one which has made far less progress in the arts. To illustrate this by a single instance—no one can doubt that the querns, or hand-mills, which were in use not long since in the Highlands, as well as among the ancients, occasioned much waste of labour, and that a great accession of wealth has been gained by the powerful machinery which is now employed: but if we look to the case of a new settlement, the picture is reversed; we find, in the Illinois district, the farmer obliged sometimes to carry his corn fifty miles, through bad roads, to the nearest mill, and to wait when he comes there, perhaps a week, before his turn comes to have it ground; yet he submits to this evil as utterly irremediable. What a prodigious saving of labour would a colony of highlanders with their querns have in this case obtained! We really think that the manufacture  
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of hand-mills, or of small horse-mills for this purpose, would be well worth the consideration of those who are interested in the prosperity of the Canadian settlers.

Perhaps too the society we have been speaking of may hereafter be led to adopt the plan of establishing a kind of mechanical school in this country, for communicating a slight degree of instruction in several of the most necessary arts: it would take but a very short time to make a man a tolerable carpenter, smith, &c. and the acquisition would be, in a new settlement, invaluable. We have no doubt, however, that the combined activity of intelligent individuals on both sides of the Atlantic, guided by local knowledge, and stimulated by benevolent zeal, will in time, if their numbers and funds should become considerable, devise and bring into practice every expedient, as far as the power of individuals extends, by which the prosperity of the colony may be promoted; and if the fostering hand of government is extended, to afford free scope for their exertions,—to co-operate with them, where its aid is indispensable,—and to rectify from time to time the various abuses which must be expected to creep in,—we see every reason to anticipate both a valuable resource to the redundant population of this country, and a great accession of strength to our transatlantic dominions, by the diversion thither of the better part of that tide of emigrants which is now poured into the territories of the United States; we say, the *better* part, because there are doubtless many emigrants of a character which would not promise much benefit to the colony; and one of the chief advantages perhaps which would result from the labours of a well-constituted society for promoting emigration, would be the careful selection of proper persons on whom to bestow their encouragement and assistance. Those in whom a rooted aversion to our constitution in church and state is one of the principal inducements for emigrating to republican America, it would neither be easy nor desirable to divert from their purpose. That is the best place for them. If they are disappointed in finding that a democratical government and the absence of a church establishment do not imply freedom from taxes, and the universal diffusion of virtue and happiness; though their hopes are not gratified, their complaints, at least, will be silenced, or at any rate will cease to disturb *our* government. There may nevertheless be many, who, though not *radically* corrupt in their notions, nor altogether hostile to our government and religion, may have been goaded by the pressure of distress, combined with the inflammatory declamations of designing men, to feel a great degree of impatience of the burden of taxes, tithes, and poor-rates; and such men may become, by the removal of the cause of their irritation, loyal and peaceable subjects in that part of the empire

which is *entirely exempt from those burdens*. At least their angry feelings will have time and opportunity to subside, in a country where there are no tumultuous meetings in populous towns of unemployed manufacturers; but where all their neighbours, as well as themselves, have something better to do (as Mr. Gourlay found by experience) than to set about new modelling the constitution;—where the chief reform called for is to convert forests into corn-fields, in which no one will hinder them from laying the axe to the root of the evil;—and in which the desire of novelty may be fully gratified, without destroying established institutions;—where, in short, the whole structure of society is to be built up, without being previously pulled down.

ART. V.—1. *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men, collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope, and other eminent Persons of his Time*. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published from the original Papers, with Notes and a Life of the Author by Samuel Weller Singer. London. 8vo. 1820.

2. *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men*. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Arranged with Notes by Edmund Malone, Esq. London. 8vo. 1820.

3. *The invariable Principles of Poetry, in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq. occasioned by some Critical Observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the Poetical Character of Pope*. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 1819.

**A**T length, after a tedious retention by one possessor, and, as we now find, a concealment by another, appear the ‘*Anecdotes of Spence*,’ an authentic collection which has hitherto remained unpublished, but not unREFERRED to, during the many years in which it has enjoyed a sort of paradoxical existence. The history of books is often curious, but that of the present is mysterious; and the mystery originates in the nature of the work itself, which was wished to be, and not to be, suppressed. The late Duke of Newcastle was supposed, till Mr. Singer’s volume appeared, to be the sole possessor of the manuscript; and his Grace having liberally submitted the volume to Dr. Johnson for public use, when it became a desideratum among the lovers of literary history, it was suddenly announced as a sealed book. Mr. Malone, however, was afterwards allowed to rifle it for his own purposes, and some imperfect transcripts, or capricious selections, crept abroad from time to time.

The close of the history of this publication seems as mysterious



as its progress; for, after contending with the obstructions of half a century, two editions appeared on the same day! Mr. Singer, the only person who could elucidate the matter, has not informed us *how* he himself obtained the manuscript, and we can only supply the vacuum by the report which has reached us. Spence, who was known to have been engaged during many years in the design of this work, had prepared it for posthumous publication, and conditionally sold it to Dodsley: but his executors, among whom was his old friend Bishop Lowth, uniting with his patron Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, prevailed on the bookseller to relinquish his claim, as the time, it was alleged, had not yet arrived when the anecdotes could be safely published.\* Joseph War-ton formerly told us that 'these Anecdotes were sealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcastle;' and this manuscript was long appreciated as an *unique*. It now appears, that it was no such precious thing, but a transcript of *part* of the Anecdotes which had been prepared for the press; the originals of which, with valuable supplements, were deposited in 'a chest with all Spence's manuscript remains.' From this chest (which was in the Lowth family) we have heard that a late speculator in fine editions had the dexterity to extract it, and probably designed it, like the Arabian Nights, for some splendid publication adapted to the literary dandyism of Bond-street. What means he used, we have not heard, and cannot pretend to guess. It was a sacred deposit, and such the late Bishop had always considered it; for, during this long interval, no one appears even to have suspected its existence. How it travelled down to the present publisher might perhaps form an amusing incident in the story. But such is the history of the *original Spence*. That of the *Malone Manuscript* is no less enveloped in mystery.

The Newcastle Manuscript, as we have said, was put into the

\* The lovers of literary history may be gratified by our giving the particulars, which we are enabled to do, and which have not been published. The manuscript was deposited in the library of the Duke of Newcastle, to whom Spence had been private tutor, by his three executors, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Ridley, and Mr. Rolle, and the following elegant address, probably by Bishop Lowth, assigning their reasons, is pasted in the first volume of the Anecdotes.

'The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Ridley, and Mr. Rolle, executors of the late Mr. Spence, present their most respectful compliments to the Duke of Newcastle, and beg his Grace's acceptance of the manuscript fair copy of Mr. Spence's Anecdotes. They did not think it advisable to publish this work, and they were confirmed in this opinion as they had reason to believe that it coincided with his Grace's judgment. But that it may not run the hazard of being lost or of falling into improper hands, they beg leave to commit it to his Grace's custody; and they propose to act in the same manner, with his Grace's approbation, in regard to any other of his papers, which they think it right to preserve; being persuaded that in so doing they shall act most agreeably to Mr. Spence's sentiments, and shall place his literary remains in those hands to which his love, respect, and gratitude would certainly have directed them.—May 13, 1771.'

hands of Dr. Johnson, who drew from it many of those personal traits and those domestic incidents which, with such skill, he has introduced into his admirable life of Pope. Yet while Johnson said, 'I consider this communication as a favour worthy of public acknowledgment,' he studiously concealed the name of the noble benefactor; and it is understood that the Duke felt that his own zeal claimed a more particular notice than an acknowledgment, where a pomp in the manner served only to conceal a penury in the feeling. It was therefore (as we have seen) somewhat indignantly closed. Mr. Malone, however, when employed on the Life of Dryden, had sufficient influence to procure its use, and made, not as Mr. Singer supposes, 'a complete transcript,' but a selection; to which he added some useful notes. This copy was presented to the late Mr. Beloe, who sold it to Mr. Murray. For more than two years past it was announced as in the press, while the publisher persisted in its suppression; an incident quite in keeping with the rest of this strange history. Motives of delicacy probably induced him to refrain from publishing what the noble possessor of the (supposed) original would not sanction, while it was rumoured that the precious 'unique' was mislaid or lost; and the editor, who was no more, could no longer authenticate the transcript. When Mr. Singer's Spence was unexpectedly announced, it probably ceased to be a matter of choice; and the Malone Manuscript, with all its imperfections on its head, was eagerly hurried through the press.

Mr. Singer has prepared his enlarged edition with greater care; and has given proofs in its progress of the skill and intelligence ever necessary in such a work, of which however the authenticity is the main recommendation.

It is evident that these '*Anecdotes of Books and Men*' were designed by Spence to belong to the numerous race of ANA, of which though we possess but few in our literature, yet those few are excellent. Our vivacious neighbours, more fond of talk, found a pleasure, when silent, in writing down the talk of others, even to their *Arlequiniana*, for Harlequin too must talk in France. Of their flock, the bell-wether is the *Menagiana*. Yet the four volumes, improved by the learned editor La Monnoye, are eclipsed by the singular splendour of Boswell's Johnson.—On this work we must make one observation. An Italian, a man of letters and of genius, compares Johnson 'to some uncommon bear, and Boswell to the Savoyard who goes shewing him about.' This sarcasm has been anticipated by some of our own wits; but wits are bad critics! All other Ana are usually confined to a single person, and chiefly run on the particular subject connected with that person; but Boswell's is the Ana of all mankind: nor can the world speedily

speedily hope to receive a similar gift ; for it is scarcely more probable to find another Boswell than another Johnson.

It must not be concealed that such collections as this of Spence have frequently spread an alarm in their circles. It is a case of conscience whose solution we leave to some future Paley, how far may be practised the liberty of chronicling conversations, or perpetuating domestic incidents. Is friendship, placed under the rose, no longer to look up to that emblem of secrecy and silence ? When our heart moves with our lips, or circulates with the warmth of wine, are our unpremeditated thoughts, our negligent assertions, and our playful deceptions, the mere odds and ends of our fancy, all our humours, good and evil, to be permanently recorded ? Are love and hatred to be the short-hand writers of social life, and are men to be brought to a bar without even a suspicion that they are undergoing a trial ? These observations extend to the writers of *Diaries*,—from Cole, the literary antiquary, to Bubb Dodington, the jobbing statesman. The very precaution which some of them used, (and Cole among the rest,) that their papers should not be opened till a given period, only served to protract the torture of the sufferers ; while the calumny begins to live just when the calumniated had passed the power of vindication. We believe that these examples have occasioned the destruction of much of this kind of secret history by those who trembled at the imprudence of future editors, or dreaded the consequences of their own too faithful chronicle. The late Dean of Christ-Church, Cyril Jackson, an extraordinary character, who, if he did not feel the ambition, at least possessed the genius of governing, and who (after a reign of twenty years) retired, like the imperial philosopher of antiquity, into the uttermost solitude, appearing to forget all men and all things, and himself as much forgotten as the greatness of the character he had left behind him allowed, had kept, it is said, a *Diary* of his life, which, in an unfortunate hour, he destroyed,—from an apprehension that his records, by the imprudence of friends, or the maliciousness of cynics, might be productive of some of the mischief which he had witnessed in those of others.

Even Spence had long raised similar alarms by his '*Anecdotes.*' Not only had his own friends (as we have seen) protested against their publication, (for they were then treading on ashes whose fires were not extinct,) but even some of the editors of *Pope* have vented their outcries against opening this box of Pandora. Listen to Mr. Bowles, a sort of sentimental critic :—' I tremble for every character when I hear any thing of "*Spence's Anecdotes.*" Neither friend nor foe are spared. He seems to have opened his mouth and his ears to every thing *Pope* told him ; and it makes the heart sick to think

how often Pope has altered his tone,' &c. The book has at last appeared! and if the reverend gentleman still 'trembles,' it can be only to find that the Pope of 'Spence's Anecdotes' is not the Pope of Mr. Bowles. Spence, who seems once to have wavered on the propriety of publishing them, has written on the leaf of one of the paper-books—'All the people *well acquainted with Mr. Pope* looked on him as a most friendly, open, charitable, and generous-hearted man; all the world, almost, that *did not know him*, were got into a mode of having very different ideas of him: how proper this makes it to publish these anecdotes after my death.' The truth is, that Pope, alive to the most generous feelings, was excessively irritable in whatever touched his art. Poetry was the delightful craft of his life, and the craftsman had his mysteries. This great poet furnishes not the only instance where bland and tender dispositions may be associated with that keen searching spirit, so irritable and caustic: the habits of the mind are often distinct from the habits of the man.

Mr. Singer has furnished a copious life of Spence. The fresh materials which the writer has been enabled to bring to his work, and particularly some interesting evidence of the true character and feelings of Spence, render it valuable; but though the hand of the artist is faithful in tracing the lines, it wants a delicacy of touch; and as a composition, we regret to add, it is often inelegant and incorrect: the narrative moves on with great caution, it is true, but it moves heavily, and frequently reminds us of those alphabetical lives which we consult as a sort of troublesome convenience. Of Dr. Birch, to whose zeal our literature owes more than can here be acknowledged, a critic of the day familiarly observed, 'Tom was a dead hand at a Life;' the lineal descent has not been enlivened by any fortunate cross-breed,

'And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'

There was a moral loveliness in the character and the life of Spence, which could not fail to engage the affections of such an elegant scholar as Lowth, and those of many other men of genius. Cultivating literature and the arts with the ardour and the playfulness of a lover, it was fortunate that the vicissitudes of life rendered him a traveller. Having retired from college to a small living, he was invited at various times to accompany several distinguished persons in their tours through Europe; but the feelings of this pilgrim of taste were purely domestic; and amidst the interesting objects around him, nothing occupied his mind so entirely as his mother and his garden:—a mother, in whom all his affections were concentrated, and a garden, his ideal 'Tempe;' a work, under which title he proposed to illustrate gardening in all ages, and which he was meditating and writing all his days! these, amidst his foreign enjoyments,

enjoyments, his ardent patrons, and his literary amusements, were the real subjects of his reveries.

The author of the '*Tales of the Genii*,' a work which, to a feeling mind, bears the most pathetic of all terminations, for, with its last page, the life of the author too closed, was one of the warm admirers of Spence; and has thrown into his charming fiction a beautiful sketch of his friend.

'The Dervise of the groves, (it is under this name that he describes him in his tenth tale,) with a fond generous affection, made the life of his dear mother smile in age, and happy in affliction; the chief glories of his youthful soul were to please her that gave him birth; and like the stork, he made the nest of comfort for his parent, and bore her into light and life on his industrious wings, then pleased alone with all mankind when they were pleased with her.'

To his mother Spence addresses his happiest letters; and it is refreshing, amidst the formal monotonies of society, to be recalled to all those natural touches and minute particularities made up of pleasantry and affection; to see him preparing his little fop of a garden, 'strutting, and pretending to be bigger than he is,' to make some show, after inviting his mother and sister to take such a journey for a pippin.' 'From the little green plat at one end of it (he writes) we may stand like three statues on one pedestal, and look out on a prospect that is no inconsiderable one for *Hertfordshire*. By this word you may see the pride of my heart, for, to say the truth, I don't care to be thought in *Essex* here, and take all the advantage I can of my neighbourhood to a better county.' With his mother, Spence kept up a constant intercourse; and the three letters which Mr. Singer has selected are fortunate in their subjects. In one of them he sets before us, with all the fidelity of a Flemish painter, a chattering gesticulating droll of 'a mountaineer barber-surgeon, born amidst the Alps, and as learned as people generally are among wild mountains, who from father to son were so, without any interruption for twenty-eight generations.' The family annals, it seems, did not reach up to Noah; but when asked if he had a history of the twenty-seven surgeons, his predecessors? he briskly replied—'Have I? yes, that I have; and I would rather lose my legs than lose it.' Another letter gives an account of a Frenchman, one of the 'adepts,' who carry 'the great elixir in their pockets,' and look 'very genteel and very grave,' and 'as fresh as forty,' at two centuries old, and who can make gold, yet are always wanting some from those who cannot. A third gives a minute and spirited description of the representation of a Mystery, called 'the Damned Soul,' which Spence, lounging one evening at Turin, saw performed under the portico of an hospital by a set of Italian strollers;

the plot, the scenery, and the actresses, for they were all women except the devils, are inimitably described.

The mother whom Spence was so solicitous to delight was a dependant on his kindness. This warm filial fondness seems very distinguishable from the *Storge*, or the instinct of parental affection. It is a love in the very next degree to wedded love, and perhaps is often its substitute. Men of the good-nature and the good temper of Spence,—under the influence of constitutional languor, are alive to all those endearments which can only come from a female—from her eyes, from her voice. It has been by adopting a mother, a sister, or a humbler friend, that such men have reflected back a tender image of themselves. Such domestic emotions were experienced by Cowper, they were sought after by Pope; but they enlivened the studies of Spence, and inspired that unvarying cheerfulness which induced him to write letters to his mother, as if he felt an ambition to please her.

Had it been our happiness to live with SPENCE, such as we have portrayed him we are confident that we should have found him. Johnson has spoken indifferently well of him; Gray with his usual fastidiousness; Walpole has commemorated himself more than Spence by this exquisite description!—‘As I knew Mr. J. Spence, I do not think I should have been so much delighted as Dr. Kippis with *reading his letters*. He was a good-natured harmless little soul, but more like a silver penny than a genius. It was a neat fiddle-faddle bit of sterling, that had read good books and kept good company; but was too trifling for use, and only fit to please a child.’ This is no bad specimen of the sort of affection which this vivacious Momus ever bore towards literary men:—but

‘Il vostro topo è tutto Fra Pasquali!’

this ‘fiddle-faddle bit of sterling’ was himself.

Spence indulged a singular delight in bringing out men whose genius was clouded by the obscurity of their situations. It was he who first took by the hand ‘The Muse in Livery,’ of Dodsley; who secured patronage for the self-taught Thresher, and the blind poet Blacklock; who introduced to the world the erudite tailor, Robert Hill, by his ingenious parallel with his old friend Magliabechi. Spence was the first writer who noticed Thomson, in his ‘*Essay on Pope’s Odyssey*,’ which being a popular book, contributed to make the poem more known, and Thomson always acknowledged the value of this recommendation. The ‘*Essay*,’ though it necessarily contained many free strictures, was so far from irritating the bard, that it served as the foundation of their friendship; and opened that intercourse which produced the accounts Spence has delivered to us of Pope’s habits, studies, and conversations, which, as Mr.

Singer

Singer well observes, exhibit 'a complete, though brief, auto-biography' of the great poet.

Spence had a turn for dialogue-writing; all his works are composed in this manner, and it seems to have served his purpose on the present occasion much better than on the others. We believe that he has given all the words he recollected, for, in some places, he expresses a doubt whether he had retained the precise language: assuredly it has received no embellishments from his careless, ungrammatical, slip-slop pen: but we must not transfer our notions of style to the days of Spence, when they were more occupied by simple impressions than by abstract generalities; in a word, when the study of effect in writing was an artifice not yet practised.

In these Anecdotes we are not only listening to Pope at his fireside, in full colloquy about himself and his works, but are at the same time introduced to a goodly company. Ficoroni, the Roman antiquary, Cocchi, the Florentine man of letters, Ramsay, Dean Lockier, a very extraordinary man, and other persons still more celebrated, all saying something on subjects which they well understand, contribute to diversify these modern *symposia*. Nothing can present a more inviting appearance than this literary chit-chat; yet we have frequently closed the volume in weariness. There is in the nature of the work an insurmountable defect; it has all the distraction of conversation, without leaving us the power to ask a question or pursue a discussion. In this book of infinite little things, nothing comes prepared to us by introduction or reflection: the hurry of our ideas is oppressive; there is a sort of variety which, so far from exciting attention, puts us half to sleep; it is like the tumbling of waves, one runs over the other, till amidst the rapid changes the mind grows insensible to the successive motions.—But we must hasten to Pope.

It is with pain we have so long witnessed the attacks on the moral and poetical character of this great poet by the last two of his editors. Warton, who first entered the list, though not unwilling to wound, exhibits occasionally some of the courtesy of the ancient chivalry; but his successor, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, possesses the contest *à l'outrance*, with the appearance, though assuredly not with the reality, of personal hostility. It had been more honourable in this gentleman, with his known prejudices against the class of poetry in which Pope will always remain unrivalled, to have declined the office of editor, than to attempt to spread among new generations of readers the most unfavourable and the most unjust impressions of the POET, and of the MAN. We confidently hope, that the world has not yet reached that point of degradation, where to depreciate excellence in art, and to vilify one whose virtues were of no ordinary cast, shall be considered



sidered as a matter too unimportant to investigate, or too light to reprehend gravely. To refute errors is no trivial task, for the labour is not very amusing. It requires more time and cost to repair an edifice than to damage it; and certainly more zeal to defend the calumniated than care to raise the calumny. An attack, if it deserves notice, is necessarily lively, and our attention is roused by that air of novelty it carries with it; but a defence can only boast the honest intention of carrying us back to the same place we had formerly occupied; and nothing short of a miraculous demonstration will so completely eradicate a false or an aggravated charge, as to leave no traces of it behind in the minds of those who have long received the erroneous impressions.

Joseph Warton had the merit of first declaring of Pope, that 'he did not think him at the *head of his profession*, and that his *species of poetry* was not the *most excellent one* of the art.\* Many years after, Johnson interrogating this critic, inquired, 'If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry, be added, by a definition will only shew the narrowness of the definer.' Yet such a definer arose in the disciple of Warton, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who has distinguished himself in this idle controversy by his 'Observations on the Poetic Character of Pope;' and his recent pamphlet on 'The Invariable Principles of Poetry,' in reply to Mr. Campbell's masterly vindication of Pope. Mr. Bowles has adopted a system which terminates in an exclusion of a great poet from the highest order of poets.

How this wonderful operation has been carried on, it is of some importance to state—it is the history of the past, if Mr. Bowles triumphs; or the history of the future, should good sense and good taste return to Pope. It is said that the *subjects* of Pope are 'not poetical,' while 'in his *execution* none ever was superior.' This is demonstrated, by propositions 'connected and consecutive;' and on a particular self-triumph, Mr. Bowles adds,

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\* An unnatural civil war has often been renewed between the Drydenists and the Popists. Such parties originate in an undue undervaluing of the one for his deficiency in some eminent quality of the other, and not unfrequently from adverse tastes, with the concealed design to elevate their own favourite pursuit; too often perhaps have they been fomented by a baser principle. There are times when the populace become restless at the excellence to which they have been accustomed; and take a malicious delight to lower and overshadow an established genius, by a new successor and new tastes. The world of literature has been deeply infected with this madness. We have no doubt that Virgil was often vexed in his days by a parallel with Homer, and that the Homerists often exulted over the Virgilians. Modern Italy was long divided, and feuds as dreadful as those between two highland clans, were raised concerning the Petrarchists and the Chiabrerists. A perpetual skirmishing is carried on between the Ariostoists and the Tassoists; and we find, in Spence, a Tasso man ready to prove what the great Galileo declared, that 'Ariosto's poem may be compared to a melon field: you may meet with a very good thing here and there in it, but the whole is of very little value.'

'The reader will see in this statement, a *general proposition connected with its illustrations*;' the critic comes armed at all points; he strikes with 'the inevitable inference' of a syllogism, or arrays before Mr. Campbell a whole line of cuirassiers in a Q. E. D.! It is not, however, for the logic which he deems so conclusive in demonstrating Pope to have been no great poet, that we quarrel with Mr. Bowles, but for a kind of mysticism in the language of his criticism, nebulous as the dreams of a Muggletonian or a Swedenburghian. It is however but doing Mr. Bowles justice to acknowledge, that he has taken the greatest pains imaginable to make himself understood; 'I beseech you,' he says to Mr. Campbell, 'not to ask whether I *mean* this or that, for I think you must now understand *what I do mean*.' Indeed as Mr. Bowles advances, or retrogrades, he has explained every thing—and he merits to be himself explained. There are three hundred terms in the glossary of the Kantian transcendental philosophy, all which are to be understood as Mr. Kant chuses, but as the world has never chosen; so that it is not always easy to comprehend what, if intelligible, would be very good *de se*. Take for instance, Mr. Bowles's admirable explanation of the term *execution*, a quality in which he acknowledges Pope excelled. 'By EXECUTION, I mean not only the colours of expression, but the design, the contrast of light and shade, the masterly management, the judicious disposition, and, in short, *every thing* that gives to A GREAT SUBJECT, *relief, interest, and animation*.' While the reader admires the clearness of these ideas, and the perspicuity of the style, he may be surprised to be told, that so much excellence after all, only describes a poet, whose subjects were not 'INTRINSICALLY poetical.' To us indeed, Mr. Bowles's term of *execution* remains still a mystery as occult as any in alchemy; and doubtless as profitable for the furtherance of the *grand œuvre*. But what are we not told of 'Nature!' What chimes and changes has not the delighted critic rung on 'Nature,' on 'General Nature,' on 'External Nature,' and on 'Moral Nature'—and so on! 'Nature' is a critical term, which the Bowleses have been explaining for more than two thousand years—and they still throw us into that nervous agitation of spirits which always arises when we sit down to our favourite studies of squaring the circle, or beginning the perpetual motion.

Mr. Bowles opens his 'Observations on the poetic character of Pope' with two regular propositions; that 'images drawn from what is beautiful and sublime in *nature* are MORE *poetical* than images drawn from *art*,' and that 'the *passions* are MORE adapted to poetry than the *manners*.' Mr. Campbell judges that 'the exquisite description of *artificial objects and manners* is NO LESS characteristic

*characteristic of genius* than the description of *simple physical appearances.*' It is clear to us that a theory, which frequently admitting every thing the votary of Pope could desire to substantiate the high genius of his master, yet terminates in excluding the poet from 'the highest order of poets,' must involve some fallacy; and this we presume we have discovered in the absurd attempt to raise 'a criterion of poetical talents.' Such an artificial test is repugnant to the man of taste who can take enlarged views, and to the experience of the true critic. In the contrast of human tempers and habits, in the changes of circumstances in society, and the consequent mutations of tastes, the objects of poetry may be different in different periods; pre-eminent genius obtains its purpose by its adaptation to this eternal variety; and on this principle, if we would justly appreciate the creative faculty, we cannot see why Pope should not class, at least in file, with Dante, or Milton. It is probable that Pope could not have produced an '*Inferno*,' or a '*Paradise Lost*,' for his invention was elsewhere: but it is equally probable that Dante and Milton, with their cast of mind, could not have so exquisitely touched the refined gaiety of '*the Rape of the Lock*.'

It has frequently been attempted to raise up such arbitrary standards and such narrowing theories of art; and these 'criteria' and 'invariable principles' have usually been drawn from the habitual practices and individual tastes of the framers; they are a sort of concealed egotism, a stratagem of self-love. When Mr. Bowles informs us that one of the *essential* qualities of a poet 'is to have *an eye attentive to and familiar with*,' (for so he strengthens his canons of criticism) 'every external appearance of nature, every change of season, every variation of light and shade, every rock, every tree, every leaf, every diversity of hue, &c.:' we all know who the poet is that Mr. Bowles so fondly describes. 'Here, Pope,' he adds, 'from infirmities and from physical causes was particularly deficient.' In *artificial* life, 'he perfectly succeeded;' how minute in his description when he describes what he is master of! for instance, the game of ombre in the *Rape of the Lock*.—If he had been gifted with the same powers of observing *outward nature*, I have no doubt he would have exhibited as much accuracy in describing the appropriate beauties of the forest where he lived, as he was able to describe in a manner so novel and with colours so vivid a game of cards.' It happened, however, that Pope preferred *in-door* to *out-door* nature; but did this require inferior skill or less of the creative faculty than Mr. Bowles's *Nature*? In Pope's *artificial* life we discover a great deal of *nature*; and in Mr. Bowles's *nature*, or poetry, we find much that is *artificial*. On this absurd principle of definition and criterion, Mr. Wordsworth,

worth, who is often by genius so true a poet, is by his theory so mistaken a one. Darwin too ascertained that 'the invariable principle of poetry,' or, in his own words 'the essence of poetry, was picture.' This was a convenient principle for one whose solitary talent lay in the minute pencillings of his descriptions; and the idea was instantly adopted as being so consonant to nature, and to Alderman Boydell, that our author-painters now asserted that if the excellence of a poem consisted in forming a picture, the more perfect poetry would be painting itself:—in consequence of this 'invariable principle of poetry,' Mr. Shee, in his brilliant 'Rhymes on Art' declared that '*the narrative of an action is not comparable to the action itself before the eyes,*' and Barry ardently exclaimed, that '*painting is poetry realised!*' To detract from what itself is excellent, by parallels with another species of excellence, or by trying it by some arbitrary criterion, will ever terminate, as here, in false criticism and absurd depreciation.

We have frequently observed that *rural* editors and writers often incur the danger of effecting discoveries which are not novel, and are apt to imagine that they have completed their journey, when they have only proceeded as far as they were able to go. Plutarch long ago declared that an author should live in a great and populous city, which only could supply him with that abundance of books he requires, and with that traditional knowledge which floats in the memories of men of letters. Matters have by no means altered in this respect, for even at this day, there are some works, particularly an edition of Pope, which cannot properly be prepared in a country town.

Provincial authors too are liable to a sort of literary hypochondriasm, where they see nothing but the creation of a morbid fancy, a phantom in a dark room. To this we owe the wild speculations of Monboddo on the original state of human nature, and of Bryant on human language: hence too Blackwall, in his '*Court of Augustus,*' imagined that he had invented a new and beautiful manner of writing by describing the Roman affairs in the style of the *beau monde*; and we ourselves were acquainted with an honest curate, who, living at the extremity of a moor in Devonshire, passed his whole life in detecting all the discoveries in Bell's *Surgery*, in the modes by which Homer dispatched his numerous heroes. It is only on this principle that we can account for the injury inflicted on Pope by the strange proceedings of his last editor, who, having probably possessed himself of all the ravings of all the dunces on their arch-enemy, dwelt on them till their sinister influence operated on his imagination, and prompted him to hesitate, and suggest, and surmise away every amiable characteristic of the poet; and, incredible as it may appear, to accuse him of the contrary dispositions!

Solitary

Solitary attention strangely magnifies by its intensity. Had he rather, in these distempered moments, opened the window—fresh air and ‘rural sights’ might have thrown over every object the hue of truth and nature.

We find Pope aspired for ‘a sordid money-getting passion—for taking bribes to suppress satires—for the most rankling envy of Addison—for the worst of tempers—for duplicity and fickleness of opinion—for the grossest licentiousness.’ Will our readers now believe (what is really the case) that Pope was kind from his nature—that his heart was open at all times to the claims of his humbler friends—that he was adored by his intimates—that he could have no one to envy—and finally, that he was no lover of money?

The race of minor commentators pitch their notes to the key first set them. Johnson had observed that—‘the great topic of Pope’s ridicule is poverty. He seems (he says) to be of an opinion, not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing. In his letters and his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, some *hints of his opulence* are always to be found.’ This opinion of our great moralist appears somewhat tinged by his own early habits and misfortunes in life: the ridicule of the poverty of vulgar scribblers wants novelty, and indeed efficacy, as a preventive remedy; but Johnson, it is well known, was destitute of that sympathy of taste for ‘gardens and grottos’ which formed the sole delight of the poet, and, therefore, were not so much ‘*hints of his opulence*’ as the objects which his skill and his muse loved to decorate.

Pope’s paternal fortune was only the wreck of a moderate one, which his father, a conscientious Catholic, would not invest in the public funds of a government he could not uphold; and it was the want of money, chiefly to purchase books, as Pope tells us, which induced him to plunge into the translation of Homer. The truth is, he gained inconsiderable sums by his original poems; a circumstance which we were not made acquainted with till Mr. D’Israeli discovered ‘*Lintot’s Book of Accounts*.’\* The great bards of our times would indignantly spurn at the mean remuneration of three five-pound notes for the labour of two or three years, for such was the price of ‘*The Art of Criticism*,’ or, about double that sum for ‘*Windsor Forest*,’ or ‘*The Temple of Fame*.’ Yet Pope—we are transcribing the confession of one of his calumniators—when he was apprehensive that the contract made with Lintot, of his Homer, might end in his ruin, endeavoured to persuade him to think no more of it;—but the bookseller was more sagacious than the bard. It was this translation which secured his independence.

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\* See the Appendix to the first volume of ‘*Quarrels of Authors*.’

In a letter to Martha Blount, Pope incidentally declares that he was in no concern or haste to hear whether he gained or lost, by some lottery adventure; this simple passage calls down this rancorous observation from the commentator: 'Pope's *practice* was diametrically opposite to his *profession* here.' These words are set to the air which Mr. Bowles chaunts through the whole of his commentary. Whenever the poet expresses any amiable feeling, Mr. Bowles writes a note to inform us, that he *fears* that Pope's feelings were the *reverse* of what he *professed*.—This is the very black art of Criticism;—reading the Lord's Prayer backwards.—'He endeavoured to accumulate *wealth* by risking his *money* on all kinds of *securities*;' and we are referred for the heinous details to 'a state of his affairs' by his lawyer, where we find the 'all kinds of securities' to be simply bonds of different persons. Pope, a conscientious Catholic, like his father, had no other means of income than the interest which he derived from lending money to individuals: this was the general practice of the times, which gave occupation to a body of men now extinct, called Scriveners; and the inventory of Pope's lawyer only proves how small was the Poet's fortune. He lived on an annuity, and did not leave more than three thousand pounds; yet such is the contagion of calumny, however absurd, that we find Mr. Singer repeating the cuckoo-note, and reproaching the poet for being 'over solicitous to accumulate money, risking on all kinds of securities.'—p. 212. The truth is, that Pope was apt to be extremely negligent in all money concerns. Warburton tells us that when Craggs gave him some Southsea subscriptions, he was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. And the multiplied evidence of his domestic associates confirms the fact. 'Tis most certain that nobody ever loved money *so little* as my brother,' says Mrs. Racket, his sister-in-law. 'Mr. Pope's not being richer,' says Martha Blount, 'may be easily accounted for; *he never had any love for money*. If he was extravagant in any thing, it was in his grotto.' Again, 'He did not know any thing of the *value of money*; and his greatest delight was in doing good offices to his friends. I used to know by his particular vivacity and the pleasure that appeared in his face, when he came to town on such errands, or when he was employed on them, which was very often.' When his nephew refused a very handsome settlement in the West Indies, and said that fifty pounds a-year was all he wanted to make him happy, Pope, instead of using arguments to persuade him not to refuse so advantageous a proposal, immediately offered to settle that sum upon him. He refused a secret pension from Craggs; and though a carriage was necessary to him, he used to say that 'he had preserved his liberty without a coach.' Let us not forget too that when Savage was destitute and abandoned by every one,  
he

he lived on a pension punctually paid by his friend. So much for the *money-getting* Pope! Do commentators ever blush?

Mr. Bowles has unsparingly attacked Pope on the score of his quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montague: as we have something to contribute to the little that is known of this extraordinary woman, we shall take this opportunity to communicate it.

Lady Mary's was an eccentric path through life, and, from family motives, it was considered proper that it should remain a secret one; but in all such cases the family gains nothing, while the public loses a great deal:—What is matter of history is matter of instruction; and it is not a Lady Mary that we have lost, but a woman of genius, whose principles and conduct must provoke the inquiries, and receive the judgment of a tribunal that no author can elude.

Notwithstanding Mr. Dallaway's prefatory Memoirs, Lady Mary will only be known to posterity by a chance publication, (for such were her famous Turkish Letters,—the manuscript of which her family purchased with the intention to suppress,) and the more recent letters, which were reluctantly given up as an exchange for other family documents that had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relations, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope, and our literature could not have balanced the genius of a Madame de Sevigné with something more than her fascination. The greater part of her Epistolary Correspondence was destroyed by her mother; and what that good and gothic lady spared was suppressed by that hereditary austerity of rank of which her family was too susceptible. It was no deficiency in application which prevented Lady Mary from ranking among the first of our female writers. Early in life she had translated the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus; and even to her latest days literature formed her solitary enjoyment; for in truth the gay, the witty, and if it must be, the intriguing Lady Mary, was, by taste and habit, a learned woman, a literary recluse. It required a philosophical spirit to meditate on the Turkish villagers' 'engrafting'; a patriotic ardour to appropriate the discovery for her own country, and a heroism which

—'the little terrors of her sex

Despising, by maternal fondness swayed,

Yet bold, where confidence had stable ground,'

realized one of the most splendid triumphs in medical science, and proved it on her only son!

There is a veil over the life of this extraordinary woman, and who now can lift it, or decide whether this expatriated female was a criminal driven from home, or withdrew herself indignantly? The passions of Lady Mary were probably never vehement; but she was, unhappily, 'that dangerous thing, a female wit;' and there

was



was a deadly bitterness in her honey, as if, like the bees of Xenophon,\* she had fed solely on lupine flowers. Her very admirers ceased to be her friends. She separated herself from her husband, her daughter, and her country;—yet in that distant seclusion, the domestic ties were at no time entirely broken between any of the parties.

It was probably for herself, as much as for her country-women, that Lady Mary appears to have drawn up an extraordinary project, with which, if printed, we are unacquainted. We find this account of it in Spence, to whom Lady Mary speaks.

‘It was from the customs of the Turks that I first thought of a *septennial bill for the benefit of married persons*, and of the advantages that might arise from our wives having no portions.’

On this Spence observes ‘That Lady’s *little treatise* upon these two subjects is very prettily written, and has very uncommon arguments in it. She is very strenuous for both these tenets. That every married person should have the liberty of declaring, *every seventh year*, whether they choose to continue to live together in that state for another seven years or not; and she also argues, that if women had nothing but their own good qualities and merit to recommend them, it would make them more virtuous, and their husbands more happy, than in the present marketing way among us. She seems very earnest and serious on the subject, and wishes the legislature would take it under their consideration, and regulate those two points by her system.’

It seems that Lady Mary, in adopting from the Turks this ‘*septennial bill for the relief of the married*,’ imagined the gift might prove as universally salutary, as the national ‘*grafting*’ she had so happily introduced; but it is not clear to us, that, where the constitutional habits are radically bad, a fresh inoculation of a new husband, or a new wife, will improve the general system. In regard to herself, her union was not fortunate; and was made with the same contempt of discretion which she appears to have frequently carried into the affairs of life: she chose a husband one morning from a freak, and merely to put an end to a month’s vacillations.

‘I always desired,’ says Spence, in a letter to his mother from Rome, ‘to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were often together in London; soon after we came to this place, her Ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet. She is all irregularity and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world, “all things by turns and nothing long.”—She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom which travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought, as the month before she was married; she never

\* See the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first, that is to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding ring, and *scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley.*'

Mr. Wortley Montague was a gentleman of moderate capacity, with a good deal of phlegm in his constitution. We once saw a manuscript speech which he delivered in the House, and which he must have held with his hat before it while he spoke;—and we recollect certain notable hints which the orator had carefully arranged along the margin; such as—'pause for a minute'—'cough'—'look round'—'slow'—'loud,' &c. Of a genius so tame and mechanical we can form no very exalted notion either as a patriot, or as a husband for Lady Mary, and suspect that if 'she had scuttled away to be married' to the man of her father's choice, she would have stood a better chance for happiness.

Lady Wortley Montague owed nothing to the elementary aid of any tutor, which is contrary to Mr. Dallaway's assertion, that she had the same preceptors as her brother. She appears, with all her knowledge of languages, self-educated; and what is still more singular, she contrived to conceal from common observers the knowledge she was so sedulous to acquire; and, while she was daily labouring for five or six hours in her father's library, had the art of disseminating the notion, that she 'was reading nothing but novels and romances.' We smile at finding Lady Oxford reproaching the wretched taste of Lady Mary in these things: 'I wonder,' she said, 'how any body can find pleasure in reading the books which are that lady's chief favourites. There is no imitation of nature in the characters, and without that how is it possible for any thing to please?' Lady Oxford alluded to the Princess of Cleves, and the sentimental-heroic romances of that school; but she was not in her friend's secret.

'When I was young (says Lady Mary) I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of *stealing* the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I studied five or six hours a day, for two years, in my father's library, and so got that language, whilst every body else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances.'

We once had the pleasure of perusing several unpublished letters of Lady Mary, which gave us some insight into her habits of life in Italy. She admitted the occasional visits of a few Marchesas and Contessas, whose follies she unsparingly lashed: they looked upon

upon her, amidst her studies, as a sort of Sybil, to whom they confided their secrets, for the sake of her prophesying; and it was always in her power to disturb the jealous, to mortify the envious, and to chastise the malignant. She has painted the group to the life. In one of those letters she declares that she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years: there are men of great learning who have not studied more. Some of the documents perplexed us; we could not decide whether they related to the secrets of the cabinet or the boudoir; whether they described a conference with a minister of state, or the adventures of a minister of love. Her printed letters shew that she offered Sir Robert Walpole her services, in the way of political intelligence. 'I believe,' she says, 'he imagined I wanted some gratification, and only sent me cold thanks.' Her diplomatic capacity was assisted by the charms of her person and conversation;—'having always had the good fortune,' she writes to her husband, 'of a sort of intimacy with the first persons in the governments where I resided, and they not guarding themselves against the observations of a woman, as they would have done from those of a man.' It happened sometimes (we suspect) that in cutting her knots her ladyship cut her fingers; a circumstance of this nature is no doubt alluded to in a manuscript letter now before us, from General Grahame to Count Algarotti, dated from Venice, Dec. 1756. She seems to have been under some confinement.—'Lady Mary is at liberty, lives at Padua, and I fancy intends to call Count Palazzi to account. I do not know the tenth part of her history there, but she began to hint it to me when last here. She is more ashamed, I believe, for passing for a dupe in the eye of the public, than she is for passing for a woman of gallantry.'

One circumstance Lady Mary never touched on without some tenderness, though it usually closed with suppressed indignation;—the irregularities of that solecism in human nature, her son, Edward Wortley Montague. Among her printed letters is one addressed to Mr. Wortley, dated Brescia, May 24, 1748, where the reader will find a blank name, which he may confidently fill up with that of her son. One remarkable fact we recollect in the manuscript letters to which we alluded. At Vevay, going different roads, she crossed her son. They had not seen each other for many years, and now they met at a small town in a foreign country: they put up at opposite inns; they passed a day there; and they drove out of the town in opposite directions—without an interview! for which the mother was anxiously watching. The character she gave of him was impressive—'a miserable compound of levity and villainy.'

We must not dismiss Lady Mary without a word on her quarrel with Pope.

There is a distich on 'Sappho, too indelicate to transcribe, but as well known as any lines in Pope, which Mr. Bowles has decidedly applied to Lady Mary; and Mr. Dallaway, to prove the *unity* of Mr. Pope's Sapphos, (for he mentions this name several times,) has pressed his statements into a formidable syllogism. But since we can prove that Pope had appropriately applied the name of Sappho to Mrs. Thomas, the mistress of the antiquated beau Cromwell, it is by no means certain, that the distich in question relates to Lady Mary. We do not believe in 'the unity' of all Pope's Sapphos, and must resist the conclusion, however logical, of Mr. Dallaway; for a fictitious name may be resumed, which originally had been applied to another person; and, 'the Sappho who read Locke,' &c. (which certainly describes Lady Mary, who, by more accounts than one, was not very delicate in her habits) may have no connexion with the 'Sappho,' whose 'love and hate' are so remarkably noticed in the offensive distich. This point is not important to us; but the history of Lady Mary and Pope would form a memorable illustration of the whole art of coquetry.

'Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,  
And liked that dangerous thing 'a female wit.'

In his letters to her ladyship, the stages of his erotic fever may be noted by the statements of the patient himself; perhaps it was at its height when, in speaking of 'the congeniality of their minds,' the tormented poet put his case to her hypothetically, 'if she can overlook a wretched body.'—We conjecture that this was the precise moment when a rude burst of laughter awoke him from the 'Paradise of fools;' Pope, who was not made for love, had the weakness to imagine that love was made for him; the case is not rare among the 'imaginative' race, who are credulous of the omnipotence of genius over the sex; and his early domestic life was embittered by the tantalizing partiality of Lady Mary, as it was afterwards by the heartless indifference of Martha Blount. Mr. Bowles ingeniously conjectures that the desolated feelings of Eloisa were the echo of his own, from his unhappy attachment to the 'too witty' Lady Mary; and indeed, some of the most tender and elegant verses Pope ever composed were addressed to her; such, however, was his vindictive anger, that he preferred suppressing to publishing them with her name:—they are only to be found correct in Mr. Bowles's edition; and we advise the curious reader to compare them with the fragment in Warton, that he may observe the delicacy of correction which Pope so skilfully practised. Their close is exquisite.

'What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,  
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,

But

But soft recesses of uneasy minds  
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?  
So the struck deer, in some sequestered part,  
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,  
And stretched, unseen, in coverts hid from day,  
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

The most elaborate charge Mr. Bowles has urged against Pope relates to his conduct towards Addison,—and indeed his lengthened note on the famous character of Atticus is a formal defence of the latter—resting on hypothetical reasonings. And this is our grievance, that Mr. Bowles, who is a poet and no commentator, pours out his invention on old facts, and never discovers new ones. He asserts that ‘Pope’s eye was jaundiced and saw every thing in his imagination that he attributed to Addison, and that his character, compared to Addison’s, was perhaps, as Johnson might say, like tortuosity opposed to rectitude.’ We own we have read this passage with strong indignation, because we believe it to be scandalously unjust; and since we have seen the poet thus trodden down by his commentator, it behoves us to abate his triumph.

Our readers, we presume, are sufficiently acquainted with the particulars of the quarrel between Pope and Addison. The main point to ascertain is, whether Addison was jealous of Pope’s rising celebrity, and whether the suspicions of Pope were ill-founded, and his conduct, in consequence, unjust towards Addison; or, to adopt Mr. Bowles’s words, was there ‘any tortuosity in Addison’s rectitude?’

One thing at least is clear; if jealousy, that infirmity of genius, existed between the parties, it could not be on the side of Pope: Addison’s true fame rests on his Spectators; and Pope never, for an instant, could contemplate a rival in the verse of Addison. With respect to the translation called Tickell’s Homer, Mr. Bowles infers that Addison ‘could not be the author of it, from being incapable of writing such verses;’ yet was the writer of the ‘Letter from Italy,’ and the ‘Campaign,’ of a classical vein. But Mr. Bowles was not aware that the foible of this elegant genius was his poetry, and that he was most fretful and jealous about his character as a poet. We find in Spence, ‘Addison seems to value himself more upon his poetry than his prose, though he wrote the latter with such particular ease, fluency, and happiness.’ It is indeed Pope who speaks, who, however, is never unjust to Addison, whom he greatly admired.—To return, however, to the rival translation—abundance of circumstantial evidence has been given to prove that Addison was the author; but positive evidence exists, that the copy sent to the press was in Tickell’s hand-writing, much corrected and interlined by Addison: so that, though Mr. Bowles concludes that

he was incapable of writing it, it is ascertained that he was capable of correcting it.

The most remarkable incident in the quarrel between Pope and Addison is the interview which took place between them, by the interference of mutual friends—Pope discovers his warm irascible spirit, but with an openness which did not appear in the colder temper and the stifled anger of Addison. The narrative, Mr. Bowles suspects, may have come from Pope; its internal evidence at least stamps its authenticity. To suppose that Pope deliberately forged these circumstances, we must first make up our minds to think him one of the most infamous of men; and till we can do that, the probability is that he did not invent dialogue, gesture, and incident. Mr. Bowles, indeed, at the close of his defence of Addison, seems not to have felt the same conviction of Pope's guilt, as at its opening; for he limps off by observing, that '*Pope possibly may have been right in his judgment, but Addison ought not to be condemned on the ex-parte evidence of Pope.*' We can now offer Mr. Bowles more positive evidence of the hostile feelings of Addison towards Pope, by contemporaries, speaking from their own observation. Dean Lockier, an exquisite judge and observer of his own times, told Spence that '*Pope's character of Addison was one of the truest, as well as one of the best things, he ever wrote; Addison deserved that character the most of any man.*' Steele confirmed it, in some degree, to Mr. Chute, who observes, from '*what Sir Richard dropt in various conversations, it seems to have been but too true.*' Dr. Leigh told Spence a fact which his friend witnessed, and which shews the fidgetings of petty jealousy:—'*Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and was very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the poems of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's; and a gentleman in company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by? Jacob immediately named Milton's Paradise Lost.*' Old Tonson told Spence that '*Addison was so eager to be the first name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down even Dryden's character as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it.*' Cibber confirmed to Spence '*Addison's character of bearing no rival, and enduring none but flatterers; and said that he translated the greater part of the first book of the Iliad, published as Tickell's, and put it forth with a design to have over-set Pope's.*' Mr. Bowles cannot urge that these are *ex-parte* evidences. On the whole, when we reflect that Pope, from early life, had looked up to Addison as his protector, and his superior, in age  
and



and character; that he zealously performed many kind offices for his friend; that he even suppressed a satire which Gay had written against him; we conclude by believing, in opposition to Mr. Bowles's opinion, what he told Spence:—'Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterwards.' The whole of Pope's conduct was noble and generous; he gave to Addison his fine Epistle on Medals, and his prologue to Cato; he spared his feelings more than once, and stepped forwards in his defence upon all occasions.

Rowe, the tragic poet, was a delightful laughing creature, and Pope always considered him as a charming companion; but he mistook the gaiety of disposition for *comic genius*: his comedy was a total failure, yet it delighted the author, who, while the audience were unanimously condemning the piece, was vehemently laughing at his own jests. Pope repeated to Spence this ludicrous distich, (to us wretched enough,) which Rowe made on Frowd when he was writing his tragedy of Cinna.

Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin-a,  
For he can now do nothing else but Cin—na.

On which Spence, who knew nothing of the *personal character* of the tragic bard, observed, 'I thought Rowe had been *too grave* to write such things.' 'He!' replied Pope, 'why he would *laugh* all day long! he would do nothing else but laugh!' This perfectly agrees with what Pope writes to his friend Blount. 'I am just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how a man of his taste entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a *vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him*, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures.' This apparent singularity in the tragic bard is not unusual in the poetical character; and it may be added as another illustration to Mr. D'Israeli's chapter on the Literary Character.

On the subject of Rowe, Pope has most unjustly incurred from Mr. Bowles the odium of 'sparing neither friend nor foe,' by 'declaring that Rowe had no heart;' and poor Spence is anathematized for what he stands quite innocent of. Warton, in his note on Rowe's epitaph by Pope, quotes an anecdote as transcribed from Spence, where, however, it will not be found; it came from Warburton, and is in Ruffhead's Life of the poet. When Addison had estranged himself from Rowe, who felt the loss of such a friend severely, Pope kindly took the opportunity of Addison's promotion to renew their old acquaintance, and mentioned Rowe's regret at his displeasure, and satisfaction at his good fortune, which he believed sincere. Addison replied, 'I do not suspect that he feigned; but



the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner if he heard I was going to be hanged. Mr. Pope said he could not deny that Mr. Addison understood Rowe well. At this Warton expresses his astonishment: 'Pope! who it was always understood had a sincere regard for Rowe;' and Mr. Bowles pours his indignation on Spence for telling what Pope said. In this cause Spence must be instantly discharged; for he proves a clear *alibi*. Mr. Bowles's denouement we have already given; it is thus continued.—'It makes the heart almost sick to think how often Pope has *altered his tone*, and that the BEST MAN in the world with him, one moment, has afterwards NO HEART! Poor Rowe is the man whose amiable disposition and warm feelings Pope so eloquently described in his letters. But I am weary of contemplating *this part of Pope's character*.'

Mr. Bowles has often hinted that the accounts we receive concerning persons and circumstances come from Pope himself, and must be considered as *ex-parte* evidence; he has particularly urged this point in his defence of Addison. In the present case we have not to defend the veracity of the poet; indeed, there is strong circumstantial evidence in the expression, that 'Rowe had no heart,' to prove that it was Addison's; for we find in Spence that it was his favourite expression—just as *it makes the heart sick* is Mr. Bowles's. 'On Parnell's having been introduced into Lord Bolingbroke's company, and speaking afterwards of the great pleasure he had in his conversation, *Mr. Addison came out with his usual expression, "If he had as good a heart as he had a head."*' Pope, therefore, can only incur the odium so uncandidly attached to him, by having agreed in opinion with Addison, on the *natural character* of Rowe. And why should he not agree with him? Rowe was, in the mind of Pope, the same delightful, gay, laughing companion as ever; and such tempers often turn about with that levity of feeling which Addison so justly remarked, and Pope so frankly allowed. There are many of 'the best men in the world,' using the phrase according to its current value, who, like Rowe, may be declared to have 'no heart;' their feelings are too rapid and vivacious to mix with profound impressions and acute sympathies.

When the exquisitely finished *ATOSSA* of Pope was read to the Duchess of Marlborough as the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham, she instantly recognised herself, and broke out into one of her raging fits. Joseph Warton says, 'she abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress *this portrait*, which he accepted, *it is said*, by the persuasion of Martha Blount; and after the Duchess's death it was printed in 1746. This is the greatest blemish in our poet's moral character.'

raeter.' On this Mr. Bowles eagerly cries out, 'A blemish! call it rather, if it be true, the most shameful desertion of *every thing that was manly and honourable.*' This grievous charge has been since implicitly received; and thus are calumnies registered by one generation to be stamped with authenticity by another! On inquiry, however, it will be found that the whole rests on the solitary evidence of Horace Walpole. We are far from attributing intentional falsehood to Walpole, though he was no friend to Pope; a story should however be authenticated before it is sent down to posterity. We find the following in Spence:—

'Mr. Pope was offered a *very considerable sum* by the Duchess of Marlborough, if he would have inserted a *good character of the duke*,—and he absolutely refused it.'

Martha Blount's *persuasion* was artfully introduced into Walpole's report\* to give a colourable pretext for the dishonourable conduct of a man, whose moral integrity seems to us quite pure. Pope was proud of his independence, and has said of himself, as we find in Spence—'If I should be a good poet, there is one thing I value myself upon, and which can scarce be said of any of our good poets; and that is, that I have never flattered any man, *nor ever received any thing of any man for my verses.*' Lest, however, Mr. Bowles should exclaim, as he has more than once, 'You have only Pope's own words; and his practice was the reverse of his *professions*;' we subjoin a remarkable fact, which Spence tells us that he had not only from Warburton, but from others who knew both Mr. Pope and Alderman Barber very well:—'Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money in the whole course of his writing. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in his desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness. And when the Alderman died he left him a legacy only of a hundred pounds, which might have been *some thousands* if he had obliged him only

\* Lord Orford derived his secret information (which has been so eagerly perpetuated by Pope's editors) from one of those printed lies of the day, which can be of no authority to the literary historian. Such as we find it, however, we present it to the reader. The character of *Atossa* was printed in a single sheet, in 1746, with this title: '*Verses upon the late D—— as of M—— by Mr. P.*' Printed for W. Webb, near St. Paul's, 1746: Price sixpence.' On the back, we discover this precious anecdote, which, no doubt, assisted to secure the sixpence demanded, as much as the poem itself. 'These verses are part of a poem entitled "*Characters of Women*," It is *generally said* the D—— as gave Mr. P. 1000*l.* to suppress them. He took the money, yet the world sees the verses; but this is not the first instance where Mr. P.'s practised virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings.'

with

with a *couplet*. This 'money-getting' poet preferred commemorating the Man of Ross, whom he never saw, for nothing, to the Alderman, whom he well knew, for thousands! With such feelings, can we imagine that the same man could be capable of 'the most shameful dereliction of every thing that was manly and honourable?' The moral evidence is entirely in Pope's favour; for he whose principles would not allow him to accept 'a considerable sum to insert a good character of the Duke, would hardly have taken a thousand pounds to suppress a bad one of the Duchess. Pope spared the personal feelings of the Duchess during her life; but he was perfectly free after her death, (for what concerns the dead is matter of history,) not to suffer the world, nor his own fame to lose, in his 'Characters of Women,' the most spirited and striking of his portraits.

We believe that Pope received no thousand pounds to suppress the 'Atossa.' If ever he did for suppressing the Duke's own character, he cannot at least be charged with having violated the compact; for unfortunately he has deprived us of it. Something of this kind he had evidently intended to introduce into the fourth epistle of the Essay on Man; where we find an allusion to it. '*I have omitted*,' he says, '*a character, though I thought it one of the best I had ever written, of a very great man, who had every thing from without to make him happy, and yet was very miserable, from the want of virtue in his own heart.*' Spence adds, 'though he did not say *who* this was, it seemed to have been that of the Duke of Marlborough.'

We have already exceeded any just limits which we can assign to the defence of our great poet; but much yet remains to be said—for without following Mr. Bowles, step by step, how can the sly insinuation, the obscure hint, the damning fact anxiously recorded, (but—excess of candour!—with a faint admission that it may not be true,) be rebutted? It did not become a man, whose personal virtues are acknowledged, to aggravate common infirmities into viciousness, and to tear away the veil from the sanctities of domestic life. We should grieve to incur the displeasure of Mr. Bowles; but we cannot at once sacrifice Truth and Pope; and the commentator ought to thank our delicacy for not dwelling on the indecency of some of his notes.

Mr. Bowles, we suspect, does not love criticism. 'If I had written,' he says, 'half what is attributed to me in *criticism*, I might well take to myself,

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;

Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.'

It is certain that Mr. Bowles is no 'plain fool;' the attempt to degrade Pope, as his EDITOR, has always appeared to us, rather as a calamity.

calamity. Mr. Bowles has more than once complained, that his critics will not understand him as he wishes to be understood; we have seen how pathetically he asks Mr. Campbell to comprehend him; and he has afforded us an anecdote of exquisite *naïveté*, which passed between himself and Lord Byron. It is characteristic!

“Soon after Lord Byron had published his vigorous satire called “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” in which alas! *pars magna fui*, I met his Lordship at our common friend’s house, the author of “The Pleasures of Memory,” and the still more beautiful poem, “Human Life.” As the rest of the company were going into another room, I said I wished to speak one word to his Lordship. He came back with much apparent courtesy. I then said to him, in a tone of seriousness, but that of perfectly good humour, “My Lord, I should not have thought of making any observations on whatever you might be pleased to give to the world as your opinion of any part of my writings; but I think if I can shew that you have done me a palpable and public wrong, by charging me with having written what I never wrote, or thought of, your own principles of justice will not allow the impression to remain.” I then spoke of a particular couplet which he had introduced into his satire—

“Thy woods, Madeira, trembled with a kiss.”—BYRON.  
and taking down the POEM, which WAS AT HAND, I pointed out the passage, &c.

Euge! the plot was well laid, and the scene not ill got up.

“I am not conscious,” says Mr. Bowles, “of exaggerating a single fault in the life of Pope. Shew me a single charge, advanced without foundation, and I shall be as happy to retract it, as any of Pope’s warmest admirers.” *Nous verrons.*

“If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first  
Have foil’d the best of critics, needs the worst,  
Do thou essay—  
Let all the scandal of a former age  
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o’er thy page;  
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,  
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;  
Write as if St. John’s soul could still inspire,  
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.”

Johnson regretted that he could not supply the early personal history of Pope, as connected with his poetical character. “Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence.” We shall now shew that the most extraordinary period of Pope’s life was the first twenty years, as Johnson surmised. Mr. Bowles, indeed has fixed on these innocent years as the ground-work of an hypothesis as ungenerous as it is unjust. On the well-known incident of Pope’s father encouraging his boy’s ‘Rhimes,’ and those rhimes

rhimes afterwards finding other friends, more skilful critics than the retired merchant, he thus declaims—'Pope being *tenderly brought up*, was *through life impatient of contradiction*, scarcely brooked a dissenting voice, and having been fostered by *early patronage*, lived afterwards in the sunshine of flattery. The same disposition that made him *vain*, would in other circumstances have caused depression.' Such is the discovery of Mr. Bowles! It is, however, an inference deduced from no fact; and as it comes from an *original mistake*, it could not but end in all the fallacy which has flowed from it. Hypothesis against hypothesis, and we scruple not to affirm that in the bright catalogue of genius, no name should stand more prominent than that of Pope, one of the most *modest*, the most *timid*, the most laborious, the most earnest of knowledge, of all our poets.

On Pope's 'defective education,' and his 'desultory studies,' Mr. Bowles has said too much for one who came to the subject with so little information; and in exulting over the poet, who had not the happiness of an academical life, for which he was well adapted, he seems to have indulged in a sort of splenetic pleasure. Pope's own opinion merits attention.

'Mr. Pope thought himself the better, in some respects, for *not having had a regular education*. He has, he observed in particular, read originally for the sense, whereas we are taught so many years to read only for words.—As I had a vast memory (Pope speaks), and was sickly, and so full of application, had I chanced to have been of the religion of the country I was born in, and bred at the usual places of education, I should have probably written something on that subject, and against the methods used there, and I believe I might have been more useful that way than any other.'

What Pope *might have written* has perhaps reached us from Gray and from Gibbon; no thought of genius is eventually lost; if it is not given by one, it will probably occur to another. When Gibbon observed that 'offices and salaries which had become useless ought without delay to be abolished,' we deem that the greater wisdom has operated in maintaining those established institutions—by rendering them effective; the spirit of the age has of itself abolished wall-lectures and inefficient professorships, and the lethargy of office has been thrown off by the excitement of public regard. The greatest and the safest of reformers is Time.

A few illustrious writers have indeed profited by the multiplied conveniences afforded by our literary age, and their solitary studies have largely supplied the discipline of an university. In this honourable class, Pope ranks among the foremost; and his example, while it offers an interesting view of the force of application, may serve to demonstrate that a *regular education* is a royal road compared with

with that to which ill fortune has consigned many of the sons of genius.

Brought up amidst a family the most illiterate and narrow-minded, and confessors converted into tutors, so incompetent to supply the wants of their pupil that 'he was always losing with his last masters what little he had got under the first;' 'I took,' he says, 'when I had done with my priests,' (he had had four) 'to reading by myself, for which I had very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself, and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the poets I read, rather than read the book to get the language. I followed anywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life.'

An intelligent inmate has given a general view of his early efforts. 'He set to learning Latin and Greek by himself, about twelve, and when he was about fifteen, he resolved that he would go to London and learn French and Italian. We in the family looked upon it as a *wildish sort of resolution*; for as his health would not let him travel, we could not see any reason for it. He stuck to it, went thither, and mastered both these languages with a surprising dispatch. Almost every thing of this kind was of his own acquiring. He had masters indeed, but they were very indifferent ones, and what he got was almost entirely owing to his own unassisted industry.'

But Pope set himself a task far severer than the acquisition of learning.—'I was SEVEN YEARS UNLEARNING what I had got, from about twenty to twenty-seven.' This noviciate was the solemn work of lonely enthusiasm; and seems to have produced a slight perturbation of the faculties. 'To *spea*k plain with you,' says Mrs. Racket, 'you know that my brother has a *maddish way with him*.' On this Spence observes, that 'little people mistook the scope of his genius for madness.'—And Rag Smith shrewdly surmised,—'I gad that young fellow will either be a madman, or make a very great poet. Pope was then in his fourteenth year.

At length, Pope partook of a calamity not uncommon in the family of genius, and fell into that state of exhaustion, which Smollett once experienced during half a year, of a *Coma Vigil*; an affection of the brain, where the principle of life is so reduced that all external objects appear to be passing in a dream; a sort of torpid indistinct existence. This curious circumstance is related by Spence.

'His perpetual application (after he set to study of himself), reduced him in four years to so bad a state of health, that after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper,  
and



and set down calmly, in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends, and among the rest one to the Abbé Southcot. The Abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hopes, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down to Mr. Pope, in Windsor Forest.\* The chief thing the doctor ordered him, was to apply less, and to ride every day; the following his advice soon restored him to his health.

Connected with the circumstance of his wretched tutors, we discover an important fact relating to his poetic character. Those who deny his originality appeal to his first productions as proofs of the penury of his genius; they are all *imitations* and *translations*. Warburton, as if to parry the charge, observes 'It is perhaps singularly remarkable in Mr. Pope, that his judgment was stronger than his imagination when he was young, witness his Pastorals, Windsor Forest, and Essay on Criticism, &c. and his imagination stronger than his judgment when he grew old, and produced the Essay on Man.' This see-saw play of the faculties is an idle dream. We know from better authority than the critic's, that the youthful bard once *wandered in fancy's maze*; and though it was *not long*, yet other causes than a subordination of imagination to judgment drew him from it. He had designed several subjects of pure fancy, (a sort of Lalla Rookh,) after reading the Persian Tales, 'in which,' says he, 'I should have given a full loose to description and imagination. It would have been a very wild thing if I had executed it, but might not have been unentertaining:—but other things came in my way, and took me off from it.' Of much of this Warburton could not be ignorant; but he indulged that vicious delight of thinking what his author never thought, and hypothetically describing what never happened. The fact stated by Pope himself accounts for the circumstance noticed above, without the interposition of the commentator's 'remarkable singularity.'

'My first taking to *imitating* (he says) was not out of vanity

\* It is proper to add, as one of the instances of Pope's tender recollection of his friends, one of his most active virtues through life, that he never forgot this providential interposition of the Abbé Southcot, and twenty years afterwards, when in conversation, he 'heard of a vacant abbey in the most delightful part of France, which would be a most desirable establishment for Father Southcot, he took no further notice of the matter on the spot; but sent a letter the next morning to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had then some degree of friendship, and begged him to write a letter to Cardinal Fleury to get the abbey for Southcot.—Southcot was made abbot.' This is perhaps the only time that the prime minister of England wrote to the prime minister of France, to promote a poor Catholic priest:—nothing short of the ardent and affectionate feelings of Pope could have suggested the project; nor could any thing but the regard due to his genius, have influenced Sir Robert to move in such a business.

but



but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others.' It was this circumstance that gave Pope, says Spence, 'the greatest compass in *imitating styles* that I ever knew in any man; and he had this partly from his *method of instructing himself after he was out of the hands of his bad masters, which was at first wholly by IMITATION.*' Pope's first epic poem, *Alcander*, was a curious imitation-piece: 'I endeavoured,' said he, smiling, 'in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece; there was Milton's style in one part and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser was imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian.'

The precocity of intellect displayed in the *Essay on Criticism*, a work replete with such various knowledge of men and books, has often excited surprise. The truth is, that our young poet composed the *Art of Criticism* to teach himself the *Art of Writing*; it was done in what he calls 'his hard reading period,' and was designed to treasure up the great principles of criticism which he had acquired from the 'best critics,' during his severe noviciate. Lady Mary's observation on it, which we find in Spence, is as flippant as it is absurd: 'I admired,' she says, 'Mr. Pope's *Essay of Criticism* at first very much, because I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen.' This has quite the air of our fashionable criticism, that of judging an author by qualities independent of those he may eminently possess, or his subject require. It was authority and experience, not invention and imagination, which conferred such value on the judgment that promulgated the laws of criticism.

From constitutional delicacy the habits of Pope were sedentary; and, thrown back on himself, he was often compelled to convert his studies into his amusements. It perhaps may surprise some to be told that he was singularly skilful in Roman antiquities. The reason he has given for having applied to this study embraces every pursuit of curious knowledge. There is no one study (he observed) that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.—One present added 'how true, of even so dry a one as that of antiquity!'—'Yes,' replied Pope, 'I have experienced that myself. I once got deep into Grævius, and was taken greatly with it; so far as to write a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grævius, on the old buildings of Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years.' This manuscript, with some others of Pope, we think we have seen in the Harleian Collection.

In the theory and the practice of the fine arts, in architecture—in painting—in drawing and design—in picturesque gardening—Pope was accomplished; and there are hints on those arts, which incidentally

incidentally dropped from him in conversation, that have been since adopted by the professors of them. On the art in which he supremely excelled, he delighted to communicate knowledge; his domestic life was indeed in more perfect unison with his poetical character than the life of most poets. With Pope the attention to poetry did not close with the day, nor would he trust even his chance-thoughts only to memory. We shall give a specimen of these communications, for young poets, who aspire to be read and not to be forgotten.

‘After writing a poem (said Pope) one should correct it all over *with one single view at a time*. Thus for language, if an elegy, “those lines are very good, but are they not of too heroical a strain?” And so *vice versa*. It appears very plain, from comparing parallel passages touched both in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, that Homer did this; and it is yet plainer that Virgil did so, from the *distinct styles* he uses in his three sorts of poems. It always answers him; and so constant an effect could not be the effect of chance.’

‘In *versification* there is a sensible difference between *softness* and *sweetness*, that *I could distinguish from a boy*. Thus on the same points Dryden will be found to be softer, and Waller sweeter. It is the same with Ovid and Virgil; and Virgil’s *Eclogues*, in particular, are the sweetest poems in the world.’ Blacklock observed, the *sweetness* of the verse seemed to depend upon the proper management of the pauses; *softness* on a proper intermixture of the vowels and consonants. When Pope says, that ‘there is a sweetness which is the distinguishing character of pastoral versification,’ he adds, ‘the *fourth* and *fifth* syllables and the *last but two* are chiefly to be minded, and *one must turn each line over in one’s head*, to try whether they go right or not.’

The care with which Pope finished his finest poems gave rise to the popular notion, that they were the slow products of a phlegmatic genius—an opinion we now discover to be false; they were written in heat, corrected at leisure, and judged by the utmost severity of time.

‘The things that I have written fastest have always pleased the most. I wrote the *Essay on Criticism* fast; for I had digested all the matters in prose, before I began upon it in verse. The *Rape of the Lock* was written fast; all the machinery was added afterwards; and the making that and what was published before hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment of any thing I ever did. I wrote most of the *Iliad* fast; a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there; and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed. The *Dunciad* cost me as much pains as any thing I ever wrote.’

Pope

Pope carried his art to such perfection, as far as poetry is an art, that the very excellence proved injurious to his poetical character; it inspired despair, and his baffled rivals fancied they had broken the provoking spell by declaring it to be *nothing but Art!* The correctness and delicacy of his taste, and the vigour of his judgment, the result rather than the act of reasoning; his poetic expression and his exquisite versification; those lines struck in his mint with such weighty truths that they circulated as the coin of the people, and are still proverbial; and his natural manner of thinking, too pure to admit of the false sublime, or the false beautiful—all was resolved by Curl and Dennis into 'a knack of rhiming!'

'Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite,  
To cacodæmons say, they're—devilish white!'

and we here find Lady Mary, in one of her cross humours with Pope, declaring that 'he wrote verses so well that he was in danger of bringing even good verses into disrepute by his all tune and no meaning.'

Some manuscript letters of two well-known contemporaries are now before us, which may amuse the reader. In one of them, Lord Hervey, whose affectation and effeminacy of taste spoiled an elegant mind, having been requested by Count Algarotti to send his opinions on our best English poets, has used a remarkable mode of criticism, by conveying it in the *postscript*. His Lordship evidently found himself in a great embarrassment.

'I forgot, in speaking of the *English poets*, to mention *Pope*—but you know my opinion of him is, that when other people think for him nobody writes better, and few people worse when he thinks for himself.'

The other is from Aaron Hill to his friend Mallet: it is marked with his usual quaintness and egotism, and presents a strange conflict of inclination and conviction, where truth stands miserably jammed in between the two. We can only afford room for a short extract.

'I was always grieved to find in *Mr. Pope*, too much of *Mr. Pope*. I love to start the man behind the covert of his sentiments, but can't endure that he should *poke himself*, at every turn, betwixt his readers and his subject. I am loth to be content with barren melody. A poet should be filled with greatness. He should tune his passions to more concord than his numbers, and inspire ideas which are amiable, compassionate, and manly—and yet these frailties charm too! and sometimes so powerfully by the magic of their expression, that we cannot, without pain, compel ourselves to see and own that there is *nothing but expression* in them.'

In a subsequent passage Hill tells his friend, that 'posterity will miss a social glow of sweetness, benevolence, &c. in his writings,' feelings which he finely describes, as 'spreading a poet out upon the ages that come after him.' We are now that posterity, and

more impartial judges than a contemporary who had seen his name in the *Dunciad*, (a circumstance that rankled in his mind to the last hour of his existence); and we can testify that no poet has left more frequent memorials of 'a social glow' than Pope; from the filial tenderness 'rocking the cradle of reposing age,' to the affectionate address to the Earl of Oxford in the Tower, where the melancholy melliflence of the numbers accords with the dignity of the patriot and the poet.—But, 'we find in Mr. Pope too much of Mr. Pope'—of his domestic amusements—his friends—his grotto—alas, to us these personalities are delightful. They give a 'local habitation' to the shade of the poet, and admit us into the privacy of friendship.

There remains one more point on which we would willingly say a few words before we conclude our remarks.

Pope had held a profitable intercourse with the elder race of our native bards; but from his opinions, it is clear, that his classical taste was too severe for his pleasure; and some of his decisions respecting the highest class of our poets will be considered as heresies in our poetical creed.

He was ever referring to the pure models of antiquity for the rules and standards of poetic excellence; but in his day there existed no other. This predilection we perceive in his recommending Spence to re-publish *Gorboduc* among our ancient dramas. 'This tragedy,' said he, 'is written in a much purer style than Shakspeare's was in several of his first plays. Sackville imitates Seneca's tragedies very closely, and writes *without affectation and bombast*; the two great sins of our old tragic writers.' This drama, which also met with the approbation of Rymers, a stout Aristotelian, is moulded on the classical model, and even servilely introduces the ancient chorus; but with all its regularity, correctness, and purity of diction, the piece drops from our hands a dull and unimpassioned homily.

But what are we to conclude, when we find Pope criticizing both Milton and Shakspeare in language to which we are not accustomed?—'Milton's style in his *Paradise Lost* (he says) is *not natural*; 'tis an *exotic style*. As his subject lies a good deal out of our world, it has a particular propriety in those parts of the poem, and when he is on earth describing our parents in *Paradise*, you see he uses a more easy and natural way of writing.' And again—'the *high style* that is affected so much in *BLANK VERSE* would not have been borne even in *Milton*, had not his subject turned so much on such strange out-of-the-world things as it does.' We believe that Pope had no ear for the cadences of Milton; the couplet had been studied so exclusively, that the infinite variety of metres of which Gray and Collins, and others of our later poets, have so happily availed themselves, were in his time almost

almost forgotten ; the fate of the irregular Pindarics of Cowley had terrified the contemporaries of Pope.

But the more remarkable opinion of Pope concerns Shakspeare. He talks of ' Shakspeare's style as the style of a bad age ;' and says that ' he generally used to stiffen his style with high words and metaphors for the speeches of his kings and great men ; he mistook it for a mark of greatness. This is strongest in his early plays ; but in his very last, his Othello, what a forced language has he put into the mouth of the duke of Venice ?'

This classical severity of taste, however, appears to have been limited to style, and did not touch any of the vital parts of the poetic characters of the two master-spirits ; nor has Pope shewn any deficiency of sensibility towards our elder bards. Chaucer delighted him as an exquisite fabler, and painter of manners.—' I read Chaucer still (he says) with as much pleasure as almost any of our poets. He is a master of manners, of description, and the first tale-teller in the true enlivened natural way.' For Spenser, Pope expresses all the sympathy of a true poet.—' After reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been shewing her a gallery of pictures. She said very right ; there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queene when I was about twelve, with infinite delight ; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago.'—Yet Pope has been held forth to the present age as a traducer of Spenser.

But we forget our prescribed limits,

' Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore,'

and must, however reluctantly, break off.

The last editor of Churchill informs us that this poet once designed a systematic attack on Pope's *personal* and *poetical* character, which, that nothing so desirable should be lost, has been fully reserved for the skill and care of Mr. Bowles. Churchill would rave over the bottle at Pope, and regret that ' the little man of Twitnam' was not alive, that ' he might have a struggle with him and break his heart.' In a letter to Wilkes he alludes to ' the thunderbolts he was doubly pointing against Pope ;' but they burst on his own ill fated head ! It appears, however, that Churchill, when he was probably recovering from the maddening effects of sudden popularity, abandoned his foolish design, deeply struck by that warmth of affection with which Pope regarded, and was regarded in his turn by those who knew him : and the recanting satirist even suppressed an injurious couplet which he had pointed against his poetic character.

Pope wrought to its last perfection the classical vein of English poetry ;

poetry; he inherited, it is true, the wealth of his predecessors, but the splendour of his affluence was his own. Whenever any class, or any form of literature has touched its meridian, Art is left without progressive power; there are no longer inventors or improvers; excellence is neutralised by excellence, and hence a period of languor succeeds a period of glory. At such a crisis we return to old neglected tastes, or we acquire new ones which in their turn will become old; and it is at this critical period that we discover new concurrents depreciating a legitimate and established genius whom they cannot rival, and finally practising the democratic and desperate arts of a literary Ostracism. In vain, however, would the populace of poets estrange themselves from Pope, and teach that he is deficient in imagination and passion, because, in early youth—

‘He stoop’d to truth, and moralised his song.’

It is not the shadows of the imagination and the spectres of the passions *only* which are concerned in our poetic pleasures; other sources must be opened, worthy of the dignity and the pride of the Muse; and to instruct and reform, as well as to delight the world by the charm of verse, is only to ‘reassert her ancient prerogative,’ and to vindicate her glory. A master-poet must live with the language in which he has written, for his qualities are inherent, and independent of periodical tastes. The poet of our age, as well as of our youth, is one on whom our experience is perpetually conferring a new value; and Time, who will injure so many of our poets, will but confirm the immortality of Pope.

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- ART. VI.—1. *An Autumn near the Rhine.* 8vo. London. 1819.  
 2. *Travels in the North of Germany.* By T. Hodgskin, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1820.  
 3. *A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society of Germany, and Parts of Holland and France; taken during a Journey through those Countries, in 1819.* By William Jacob, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. pp. 454. London. 1820.  
 4. *Die wichtigsten Leben Momente Karl Ludwig Sands aus Wunsiedel.* Nurnberg.  
 5. *Memoirs of Charles Lewis Sand, including a Narrative of the Circumstances attending the Death of Augustus von Kotzebue. Also a Defence of the German Universities.* London. 1820.

**A**FTER the turbulent years which the world has lately witnessed, a period of fierce contention and discord which has seldom been equalled, it is grievous to reflect, that the example of France, instead of holding out a beacon to other nations, should appear still to operate as an excitement to revolt, and that, amidst the general restlessness which pervades the minds of the people in  
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the greater part of the civilized globe, that country should not have escaped from contagion, which hitherto had exhibited no symptoms of the kind. In the course of our observations we shall endeavour to point out the causes which may have led to this state of things—our business, at present, is to shew its existence.

A warmth of heart, an enthusiasm of feeling, a kindness of disposition, which attaches the more strongly the more it is known, a perseverance in intellectual pursuits, and a general honesty in all their dealings with mankind, render the inhabitants of that extensive assemblage of states which Germany comprizes, as a body, one of the most estimable people upon earth. But these very qualities which we so much admire are liable, on the other hand, to be perverted in the most mischievous manner. The sincerity of the Germans exposes them to be the dupes of others to a dangerous degree; their enthusiasm is apt to evaporate in absurd projects, and their perseverance to degenerate into obstinacy. In the distribution of the elements to the different powers of Europe most competent to wield them, a writer of some celebrity among the Germans has given to the English the empire of the seas; to the French that of the land; and to his countrymen the dominion of the air; and certainly, one of their most distinguished characteristics is a tendency to speculation rather than to action. The composure and secrecy of debate on grievances suit the genius of the German better than any sudden exertion for their removal. His imagination dwells with delight on gloom and mystery to the neglect of all its gayer and more airy fancies, whilst the milk of human kindness with which his bosom may be stored is apt to turn to a mixture of ferocity and sentiment extremely disgusting. Hence this country has at all times been fertile in secret and peculiar associations, into which its natives have entered with an enthusiasm totally unknown in other parts of the world; and which is particularly striking when contrasted with the unfitness for all hidden plots and conspiracies which has been remarked in their neighbours the French.

To that most ancient of all secret associations, Free-Masonry, succeeded those which combined for religious purposes. These again were followed by the Secret Tribunal and the Illuminati, under their several denominations. And thus, in tracing the history of these societies, we shall at once perceive that the Tugendbund of the present day, and others of a similar description, in Germany, are only branches from the same stock, and derive their origin from a much more ancient date than is generally supposed. They were formed in the outset for purposes purely patriotic, but have since assumed a very different complexion. It must not however be imagined that the different



associated bodies which we have thus briefly recapitulated were all equally pregnant with danger to the community; for the most part, they appear to owe their existence to the pure love of mystery and mysterious union. Some, as the Moravians, met together for motives simply religious; others for philosophical objects, as the Alchemists, and those who, with the Rosicrucians, dealt in the occult sciences. Amongst the Illuminati, it is true, although the greater part were Mystics and Visionaries, like Jacob Behmen and Swedenborg, there appears to have been a class whose ultimate object was political power; and the equality introduced by the institutions of Free-Masonry has certainly had a tendency to encourage the democratic spirit.

It would be equally unjust also to confound with that love of mystery which we have remarked among the Germans that readiness to embark in plots and conspiracies for which the people of the south of Europe have always been distinguished. They proceed altogether from opposite qualities. In the one case, from a restless and designing turn of mind; in the other, from an inert and irresolute disposition. Neither the people nor the literature of Germany are, in our opinion, appreciated as they ought to be in this country. The one is undervalued, the other little known. Disconcerted as we may reasonably be by their phlegm and supineness, the worth which lies beneath escapes our observation, and when fatigued by the length, or disgusted by the sentiment of their compositions, due weight is not given to their intrinsic value.

Our anonymous author appears to have been a good deal under the influence of similar impressions. He has related indeed, in a very lively and entertaining manner, all that he observed during 'An Autumn near the Rhine;' his descriptions are picturesque, and his style of writing agreeable; but the opinions formed from so hasty a glance must in their nature be extremely imperfect, and there is a good deal of carelessness shewn in the composition of his letters as well as in the use of certain words, (such as 'burly,' 'quaint,' &c.) which are applied to various subjects without much discrimination.

The failings displayed by Mr. Hodgskin in his *Travels through the North of Germany* are by no means of so venial a description. He is a crazy philosopher of the modern school; gifted with all the 'shallow plausibility' of candour and philanthropy which belongs to the patriots of the present day. Every page of his book teems with hacknied and venomous abuse of kings, governments, and standing armies; and whilst he libels without stint or shame the institutions of his own country, and vents his impotent indignation against every thing established either at home

home or abroad, he tells us that 'at Dresden he was considered a Candid!' which we apprehend to be the new name for a Radical Reformer.

As an author his execution is as humble as the pretensions which he announces in his preface: nothing, in fact, can be more deplorable than his attempts at fine writing, or more sickening than the absurd reflections in which he indulges on every incident however trivial. And yet we are not altogether without obligation to Mr. Hodgskin—his narrative, such as we have described it, has occasionally amused us; we like his activity and early rising, and can almost pardon him, whilst trudging his thirty-five or forty miles per day, and, 'enlivening his solitude with flinging stones at the village curs,' for thinking (as he probably does) that if things were moulded according to his fashion, in 'the best of all possible worlds,' no intelligent traveller like himself would be compelled to go on foot. The public grievances which he longs so ardently to redress seem to rise before him in proportion to the tedium of his day's journey, and we think that we perceive—that—

'As his vigour weaker waxes,  
He d——ns all ministers and taxes.'

Mr. Jacob's volume will, as might be expected from its title, be more interesting to the agriculturist than to any other class of readers. He appears to have traversed the countries he visited with the eye of a farmer, and he has collected, with some degree of care, much useful information relative to the husbandry as well as to the manufactures of Germany. His observations on the state of society, and the political signs in the German hemisphere, are free of all taint from the modern school of philosophy, and bespeak him to be an intelligent, sound-headed, and, what is better than all, sound-hearted man.

Madame de Staël's sensations on crossing the Rhine are given with peculiar elegance and beauty. From the circumstances under which she was placed, they were naturally tinged with a gloom, which imparted new silence and repose to the region she was entering, and 'shed a browner horror over the woods,' whose romantic history appears so powerfully to have captivated her imagination. The author of the first work on our list comes to the subject with calmer feelings, though equally sensible of the transition. 'It is difficult, (he says) to describe the change of character which many features of the scene present on arriving on the right bank of the Rhine. You appear in another world as you touch the commencement of the sandy plains, which seem to assure you you are in Germany.'

This contrast, however, is perceptible in the transition from more than one of the countries which border upon each other:—

it is strikingly observable in crossing from Zealand into Scania; and something very like it we must all have witnessed on regaining our own shores after a residence of any duration in France. After all, any reasoning founded on such comparisons must be extremely fallacious. The change may sometimes be decidedly for the better, but yet the state of our feelings will not suffer us to allow it,—whilst, on the other hand, the gratification which novelty never fails to afford may lead us to see beauty and advantages in a state of things much inferior to that we had quitted.

A Noble bard of ours, albeit unused to the cheerful mood, has painted the peasantry on the banks of the Rhine as a race 'with faces happy as the scene:' our present traveller, however, finds their 'looks sallow and unhealthy;' which he attributes to 'the quantities of sour black bread which they devour, and to indulgence in unwholesome beverages.' From such opportunities of observation as we have enjoyed, we should have been inclined to agree with the poet, and pronounce that there is an air of content, a primitive simplicity and civility of manner, belonging to them, which perfectly harmonizes with the richness of the scene. The household comforts, which we find it stated 'the peasant may be inclined to neglect from a preference to externals in dress,' are not always within his grasp. The farmer is, generally speaking, in good circumstances, as the land (in the south of Germany especially) is turned to the best account; but the cultivators of vineyards are commonly poor, since the produce of their labours must always be precarious, and they seldom lay by against a bad season the superfluities of the good.

A landlord of an inn is everywhere an important personage; from 'mine host of the Garter' to Boniface and his compeers of later date. In some parts of Germany, and still more so in the Tyrol, their consequence receives a great increase from much of the country traffic falling into their hands; and there is something extremely amusing in the stateliness and solemnity with which they are described as dispensing the honours of the table d'hôte.

In spite of the unfashionable season, a pretty numerous party assembled at the table d'hôte, headed, as usual, by the substantial landlord and his pretty wife, who fed daintily, and looked and talked softly to the admiring *convives*. Her spouse was a complete German host, dignified, bulky, and stupid. On discovering my country, he recounted a long list of Englishmen who had lately visited Baden: but who might as well have been Hindoos, for any indication of their country conveyed by the names the good host assigned them. They were all, however, either lords or *vornehme leute* (people of distinction); but as to most of them he remarked, with some surprise, "*Sie machten nicht viele aufwande, nicht viele pomp,*" they did not spend a great deal, or make much show; a circumstance which seemed not to accord with his notions of

a *Milord*

a *Milord anglais*. A German host presides at the table d'hôte, carves the dishes, and dispenses his politenesses to the guests with a sort of taciturn dignity which is sometimes highly amusing. The subaltern officers, and other regular frequenters of the table, court his conversation, and are pleased to be well with this important personage—generally a well-fed portly man, who, especially if he happen to be a state *employé*, as Mr. Postmaster of the station, is well wrapped up in fat official self-complacency. His eldest son has, perhaps, held a commission in the army—Mrs. Postmistress has been, or is yet a beauty—or he has a fine family of little ones, who, in such case, frequently adorn the walls of the saloon, and whom I have seen appear in their best dresses after dinner, as if their company must be as interesting to the guests as that of the children of a friend. If the sons and daughters dine at table, they generally occupy, with their visitors, the best places round papa and mamma—rarely offering civility to any one, rather declining intercourse, talking easy among themselves, and showing, by their whole deportment, that they consider themselves to the full the equals of papa's guests. One of the sons frequently holds the office of *Herr Ober Keller*, (Mr. Upper Waiter,)—the Germans never cheating this useful personage of his title—who, after waiting upon his sisters and their beaux, in common with the company, during dinner, I have seen resign his official napkin, and take a hand at whist with the family friends, which he would not lay down though the bells rang, and "*Herr Keller*" resounded from all corners of the inn. I have not often met with any thing like real civility in a German inn.—p. 208—211.

The *Herr Keller* here appears the most defective part of the establishment, for his amusements speak him more of the Knight Templar than the waiter; but we are spoiled in this country by the civility and attention of our tavern and shop-keepers, and we shall be uniformly disappointed if we expect to meet with the same elsewhere. Contrast, for instance, the careless indifference of a Parisian tradesman with the obliging readiness of a London shop-keeper—the patience with which the one produces to his customers the various contents of his warehouse with the disregard which the other almost invariably testifies. Go still farther, and take up your quarter in an American inn. The landlord there, with all the means of accommodation in his power, will be found a still more intractable and insolent being; his guests are only to be gratified in their wishes according to his received notions of equality and independence, nor will any superiority in pecuniary means be admitted as a claim to peculiar comforts.

There is an almost unvarying uniformity of character in the Rhine scenery. The villages and towns, with a blue slated look, and half constructed of the slate which abounds in the mountains, stand thickly at their base washed by the river. A narrow valley invariably opens behind them, out of which a little stream or river finds its way through the village into the Rhine, while the ruins of the old seignorial chateau

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are perched on the vine-covered mountain above. Immediately beneath is the town or village, once inhabited by the knights' dependants, and now by the peasant proprietors of a few acres of the precious vineyard. The churches and walls of the town often appear nearly as ancient as the old towers on the mountains. They have no architectural beauty, but present generally plain round or octagon turrets and square massive walls, with a grotesque *mélange* of slated pinnacles, minarets, and spires, which give the general character of the massy Saxon foundation, embellished by a quaint detailed gothic of later date. You can easily conceive the singular and interesting character which the scene acquires from these well preserved vestiges of the days of knighthood. How is it that, in spite of their rudeness, their barbarity, and ferocity, the memorials of these our unpolished ancestors take a hold on the imagination perhaps even stronger than the influence exercised by the chaste relics of their classical predecessors? If you will be frank, you will confess that, in spite of school prejudices, and Addison, and Sir Christopher Wren, you care more about a gothic tower than a Roman pavement, and that the gloomy vaults of a gothic cathedral inspire you with a stronger interest than the chaste pillars of a temple. You know our friend ——— insists that the *dark* ages ought to be called "the *light*:" but without quite going this length, we are unquestionably beginning to think the mailed heroes of chivalry fine gallant fellows, and their mistresses nearly as peerless and as interesting as the Helens, the Andromaches, and the Didos, who used to monopolize all admiration. The associations of the classical ages are, in fact, now growing dim and obsolete. They relate to a people whose grandeur and refinement we must admire, but who belong to an age with which we have nothing in common, neither religion, ancestry, nor habits. But the more powerful cause is probably the highly coloured contrast which the rude manners of the days of chivalry present to the refined systems of modern society—a contrast which exists in a much less striking degree between the modern and classical times. The Romans and the Greeks were great and polished nations like ourselves—with wise governments, refined institutions, and settled social systems, like our own. There is nothing romantic in such a state of society; and its relics of magnificence only come near to what we are in the habit of observing daily in our own productions. But when we want, for the sake of poetical interest, something the farthest removed from the common-place refinement and every-day luxury of our own *ultra*-civilized system, the wild legends, the massy piles, the savage life, and the dark superstitions of the middle ages at once present themselves to the imagination."—pp. 446—449.

Every castle on the Rhine has its peculiar tradition, and many of the mountains and rocks along its banks have some romantic story connected with them. One or two are here given, and in the Common Guide for Travellers along this tract of country, will be found several others, whose beauties are worth preserving in a more enlarged shape. The castle at Baden is remarkable  
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for its subterraneous vaults, to which are ascribed an interest arising from a different source. They are said to have been the seat of one of those terrific institutions—the Secret Tribunal—a species of Inquisition which it is difficult to imagine should ever have existed in any country, but which was allowed to execute the tremendous powers which it assumed to itself throughout Germany, until its cruelties and injustice provoked a combination to repress its enormities; and on the introduction by Charles V. of a new criminal code, the court gradually fell into disuse.

‘The Holy *Vehm*, or Bloody League, was a mysterious tribunal, which existed, originally, in Westphalia, and from thence spread itself throughout Germany. It was also called *Frei Gericht*, (Free Tribunal,) and the place of its sittings, *Frei Stuhl*, (Free Chair,)—and it is not uncommon in Germany to meet with a district (like that I have mentioned near Hanau) which still bears the name of *Frei Gericht*, derived from this source. The greatest secrecy pervaded their proceedings; all that was known of them was arbitrary, bloody, and terrific. The members of a tribunal consisted of a supreme Judge, or *Stuhlgraf*, and at least fourteen assistants, or free assessors, (*Frei schütter*,) composed of all ranks, princes, nobility, and citizens—every one being eager to shield himself from the terrors of the tribunal by becoming a member. In the fifteenth century, when the tribunal was in its most daring power, there were about 100,000 free judges in Germany. The judges, who ordinarily went by the name of the *wissenden*, (the knowing or initiated,) recognized each other by a sign, discoverable by none but the fraternity. The court was thus the powerful instrument of ambition, private malice, and oppression. No one knew his accuser or his judge—both might be his neighbour or seeming friend. On their initiation, the members bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to bring all before the tribunals that deserved punishment, respecting neither friends nor relations; or, in the words of their terrible oath, to “uphold and conceal the Holy Vehm, before wife and child, before father and mother, before sister and brother, before fire and wind, all that the sun shineth on and the rain wetteth, before all that floats between heaven and earth.”

‘The proceedings, as may be supposed, were very summary.—The officers of the tribunal stole in the night to a castle or a town, and affixed on the gates a judicial summons to this prince or that citizen to appear at the *Frei Stuhl*, at a given time and place, to be examined on a given matter. If the summons was repeated three times, without effect, the accused was condemned *par contumace*, once more summoned—and if that proved fruitless, outlawed and hanged by the road-side whenever caught. If he resisted, he was bored through the body, bound to the tree, and left with the executioner’s knife sticking by him, to show that he was not murdered, but a convict of the *Frei Gericht*. The tribunal used to assemble at midnight in the churchyard of the place where they intended to hold a sitting. At break of day,



day, the ringing of the bells announced to the inhabitants the presence of these formidable visitors. All were obliged to assemble in an open field, sitting down in a circle, in the middle of which sat the President and Judges of the Tribunal—the *insignia* of a sword and rope before them. When any one of bad reputation appeared in the circle, one of the judges would step up to him, and touching him with his white staff, say to him—“*Friend, there is as good bread to be eaten elsewhere as here.*” If the conscience of the person was so clear that he did not choose to take the hint and go away, he might sit still and run the chance of accusation; but it was generally more prudent to decamp. When the judge touched any one three times with the formidable white wand, it was a signal that he was a hapless convict already secretly accused and convicted; and no time was lost in hanging him at the next tree or beam which presented itself. This was the invariable punishment of criminals of all ranks; although now it is out of use in Germany, and the meanest criminals have the honour of decapitation. The youngest judge generally performed the office, which was managed with so much secrecy that the hangman was rarely known. The crimes taken cognizance of by the *Vehm Gericht*, were chiefly heresy, infidelity, sacrilege, high treason, murder, incendiarism, rapes, robbery, and contumacy to the tribunal, its judges and messengers.—pp. 219—222.

But in addition to her rocks and her castles, many of the extensive wooded tracts of Germany possess an historical and traditionary interest, which is powerfully felt by their present inhabitants. The Black Forest, a portion of the *Sylvia Hercynia*, has its fabled terrors; and the Odenwald, or wood of Odin—is still looked upon in some degree as a haunted region where ‘strange noises are heard on the eve of battles, and where the approach of war is announced by the wild jager, who is seen traversing the air with noisy armament in his flight from one ruined castle to another.

There is a great deal of picturesque effect in the following description of the district of which we are speaking.—

‘After proceeding up the valley for some distance, we crossed the fields, gradually ascending a hill, from whence the wild, rich scenes of the Odenwald, with their forests and mountains, lay before us as far as the eye could reach. We appeared now in an entirely new world. The interminable plain of sands and fir forests stretching on the west side of the Berg-strasse mountains, now gave place to a rich diversified scene—presenting a continual succession of abrupt mountain and dale, forest and corn country. With all its cultivated fertility, the rugged mountains, the luxuriance of the beech forests which cover them, the masses of granite stuck in the slopes of every hill, and the rough rocky roads impassable to any but pedestrians, give an air of sequestered wildness to the country which adds much to its interest. The whole scene for thirty miles each way has the air of a chaos of hills thrown one against another in picturesque irregularity. The valleys between them are deep



deep and romantic—dotted with spires and smoking villages, whose pastures and orchards are watered by streams from the mountains which find a rambling passage through the valleys towards the Rhine.’

‘Our walk lay through scenery of the same description as the day before; along a rough, irregular path, ascending and descending; winding through woods of beech, or rich orchards; and at the brow of a hill occasionally agreeably surprised by a picturesque village lying immediately beneath us. The village stream, after being conducted with much management through artificial sluices and troughs far above its bed, frequently turns a gigantic, rude mill-wheel, of a construction more picturesque than ingenious. The sides of the hills were still chequered with masses of granite, of all shapes, and immense size; sometimes lying so thick as to form a sort of sea of rock; at others scattered here and there in the corn-fields. In the woods of tall young beech, where the grey masses are not less frequent, and covered with green moss, their appearance is still more striking.—pp. 130—132.

Excepting in the case of Weimar, which has some peculiar advantages in its literary circle, the society of a small German court does not hold out any thing very lively or intellectual; its chief merit appears to consist in the absence of every thing which resembles pretension, and of all dread lest the reputation for cleverness should be tarnished by failure. In this country, where wit and talent abound, an assemblage of beaux esprits by no means ensures a quick-flow of conversation; and a very dull evening is often the result of a re-union of the choicest materials. Madame de Staël describes the German women as for the most part less timid than the English, and states that it is perceptible how little they are accustomed to associate with men superior to themselves, or of whose judgment they entertain apprehension. Our author speaks of them as too lowly and obsequious; and complains of the want of respect or gallantry with which they are treated. Of external forms of civility, there is certainly no lack, but the sentimental enthusiasm which animates the female race in Germany may be somewhat too much at variance with the boisterous amusements of the male part of the creation, whose chief delight consists in breaking and training numerous studs of horses.

Our traveller found the society at Stutgard more than usually dull. The loss of the late queen had been there felt severely, not only by the king, but all those around him; he contrived to indemnify himself, however, by visiting the works of Danneker, the Canova of Germany, which of themselves form no slight attraction. Danneker is a native of this state. At a very early age, the bent of his genius was manifested by his scratching with a nail flowers and figures on some smooth stones; and he shortly after, contrary to the wishes of his parents, obtained admission  
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into the public academy. He was here taken under the protection of the Duke Charles, predecessor of the late king, and after studying some years at home, and visiting on foot both Italy and France, he was brought back to the confined occupation of his native city.

Schiller also, one of the brightest ornaments of Germany, is a native of Stuttgart. He was born at Morbach, not far from Ludwig's-burg. We suspect that our author has been misinformed in regard to the degree of reputation which the works of this great tragedian enjoy in Germany, and that his complaint, that the plays of the fathers of the German drama are neglected, is not better founded than a similar charge against the managers of theatres in this country. Some modern plays of considerable merit, such as 'Die Schuld' and 'Die Ahnfrau' have indeed been recently brought forward with applause; but those which may be styled the classical pieces of the country are constantly before the public, and have as fair a share of the German stage as Shakspeare, Jonson and Massinger, have of ours.

We do not doubt that a longer residence in Germany would have led the writer of the Remarks to speak more favourably of the merits of German actors, and the fitness of their language for tragic effect, than he now does. Those who have witnessed the part of Posa, in Don Carlos, or of William Tell, in Schiller's tragedy of that name, performed by Esclair, will not, we apprehend, be disposed to admit the justice of his observations on the former subject; and with respect to their language, there is in it a force of expression, arising principally from the use of compound words, which we never could discover in the 'refined stiffness' of the French, so much preferred by our author.—The style of English acting is admired by the Germans; by the French we know that it is considered too natural, and it is impossible for him who has imbibed a taste for the studied art of the one, not to be offended by the simplicity of the other.

From the society and amusements in Germany, we turn to a more serious subject at the present moment—the state of public education, and especially of that pursued at the Universities; and we shall here call to our aid such light as may be thrown upon the question by the publications respecting Sand which have fallen into our hands.

The German Memoir contains a few meagre details of Sand's private history; his letter to his mother on quitting Jena for Mannheim; and some discussions which appeared in one of the most popular German journals on the subject of his atrocious act, as far as the credit of the Universities was affected by it. As the particulars of the catastrophe which has rendered the assassin

so notorious are well known, we shall content ourselves with a few circumstances relating to the early part of his career.

'Charles Lewis Sand sprang from a respectable family of Weinsiedel, in Bavaria, where his parents still reside. His education was carefully attended to, especially by his mother. In his early years he was sent to the Gymnasium at Ratisbon, where his diligence was exemplary, though his reserved and gloomy habits were even at that time remarked. From hence the fame of Professor Eschenmeyer attracted him to Tübingen, where he remained immersed in study until, on the renewal of the war, he, like the rest of his fellow students, took up arms against France. On the peace, he returned to his former pursuits, with a great increase of that enthusiasm for which he had been distinguished on subjects connected with religion or the state of his country; and the accidental drowning of a school-fellow, which he was fated to witness without being able to render him assistance, is said to have reduced him to such a state of nervous irritability as to alarm his friends for the safety of his intellect. The gloom, however, which hung over him, seems to have been dispelled by the Wartzburg Festival, which took place in the autumn of 1817,—and from that time he appears to have embarked in all the wild projects for the restoration of Germany which were hatched by the students in their separate societies—not finding however at Erlangen a band of associates sufficiently advanced for his purposes, he removed to Jena, where the singularity of his conduct and manner did not escape remark. He here for six months brooded over the act he was about to commit, and it was from hence that he set out on his nefarious project, leaving word that he should return in the course of a few days.'

The English work is a miserable compilation,—for although it professes to be 'a translation of that which has been circulated in Germany as the most authentic memoir of Sand,' yet the whole is so garbled by the editor, as to be scarcely recognizable. To this are added a Reply, by Professor Krug of Leipsic,\* to some Strictures  
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\* This Reply has since appeared in the *Hermes*, a periodical publication of what are called *liberal* principles, of which Professor Krug is the editor: having the work at hand, we had the curiosity to compare a few pages of it with the translation, and found, as we expected, the latter full of interpolations, misrepresentations, and even wilful perversions of the original text. Our readers will thank us for sparing them the disgusting detail of these dishonest practices, at the same time they may not be displeased with an instance or two by way of specimen of what can be done by a genuine *radical*, who assures us 'that his sole object is to place his author before us in the clearest point of view.'—(*Preface*, p. vi.) The first instance which strikes us we should conceive to be an interpolation by the veteran Major, as, we believe, the words introduced form the basis of his school of reform.—'If Kotzebue,' says the German, 'be desirous of imposing the same restrictions upon our Universities which prevail in the English, let him give us also that freedom which belongs to England, and we will willingly make the exchange.'—But what says the Major! 'Let Germany have the privileges granted by the British constitution in its purity,' &c.—The next is a mischievous example of the prevailing attempts to decry all those public establishments upon which the security and greatness of this country are principally founded. 'Let us,' says the German critic, 'leave to the English the restrictions imposed by their University regulations, which, at  
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on the German Universities, which appeared in Kotzebue's periodical Publication, and a Preface with notes, by the English Editor, in the choicest tone of genuine Radicalism.—From the wailings over Buonaparte and the *disastrous* coalition which overthrew his power, and sundry other unfailing symptoms of a wilful perversion and blindness of intellect, we should have attributed this precious composition to the pen of that suffering patriot who has so recently emerged from the recesses of Newgate, had it not, with more taste and prudence than generally belongs to that gentleman, been published without the name of the writer. That it should palliate and even attempt to justify Sand's atrocious deed, would naturally follow from the description we have given of it,—and, as if to connect the cause which is advocated with every thing most base and detestable, an allusion is made to a transaction which for malignity and cowardice is almost unequalled.\*

The great cause of the irregularities which prevail at the German Universities is—the want of power to enforce discipline. What authority can the superiors be expected to maintain over students whose attendance is entirely dependent on their own caprice, and who, when tired or dissatisfied with one seat of instruction, can transport themselves, without ceremony, to another? It is obvious, that no attachment like that which binds our English youth to the college at which they were bred up, and to the masters under whom they were trained, can subsist amongst those who are constantly shifting the scene of their studies.

The range of sciences taught at a German University is extremely extensive. On looking over the Appendix to Mr. Hodgskin's book, we perceive a most formidable array (not less than an hundred and forty-eight, we believe) of lectures given at Gottingen in the course of half a year. Amongst them are lectures psychological, philological, pathological—for the course is not merely confined to the safer round of wholesome learning which forms the staple of our college education. Hence the

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the same time that they do not prevent the existence of all excesses, are made up to them by other important privileges.' Now for the translation.

\* Let us however not envy the English their liberties,—on the contrary, may their liberties rather increase than diminish, though *what is left them* must tend greatly to soften the restrictions of their University system, which, if I am rightly informed, does not prevent many excesses, though of a different description.' &c.

To this *faithful* version is appended a note, far too long and too dull for insertion. It commences with a comment by the editor on his own additions to the Professor's text; and goes on to insinuate that such opulent establishments as our Universities are rather calculated to promote the interests of the few, than 'to advance learning and the sciences,' and ends with pronouncing that 'it is not for Englishmen to find fault with the conduct of the German students, though their proceedings in the cause of liberty' (alluding to the assassination of Kotzebue) 'be *somewhat violent*.'

† See the 'Introduction to Sand's Memoir,' p. xxvii.

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German students are all speculative to a degree far surpassing even the highest flights of those in our northern capital; and all are puffed up with the most absurd notions of their own superiority to the rest of the world,—with their perfect fitness to introduce a new order of things and to become the regenerators of Europe.

However atrocious the act by which Kotzebue fell, yet it must be acknowledged that no individual has so materially contributed as himself to bring about that wild and unprincipled frenzy among the German youth, of which he has become one of the earliest victims. Instead of standing forth, like 'the lofty Greek tragedians, as a teacher of moral prudence, high actions and high passions best describing,' his dramatic compositions convey neither sound morality nor practical good sense; and the incidents and feelings which he delights to describe are, for the most part, only remarkable for the wildness and extravagance which belong to their conception. His pen was most prolific, and his popularity excessive—and it is to the abundance of such writings as his that Germany owes much of the mischief to which she is at present exposed.

But whilst we blame the German authors, we ought not to pass unnoticed the conduct of the professors. As guardians of the rising generation, it is more especially their duty to preserve their pupils from the errors to which youth and inexperience in all countries are liable. Here, however, we find the tutor himself at the head of the malcontents, and we discover that the literary men of Germany, instead of directing the public mind to legitimate objects by legitimate means, and attempting to compose the ferment which prevails, are rather inclined to evoke the demon of discord, and have even, in one instance, not scrupled to sanction by their approval the crime of assassination. Where the pastors thus wander, can we be surprized that the sheep should go astray?

It may be said in extenuation, that the professors are in a state of most degrading dependence on the good will of the students.

Although the professors are appointed, and, in general, paid by the sovereign, much of their income, at the same time, is derived from the fees which the students pay to hear their lectures. Of course, each professor is anxious to have as many hearers as possible, and all are careful, in their capacity of magistrates as well as in their capacity of teachers, never to irritate or offend the students. There is both a competition amongst the different professors at the same university, and a competition amongst those of different universities; and the students are sometimes tempted to choose the place of their study rather by the indulgences allowed than by the reputation of the professors.

Thus Jena is praised by them, because they can enter the class-rooms in a morning-gown and slippers,—and Gottingen because they are there treated with more gentlemanly respect.'—*Hodgskin*, vol. ii. p. 270.

Our Oxford and Cambridge men will smile at the peculiar circumstance which is here said to give popularity to Jena; but if those who are appointed to give lectures be really subject to such thralldom, it is not surprizing that they should talk vaguely of change, as they are all said to do. There is another cause, however, which operates to their disadvantage. The market for professors has been of late years much overstocked in Germany, and they form a body very disproportionate to the number of students. Separated too as they are from the higher classes by the aristocratic feelings of the nobility, their situation is totally distinct from that of the literary men in any other country; and unless another Catharine should arise and establish universities in the steppes of Russia, there seems to be no chance of an outlet of sufficient dignity and importance for that superabundance of professorial knowledge with which Germany is deluged. We must not however attribute to this class a greater share in fomenting the evil than they fairly deserve; nor be understood to include in one sweeping clause of reprobation all that has been written by the supporters of this cause. A general restlessness pervades the whole of the German states, and it will be some time before the waves subside which the storm of war has raised in that quarter. The princes complain of their people, and the people of their princes; and as both perhaps are right to a certain extent, to both should concession and calmness be recommended. We firmly believe that there is no body of rulers more disposed to consider the welfare of their subjects, and to govern the countries under their sway with moderation and equity, than the potentates of Germany in their different degrees; but they are not, for the most part, very happy in the choice of those to whom the management of state affairs is entrusted, (who are frequently foreigners equally ignorant and regardless of the interests committed to their charge,)—they have strong notions of the supremacy of rank, which have been handed down to them from the days of feudal dominion; and they are not very sagacious in discovering the signs of the times, or in adapting their mode of government to the improved state of society in every quarter of the globe. In times like these, the personal character of the sovereign will not always serve to arrest the evil in its progress—it may delay, but not prevent it:—and when the Radical writer before us inquires 'whether the present aspect of things in Germany does not resemble that which preceded the French Revolution?' it may not be amiss to remind those whom it concerns, that the virtues of Louis XVI. did not save his crown  
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from being trampled in the dust, nor his people from being exposed to all the horrors of anarchy.

But although the silent operation of time may pretty well account for the change in the public mind, yet it is, in a great degree, to the length and the calamities of the late war, and to the peculiar circumstances which attended its close, that we must attribute the unusual ardour for reform now manifest amongst the natives of that country.—The danger to which every state in Germany was successively exposed, and the vicissitudes to which all have been equally subject, have had a very perceptible effect in producing an amalgamation (if we may so call it) of the different classes of society there, amongst which, until lately, there was no visible approximation.

‘Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows,’—and it is not easy, nor is it creditable, after the storm has subsided, to shake off those who have been our companions and assistants in weathering its fury. Hence a new order of things is gradually taking place, and that scale of different ranks is beginning to be introduced in Germany which has been known in this country for at least two centuries. The nobles of the land, unless gifted with higher acquirements than their rude predecessors, have ceased to create awe by their appearance; their feudal privileges are rapidly disappearing, and can seldom now be legally enforced; whilst on their decline, and on the diminution of their possessions and consequence, a middle class in society is by degrees coming forward, from which the superior offices of the state can now be advantageously filled.

The practice of subdividing property among the children of a family, which prevails in some of the German provinces,—and the Meyer Ordinance, which forbids the landed proprietor from concentrating his possessions by uniting his farms, or from increasing his income by raising his rents, all operate with united force against the continuance or the formation of a powerful aristocracy; and considering, as we do, the respectability and affluence of the nobility to be quite essential to the strength and prosperity of a country, we hope to see these impediments to the free disposal of property removed.—We do not doubt that in France it will be found necessary to alter the law of inheritance in this respect, as well as in Russia. It is only in a very early stage of civilization that such regulations can be beneficial. But whilst, from these combined circumstances, the owners of the land have lost in their importance, the great commercial interests of the country have not remained uninjured. The Hans towns have suffered severely from the shackles imposed on their trade by the despotic and absurd decrees of Buonaparte. These,



at first sight, would appear to be favourable to German industry, by forcing the inhabitants to rely upon their own resources; but they only tended in the end to distress the people by obliging them to pay exorbitant prices for the produce of our colonies. Some few of the manufactures of the country, it is true, obtained during the war an extensive sale, and have, even since the peace, occasionally driven ours from the market; the articles, however, as far as we know, have been for the most part of little importance in the commercial scale. In regard to all those manufactured goods which are material in the balance of trade, our superiority is still as unrivalled as ever; and we are convinced that the greater the competition of our neighbours, and the more open the door is thrown to the commerce of all other nations, the more conspicuous will be found the pre-eminence of our workmen.

As far as we can discover, the causes which mainly operate against the commerce of Germany, and prevent its attaining a healthy flow and circulation, appear to be, the discredit which the higher classes attach to its pursuit, the frequency of royal monopolies, and the number of guilds, or exclusive companies to which every trade, however trivial, is confined.—Such combinations were doubtless originally of use for the protection of individuals who pursued the same calling—but they have long ceased to be effectual; and have accordingly been abolished in many of the German states,—amongst others in Bavaria, and the whole of the Prussian territories. We see not why they should not be abolished in all. The numerous tolls and examinations to which goods are subjected in their transit through the territories of different princes, conduce perhaps still more effectually to check the commercial prosperity of Germany.

Germany has been in these points peculiarly unfortunate. It has been divided into many petty governments, each of which has been anxious to raise a revenue by all manner of exactions, and to acquire superiority by impeding the rise of others. Each has endeavoured to check the prosperity of its neighbour; and thus, there is not and never has been a free intercourse between all parts of Germany. Neither roads nor rivers are free; commerce is free only in a few square miles; and the merchants of Germany have always wanted an extensive home market, and have rarely been able to engage in foreign trade, because they could never acquire capital enough to live on it till the returns came from abroad. It would be a much greater benefit to the Germans to have a free intercourse with all parts of their own country, than to restrict the importation of English goods. Their interest would be more promoted by the abolition of tolls and border custom-houses than by the utter exclusion of foreigners from their markets. Possessing a fine country adorned with the noblest rivers of Europe, speaking the  
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same language, and forming, in fact, but one people, they ought to have a most extensive commerce.'—*Hodgskin*, vol. ii. p. 201.

One of the worst effects of the late war, is the altercation which its pressure has occasioned between princes and people respecting the extent of promises made in the hour of difficulty and danger: 'ease soon recants,' we are told, 'vows made in pain;' and while we allow some weight to the change of feeling which may be produced by an alteration in the tone of the higher powers, we do not doubt that their subjects have much exaggerated the expectations which were originally held out to them, and risen in their pretensions from the hope of concession. Against the King of Prussia, the charge of bad faith has more frequently and more pointedly been brought than the rest, and we refer our readers for His Majesty's statement, on this subject, to a circular letter to Count Bernstorff, in which the several points in dispute are separately noticed. The king certainly intends to give his people a constitution. It will probably not be so democratic in its form as they would desire, and it may be so long delayed as to lose much of the grace and favour which would have accompanied its promulgation at an earlier period; in the mean time discontent pervades his dominions. It is not likely to shew itself in any more formidable shape, for the Germans grumble much without coming to blows; and they have few opportunities of conferring together on their grievances real or imaginary, or of collecting mobs for the purpose of intimidation. The whole system of the Prussian government, although carried on with a strict attention to the principles of justice, is extremely severe in its mode of operation. Their fiscal regulations are, in many respects, arbitrary and vexatious in the extreme, especially where their newly acquired provinces are concerned. These have as yet derived no benefit from the protection of their new masters; and the stop to all the manufactories, which has taken place since the peace, creates a disadvantageous comparison with the times when these establishments flourished under the decrees of Buonaparte. The army, meanwhile, is kept up on a scale very disproportionate to the size of the country, (as may be said indeed of the military force of every state in Germany.) It is true this is done at little cost to the revenue, as the soldiers, for the most part, live at free quarters. The people, however, complain, and not without reason, whilst the want of employment makes malcontents of those whose services are no longer required. The youth of Prussia, after the war was over, had no point to which their ambition could be directed; no occupations for those energies which the course of events had called forth in so unusual a manner. The barrier which still separates different ranks in

Germany prevented their admission into the higher circles, whilst their superiority in education naturally rendered them unwilling to mix with the low and illiterate. The church, the law, physic, all are, with them, professions of little estimation; and thus a large portion of valuable subjects remain without the support of one party, or sufficient influence to restrain the excesses of the other.

'In the company of those men of letters who have assumed the appellation of Liberals, I heard much complaint of the want of a constitution, and many censures on the king, who having, as they say, promised one, had not fulfilled his engagement. Among these gentlemen, I heard the acknowledgment cheerfully made that their own government was the most economical in Europe; that it was regular in all its details, faithful to all its engagements, and more desirous of preventing than of punishing crimes. I could never understand from such persons, whose acuteness, talent, and intelligence was considerable, what kind of a constitution they desired, nor what materials they had in the country, either for erecting or maintaining such a fabric as they imagined to be necessary. I asked frequently if it was possible to form in Prussia a representative body, which while it asserted its own independence would define and maintain the necessary prerogatives of the monarch. The answers I received were such as convinced me that those who were most vehement for a change had the least contemplated the nature of the one they required.'—*Jacob*, p. 222.

In general, when popular discontents have been widely dispersed, some ostensible cause of complaint has been assigned for their existence; some grievance, whose removal might tranquilize the storm. The feudal rights, the exactions of the clergy, the weight of taxes, have each, in their turn, been put forward as justifications of 'the sacred right of insurrection' on the part of the people. In these days, however, the general diffusion of knowledge seems to be among the chief causes of commotion, and as all cannot occupy the front ranks in society, the remedy to be applied is less easily discovered.

Amongst the German reformers, as with their brethren on this side of the water, a great diversity of opinion prevails as to the means of ameliorating their present condition. With some, as with the Carbonari of Italy, the union of their country, under one head, forms the object which they profess to have mostly at heart. Others, with more reasonable, and practicable views, demand a more equal representation of the people: but all, in their eager zeal for fancied amendment, overlook the obvious fact that the progress of improvement is necessarily slow; and forget that when they hold out the English constitution as a model for imitation, they propose to create, as by a magical wand, a fabric which time and experience can alone bring to maturity and perfection. With that confusion of intellect respecting English affairs,

for

for which foreigners of all classes are generally distinguished, we find them expressing a blind admiration of those parts of our political system which are rather considered as necessary defects, than as at all conducive to the advantage of the whole. Thus, because the popular form of our government gives a wide scope for license at the public meetings and assemblies of the people, in ordinary times, and the utmost freedom of debate in the Commons House of Parliament, our imitators seem to imagine that liberty cannot thrive without tumult and disorder; and, whilst anxious to establish a free press amongst themselves, they shut their eyes to the evils which may arise from the abuse of this freedom. They read our debates with avidity, and watch with impatience every popular movement which takes place in this country; but the secret springs which bring order out of the chaos of conflicting opinions are beyond their comprehension, and they attribute our security, amidst so much apparent danger, to causes very widely removed from the truth.

The increase of public journals in Germany has, of late years, been very considerable. Those newly established are, for the most part, in opposition to the government of the states in which they appear. The best, such as '*Rhenische Mercur*,' '*Oppositions Blatt*,' '*Bremer Zeitung*,' and '*Neckar Zeitung*,' are written with spirit and ability; but to shew how little they are to be depended upon in regard to English affairs, and how small a chance our national character has of being fairly represented in their hands, we extract a few paragraphs, taken at random, from the last named paper, and containing the account of events which are supposed to have happened during the autumn of last year.

'The last accounts from London announce that a most dangerous insurrection has broken out there on the 23d October. Already the King of England's throne is considered to be overthrown; and on its ruin will be raised the President's chair of the Brewer Hunt. Lord Castlereagh is assassinated, and the funds are fallen. . . . . It is clear that the revolution is complete. It appears, however, somewhat astonishing that the accounts from London of the 27th do not make the least mention of the revolution which broke out on the 23d! To shew how fearful such an event would be, we have only to give a picture of the state of the country.

'The poor are so numerous, that no remedy can be found; for John Bull will not die quietly with hunger, as the East India Company have allowed some millions of Hindoos to do at the door of magazines overflowing with rice. . . . .

'The plague cannot well be introduced as a means of diminishing population, because the avarice of the merchants would induce them to reject such a proposal, as it would lead to the destruction of their

trade with other nations: but to suppose such a heartless plan to have entered the heads of English speculators, is by no means preposterous, when we know that, in the West Indies, they have trained thousands of dogs to hunt down the natives; and that between 1795 and 1799, above 100,000 men came in Ireland to a violent end. . . . .

'The roads swarm with robbers, and the cruelty towards beasts is carried to such an extent, that (what will scarcely be believed) it is the practice to cut pieces of flesh from oxen, whilst alive, in order that the meat may be more tender for the table. . . . .

'The cold-blooded cruelty of the children is also peculiarly worthy of remark; and the brutal conduct of the men towards their wives is gone so far that the courts of justice no longer punish for it.'

We presume that this will satisfy our readers; it is not, however, unworthy of remark, that it is from such impure sources as the journal we have quoted, (whose chief resource, we observe, is the *Monthly Magazine*) that the lower orders abroad derive almost their whole knowledge of Englishmen and of English affairs.

Though in these vehicles for public information the supposed grievances of Germany are dwelt upon at large, little or no notice is taken of the concessions made by the higher powers to the wishes of their subjects, or of the various circumstances which promise a general amelioration in the condition of that country. Besides Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hanover and Nassau, there are at least half a dozen states of minor importance to which constitutions have been either granted or renewed by their present rulers. Mr. Hodgskin will say, perhaps, that is the semblance only of liberty which is offered; but at all events he will not dispute that they are strong marks of a readiness on the part of the German princes to attend to the just complaints of their subjects; and if he will take the trouble of perusing some of the proceedings of the states, as of Wurtemberg for instance, he will find that the rights and privileges which have been conceded, are not by any means so nugatory as he appears, in his ignorance, to imagine.

Slavery has been abolished in Prussia, and in Mecklenburgh. The example will no doubt be followed by Austria, as indeed it has already been to a limited extent; and it is a fact which ought not to be lost sight of at a time when it is the fashion to extol the purity and liberality of new governments at the expense of the old, that in despotic Russia the emperor is gradually emancipating the peasants on the crown lands, and recommending the same course to the rich proprietors of the empire, whilst in America, that 'last sacred asylum of freedom and virtue,' the bill for abolishing slavery in the Missouri country (a measure which involves the question as to every other part of the United States) has been thrown out by a majority of the Congress.

ART.

ART. VII.—*Fables from La Fontaine, in English Verse.* 8vo. pp. 368. London. 1820.

'THE best part of beauty,' says Bacon, in one of his maxims, 'is that which a picture cannot express.' Something like this may be said of La Fontaine. The charm of his style is of so subtle a quality, consisting as much in curious felicity of expression as in justness of thought or tenderness of sentiment, that it seems almost a hopeless task to attempt transfusing into another language his careless and unstudied graces, and especially that *naïveté* and *bon-homme*, which are so peculiarly his own.

The characteristic quality of La Fontaine is simplicity;—not that childishness of thought and guiltlessness of meaning which have often passed current under this title—but that fascinating singleness of expression, which is not inconsistent with the highest refinement of wit, and which communicates a charm to whatever it relates, by saying the oldest and commonest things in so interesting a manner as to give them all the zest of novelty; that air, in short, of 'unconcern so exquisite,' by which the effect of all the various embellishments of his poetry is heightened and improved. There is indeed throughout his writings an apparent unconsciousness of his own perfections; and (to use a trite expression) he never cackles over the egg that he has laid. His wit seems to escape from him as it were involuntarily, and is poured forth, without parade or display, in careless profusion. But it is not by his wit alone that La Fontaine exerts so powerful an influence over us, for while he delights to amuse the imagination, he knows how to touch the heart. This is the secret of poetry, and this, after all, is the true criterion of a poet.

Though verse seems to be the natural language of a poet, yet La Fontaine would have been equally deserving of that title if he had written in prose. Rhyme is the dress which fashion and custom have made it almost necessary for poetry now to wear,—but it is only the dress; and it adds little to the genuine offspring of the Muses, though it may often serve to assist the imposition of a counterfeit; for it is not *prose*, but *prosing* that is destructive of poetry, and this is a fault which is by no means excluded from rhyme. But Fontaine never *proses*; he is, as he describes himself, the Butterfly of Parnassus, '*volage en vers comme en fleurs*,' passing lightly from flower to flower, extracting the sweets of each, and never dwelling on any subject long enough to be tiresome.

No one ever understood more completely the art of narration; the secret of which perhaps consists less in what is directly told than in what is suggested by those incidental hints and passing reflections, which awaken a train of associations in the mind of the reader,

as he follows the tale to its conclusion. While he is thus lively and brilliant in his narrative, he commands our interest, and excites our sympathy by the deep interest which he seems to feel himself for the creatures of his fancy; for he has always the air of being in downright earnest; and it would be almost as ill-natured to resist the illusion of his fables, as to obtrude a doubt of the *reality* of their entertainment upon a party of children engaged in a game of *pretending*. He who is unable to derive any gratification from taking a part in such infantine pastime, will but half relish the fables of this 'Fancy's child;' for there is something in La Fontaine that transports us back to the innocent thoughts of childhood; and when he introduces himself amongst the characters of his scene, we seem to read the unpremeditated effusions of a heart absolutely without guile, breaking out in those occasional touches of tenderness, which, seemingly without design but never without effect, are scattered through his pages. But in addition to all this, we recognize everywhere a prevailing tone of good sense, however embellished by imagination and sentiment; and he is continually suggesting an excellent lesson of morality, without any of the usual dullness of a moraliser.

One might fancy that Pope took his definition of wit—'What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,'—from studying the fables of La Fontaine. Nothing can be more exquisitely finished than his versification; and yet polished as his lines are, there is no appearance of effort or labour,—nothing forced or affected; he never seems to be *composing*,—all is easy and natural; and he exhibits in perfection that charming flow and facility of style, which Horace recommends as the object of attainment—

Ut sibi quivis  
Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem :—

But it would be almost as easy to imitate, as to analyze the style of La Fontaine, and explain why it is that his poetry gives us so much pleasure.

It is not however only in graces of style or elegancies of manner that La Fontaine excels; for he is no less admirable in the management and dramatic *keeping* of his characters. His beasts and his birds never forget their parts, nor transgress the boundaries assigned them by nature. In fact, if he had passed his youth in the service of Polito, and attending regularly the Peacocks *At Home*, he could not have been more familiar with the manners of the personages amongst whom his scene is laid. The difficulty of preserving this consistency of character, was well put by Goldsmith, in a conversation with Johnson on the nature of this species of composition. 'I could write,' he said, 'a good fable upon the story



story of "the little fishes, who envied the birds flying over their heads;" and its merit should consist mainly in making them talk *like little fishes*.' Here Johnson laughed—'Why, Doctor,' said Goldsmith, somewhat piqued, 'this is not so easy a matter as you seem to think, for if you were to attempt it, all the little fishes would talk like—*whales*.'

The author before us has not attempted a translation of La Fontaine, nor do we say, or, indeed, think, that he has given us an improvement of him; but he has presented a lively and spirited imitation of his style and manner in an English dress. La Fontaine could not perhaps have easily fallen into better hands;—for the imitator, whoever he is, appears to possess many of the leading features of his original. We trace much of La Fontaine's *naïveté*,—or of that slyness which apes simplicity,—exhibited with much neatness of allusion, much happiness of illustration, and much sportiveness of satire; and there is also a sprinkling of that playfulness of wit, that delicate wantoning of imagination, which are so prominent in the pages of the French poet. In other points the comparison would be less favourable. We miss almost entirely the tenderness of La Fontaine; and something of his *bonhomie*. It is true that the want of the latter is chiefly discernible in the fables on political subjects;—and we may find an apology for the warmth of feeling excited in a liberal mind, at the bare idea of subjection to the brutal sway of the populace; of all tyrannies the most intolerable and the most hopeless.

But it is time to let our author speak for himself. He has explained the nature of his attempt in a sensible and well written preface.

'The writer of the present collection by no means imagines that he is destined to give his country the boast of possessing a La Fontaine. Taking the French poet as a master, rather than as a model, he has endeavoured to put those fables which most struck his fancy into English verse of various measures; without always copying the thoughts, or attempting the manner of the original; and he has introduced some allusions to the events of the times, where they were suggested by the subject. This, it is hoped, will not incur the same animadversion which Dr. Warton has made on the second volume of Gay,—that his fables read like political pamphlets. The allusions here inserted are for the most part very concise. A little more latitude is taken in some of the notes. Though decidedly hostile to jacobinical—or as the cant term now is—*radical* principles, the writer trusts no sentiment will be found adverse to the true spirit of British constitutional liberty.'—p. vii.

We proceed to give a few specimens of the manner in which the author has executed the task he has proposed to himself; and we will begin with the first Fable, which is prefaced by an introductory address

address to Lord Sidmouth; of which we can only find room for the concluding lines.

— Well have I mark'd your nature kind;  
Unspoil'd by power your nobler mind,  
Which can from loftier cares descend  
To meet the homage of a friend.  
Permit me then, with triple bow,  
As forms of Parliament allow,  
To lay upon your Lordship's table  
Proof of the potency of Fable.

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS.

In days of old, the mob of Rome,  
Like some we meet with nearer home,  
To honest labour took dislike,  
And, as the phrase is, chose to *strike*.  
For ev'ry ill that on them came,  
They thought the government to blame,  
Each cobbler left his occupation;  
Instead of shoes, to mend the nation;  
Nightmen and scavengers alert  
Would from the senate sweep the dirt:  
All with one voice complain'd—the Great  
Did nought but sport, and drink, and eat;  
Whilst ev'ry grievous burthen *they* bore,  
Half-starv'd and worn with endless labour.—  
And now the ragamuffins swear  
Such treatment they'll no longer bear,  
Patricians shall be forced to toil,  
And wrong'd Plebeians share the spoil;—  
Share office, honours, public treasure,  
And guide the state at their good pleasure.  
With such wild notions in their pates  
They camp'd without the city gates:  
For at some time each country yields  
Its H—s, its W—s, its Spa-fields.

Menenius then, a statesman grave,  
Prudent, but not more wise than brave,  
Fear'd not to face the noisy rabble:  
He check'd their fury with a fable!  
Shew'd them how foolish their pretences.  
And brought them to their sober senses.  
Mobs of that day, we must allow,  
Were quite as tractable as now.  
Howe'er that be, the tale I'll give ye,  
As chronicled by good old Livy:  
Pleas'd if the moral prove a fit one,  
To stop one factious mouth in Britain.

Once

Once on a time the human limbs  
 Were seiz'd with odd conceits and whims:  
 The stomach all the rest accuse  
 Of entertaining selfish views.  
 They cry:—"That sluggard lives at ease,  
 By us supplied with luxuries.  
 In secret indolence he lurks;  
 Enjoys our pains, and never works.  
 Shall we thus early toil and late,  
 To swell that pamper'd glutton's state?  
 Shall we comply with such demands?"  
 "Forbid it, justice!"—cry the Hands.  
 "No—tho' for bread the tyrant begs——"  
 "We swear the same!"—exclaim the Legs.  
 "Unmov'd, let that base lubber tarry—  
 We're slaves no more—we scorn to carry!"

The very feet,—till now so humble,  
 Loud as the rest began to grumble.  
 With one and all the gen'ral cry  
 Was, Freedom! and Equality!  
 The stomach proud was now subdued,  
 Debarr'd from necessary food:  
 For no kind hand prepar'd his dishes;  
 Refus'd were all his wants and wishes.  
 But soon perceiv'd each wasting limb  
 The needful aid deriv'd from him,  
 Whose pow'r invisible had granted  
 To every member what it wanted:  
 And now cut off from his supply  
 The thoughtless rebels faint and die.

Menenius finish'd his oration,—  
 The People felt the application.

By comparing this fable with the original, it will be seen, that the imitator has given us a paraphrase, rather than a version of the French poet; and to say the truth, we like him best when he emancipates himself from the fetters of translation, which generally seem to sit somewhat heavily upon him, and follows without any constraint the direction of his own fancy.

One of the prettiest things in his book is *The Address to the Critics*; in imitation of what La Fontaine has entitled—*Contre ceux qui ont le Goût difficile*. Here is a very slight adherence to the original; but no one will regret the departure, which has enabled the writer to substitute for a vapid translation, an address not altogether unlike what might have been expected from La Fontaine, if he had been born and bred in England. But, in bestowing this commendation upon his original efforts, we would suggest to the author the propriety of being more faithful, when he chuses to confine

confine himself to the task of turning one language into another. If he prefers to soar alone, we shall seldom feel inclined to repress his flights; but when he limits his aim to a mere verbal version of the French, he ought not to misrepresent the original,—to the manifest injury of the sense. For instance, La Fontaine, in the Fable of the Wolf and the Stork, says—

Les loups mangent gloutonnement.  
 Un loup donc étant de frairie,  
 Se pressa, dit-on, tellement,  
 Qu'il en pensa perdre la vie:  
 Un os lui demeura bien avant au gosier.  
 De bonheur pour ce loup, *qui ne pouvait crier*  
 Près de là passe une cicogne.

In rendering this into English, the sense has been altered without being improved; and instead of this simple and natural description of the silent agonies of the wolf, we read that—

One day a wolf in bolting down his mutton  
 Found a sharp bone stick fast across his throat;  
 Writhing with pain acute, the half-chok'd glutton  
*Made the woods ring with his complaining note.*—p. 135.

This is neither true to La Fontaine, nor to nature;—and nature and La Fontaine in this, as in most other cases, will be found identified; for his merit consists as much in the fidelity as in the picturesqueness of his sketches;—a wolf with a 'sharp bone sticking across his throat' would be in no condition for 'making the woods ring.' Again, in the '*Two Pigeons*,' La Fontaine, in describing the danger that the wandering dove incurred from the wanton attack of a boy, says, '*Un fripon d'enfant (cette age est sans pitié,*) hinting thus parenthetically at the proverbial cruelty of infancy, which is given in the English,—'how cruel are the sports of *man*!'—as a grave reflection upon the general cruelty of the species. This is not Fontaine's meaning, nor indeed is it just. Children are cruel, not from malignity of disposition, but from inexperience and inattention. They scarcely know what pain is, they have little sympathy therefore; and it is some time before they can be taught, that what is sport to them is death to their victims.

It would not be difficult to point out other passages where the sense has been equally misrepresented; and there are occasional marks of carelessness and haste exhibited in slovenly syntax and faulty construction; but these are trifling blemishes, and redeemed by the general excellence of the work. The imitator is often very happy in the queer and quaint combinations of syllables, by which he has enlivened his pages with continual variety of rhyme. And here also we trace a resemblance to La Fontaine; for in both, syllables slide into verse and hitch together in rhyme,—which would, at first

first sight, seem to be as unmanageable as were ever proposed in a game of crambo.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

' A Satyr in a rocky den  
Liv'd, distant from the haunts of men :  
Tho' half a goat, he seldom ran  
To revel in the train of Pan :  
But led a quiet sober life,  
With one fair Dryad for his wife ;  
And she, engross'd by household matters,  
Prepar'd his soup, and brought young satyrs.  
It happen'd on a wintry day,  
A Traveller had lost his way ;  
And stiff with cold, and drench'd with rain,  
He joy'd the Satyr's cave to gain.  
He peeps ; and midst recesses inner,  
Espies his horned host at dinner.  
He halts, and near the entrance lingers,  
And, blowing hard his aching fingers,  
He frames apologetic speeches,  
To his landlord with the shaggy breeches.  
But ere he could excuse begin,  
A hoarse rough voice exclaims, " Come in !  
If you can dine without a cloth,  
Stranger, you're welcome to my broth.  
My curious wife would fain be knowing  
What 'tis with so much care you're blowing."

" " Thanks," said the man, " I'll not be shy  
To accept your hospitality.  
To please your lady, I'll inform her,  
I blow my hands to make them warmer."

' The mistress of the rocky cottage  
Pours for her guest some smoking pottage ;  
Who to gulp down his mess the quicker,  
Blows, ere he tastes, the scalding liquor.  
The Satyr o'er the table leaning,  
Surpris'd, once more inquires his meaning .  
" Sir," said the stranger, " you shall know it—  
It is to cool my broth I blow it."  
" Hold !" cries the host, " is that your plan ?  
Are these the double ways of man ?  
Stranger, away ! you see the door,  
Nor dare approach my mansion more.  
Whilst I possess this vaulted roof—  
(And fiercely then he rais'd his hoof)  
No mouth its mossy sides shall hold,  
Which blows at once both hot and cold !"

' Tell

' Tell me, ye Westminster Electors,  
 Who love political projectors,  
 Whom cunning state-empirics please,  
 Have you not met with mouths like these?  
 Mouths which advance assertions bold,  
 Blow sometimes hot, and sometimes cold.  
 Have you no smooth tongued sophist found,  
 Who Proteus like still shifts his ground,  
 Promulging, for the public good,  
 Schemes by no mortal understood?  
 Whose patriot soul, so truly Roman,  
 Would trust the regal power to no man,  
 Tho' check'd and limited it be  
 Like Britain's well pois'd monarchy;  
 Yet plasters praises thick and hearty  
 Upon his fav'rite Buonaparté?  
 To British honour much alive,  
 Yet hates to see her laurels thrive:  
 And strives to pluck the shining bough  
 From her great hero's glorious brow?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

When such mad follies meet our eye,  
 We smile at the attempt to fob us—  
 But sigh to find the Hoaxer H—— !—p. 241.

This extract will serve to shew the nature of the 'Modern Instances,' as the author calls them, which, instead of the old moral, he has tacked to the end of his fables. The illustrations are generally of a political nature, and amongst these perhaps the application of the fable of *The Two Bitches* to the case of England and America is one of the happiest; that which pleases us least is the application of the *Viper* and the *File* to the author of a juvenile tirade long since forgiven and forgotten by the object of it. The example of France recurs too often; once or twice is well enough, but a good thing may be repeated till it becomes as tiresome as the perpetual *ὁ μωδὸς ἀγλῶς* of our old school acquaintance *Æsop*. As a specimen of the Notes, we subjoin the following strictures upon '*the family of the Fudges*,' which we think more justifiable than the attack noticed above.

'However its malignity may excite disgust, it is impossible not to smile at the whimsicality of the "*Fudge Family at Paris*," published under the name of Thomas Brown, jun. Beneficent nature is said often to place antidotes to the poison of noxious animals in the composition of the creature itself. Thus in the present instance, the superlative dullness of *PHILIP O'CONNOR* very happily counteracts the effect of the sprightly effusions of *ESQUIRE PHILIP*, *MISS BIDDY* and *MASTER BOBBY FUDGE*. We may moreover learn from this publication, that  
 the

the liberty of the press is not entirely extinguished in England, notwithstanding

‘ ————— the withering hand  
Of bigot power upon this hapless land.’

for we have never heard of the attorney general making any advances towards an acquaintance with this witty family, or with that sombre *ill starred* gentleman, the domestic tutor, whose asterisks, added to his most lamentable effusions, express such unutterable things.

‘ Conscious rectitude can suffer such assailants to pass by unnoticed; but how would “the calm and easy grandeur of the Imperial bird” have borne a similar provocation? This question is best answered by the single monosyllable, *PALM*! A stanza of Horace will best express the feelings of an able, firm and upright minister, attacked by licentious petulance, who neither fears the malice, or [nor] wants the aid of such auxiliaries.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus  
Non eget MAURI jaculis neque arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetrâ.

which may be thus translated for the benefit of such town or country gentlemen whose classical learning is grown rusty, and who may not have Smart or Francis at their elbow:—

At thee, pert profligate TOM BROWN,  
The idle laugh, the grave ones frown,  
Whilst he who just and wise is,  
Defies attacks from wits or dolts—  
And e’en the sharp, envenom’d bolts  
Of M—— himself despises.’—pp. 163, 164.

Four of the Fables in the present selection are, it seems, from the ‘pen of a friend.’ As upon recurring to our extracts we find that we have pitched upon two fables, in the same metre; we will endeavour to make room for a third, in which there is some variety of measure, and which will at the same time serve as a specimen of the talents of the author’s coadjutor.

#### THE MURRAIN.

‘ A dire disease, which Heaven in wrath  
Devis’d, to work wide woe and scath,  
For crimes committed here on earth,  
A sickness sore,—a frightful evil,  
More grievous far than war or dearth,  
Consigning myriads daily to the devil:  
In one short word,—the plague, with dreadful ravage,  
Broke out amongst the brute creation,  
Assail’d all animals both tame and savage,  
And widely spread around it devastation.



If some died not, they scarcely lived,  
 Nor seem'd aware they had surviv'd,—  
 Their instincts gone,—and vanished quite  
 Propensities and appetite.  
 Nor hens nor geese the fox allure,  
 And Isgrim's jaws are sinecure.  
 All mop'd in melancholy mood,  
 Reckless alike of fight or food.  
 The sometime gentle turtle-dove  
 Indiff'rent now to life and love,  
 (For life and love to her were one)  
 Her pining partner fain would shun—  
 The lion in this sad conjuncture,  
 Whose conscience had receiv'd a puncture,  
 Resolv'd to hold a bed of justice,  
 And state to all in what his trust is.

"My fellow sufferers and friends"

(The royal speech in form begins)

"From righteous Heav'n in wrath descends  
 This visitation for our sins.

"Let all, then, secret crimes unfold,  
 And every tale of guilt be told.  
 So shall the greatest sinner seal,  
 Self-sacrific'd, the general weal.  
 Nor deem it a new-fangled notion;  
 All history's full of such devotion.

"To shorten therefore the debate  
 Without unfruitful long digression,  
 That we may rightly judge our state,  
 Proceed we briefly to confession:"

As his majesty's confession is rather *prosy*, we shall take the liberty of cutting it short. He acknowledges 'a strong fancy for mutton,' and admits that he has occasionally 'made a *bonne bouche*,' of the shepherd himself, whose guilt, like that of his flock, seems to have consisted 'in running away.'

The monarch ceas'd and judgment begs.  
 The fox was quickly on his legs,  
 And having caught the lion's eye  
 He hasten'd thus to make reply:  
 "Ah! sire, indeed you're much too good  
 To take account of such vile blood—  
 Too scrupulous and delicate  
 For one of your exalted state!  
 Your Majesty is much too nice,  
 To deem sheep-slaughter such a vice!

This

This for the brutes ;—then, for the man,—  
I think your Highness said—he ran.  
Desert his flock !—a precious pastor !  
I'm glad your majesty ran faster.

This is truly humorous and characteristic. After a few words more in condemnation of the poor shepherd, who, to the crime of attempting to save his life, is stated to have added that of 'holding crooked rule over his charge,'

The fox sat down : loud cheers resound,  
And hear, hear, hear ! was echoed round.

The tiger and the bear follow ; but as they are beasts of rank, and confess nothing but a few peccadilloes akin to those of the lion, they are absolved as a matter of course :

Can crime exist in such high station ?  
All that had teeth, or tusks, or spirit,  
Absolv'd at once from all demerit,  
Were guiltless found by acclamation !  
At length the ass came to confession,  
And thus denounced his own transgression :  
" On thorny thistles starv'd and sad dock,  
I chanced to pass the parson's paddock ;  
The sacred sward seem'd sweet and green,  
My appetite I own was keen,  
And fair occasion urg'd to revel—  
Or might it not have been the devil ?  
Whate'er it were—I cropp'd a blade—  
I own 'twas wrong—we must speak out :  
I was a trespasser, no doubt !"  
A general roar of indignation  
Follow'd the donkey's declaration—  
" What crop the close ! the parson's too !  
For this can less than death be due ?  
When thorns and thistles grew so plenty  
Could nothing but the glebe content ye ?  
From such a sin but death can purge ye—  
Death without benefit of clergy !"

This is a spirited version. The three others, by the same hand, are equally good ; though the style and the finishing are sometimes a little too laboured and overloaded.

Upon the whole this is an entertaining volume. The author has new dyed the stuff of La Fontaine, preserving much of the beauty and lustre of the original tint, and he has worked in some fresh flowers of his own, in order to adapt his pattern to the taste of the present times.

ART. VIII.—*The Gas Blow-pipe, or Art of Fusion, by burning the Gaseous Constituents of Water: giving the History of the Philosophical Apparatus so denominated; the Proofs of Analogy in its operations to the Nature of Volcanoes; together with an Appendix, containing an Account of Experiments with this Blow-Pipe.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, &c. 8vo. pp. 109. London. 1819.

IF the converse of the proposition μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν, were true, we might welcome this little tract, as the production of a writer who, in this instance, at least, has endeavoured, in the words of Addison, to 'practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops.'—But, alas! it has been cast among the chemists, to whom it is more particularly addressed, as the apple of discord was cast among the gods, and set them together by the ears!

The opinion of Macquer, that 'There does not exist in nature any substance which may be considered as essentially and vigorously *infusible*,\*' is as old as the time of Theophrastus.† When that eloquent philosopher delivered lectures in the Lyceum at Athens, as the successor of Aristotle, the number of his auditors amounted to two thousand; and that they were instructed in many facts considered as of modern discovery, may be seen by reference to the very small part of his writings which has descended to our time. His observations shew that he had attended as carefully to the changes which bodies sustain in consequence of the action of heat as if he had been acquainted with the use of the common blow-pipe. He notices an opinion which had been maintained in Greece, that all stones, excepting *marble*, were fusible,‡ and holds this to be true of the greater number; and it is a very remarkable confirmation of the exception he made respecting the *carbonate of lime*, that—after a lapse of above two thousand years, with all the aid afforded by the advancement of science—if a chemist were asked what substance more than any other resists the action of heat, he would adduce the purest *carbonate of lime*, in the example of *Iceland spar*, the fusion of which can hardly be effected even by the *gas blow-pipe*.

An ardent and insatiable curiosity in chemists has in every age prompted them to augment, by every means in their power, the

\* Macquer, Dictionnaire de Chimie, article *Apyre*.

† Theophrastus. Περὶ τῶν λίθων, βιβλίον. κ'. p. 8. L. Bat. 1647.

‡ Οἱ δὲ καὶ ὅλας λίθους πάντας τανύσθαι, πλὴν τῆ μαρμαίρου. κ. τ. λ.—Theophrast. ubi supra.

action of heat; the difficulty of melting some substances having always presented obstacles to metallurgists, and tended greatly to retard many important improvements in the arts. It is foreign to the undertaking we have in view, or it might be easy to shew with what perseverance the antient alchemists so long laboured in pursuit of an universal solvent for all bodies. This solvent is now found, since there is no substance whatsoever that is not capable of being held in solution by the fluid matter of heat. A series of brilliant experiments, resulting from the discovery of *oxygen gas*, by Priestley\* and Scheele, has gradually led to the introduction and use of the '*gas blow-pipe*, or Art of Fusion by burning the Gaseous Constituents of Water,' by means of which the most refractory bodies† may be melted, and in many instances, entirely volatilized.

As to many of our readers the subject is altogether new, and very important facts are likely to accrue to the science of chemistry, from the further use of the extraordinary means of decomposition offered by the philosophical apparatus here alluded to, we shall endeavour to make them acquainted with its real nature by a brief description of the instrument itself, before we proceed to state the effects produced by it.

This blow-pipe, literally calculated for 'setting the Thames on fire,' consists of a small square box, usually made of thick sheet copper, into which, by means of a piston, are compressed the gaseous constituents of water;‡ afterwards, by turning a stop-cock, the mixed gases are allowed to escape through the narrow aperture of a capillary tube  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch in diameter, and exposed to combustion at the orifice, by lighting the gaseous mixture, exactly as we light a common gas lamp. A small flame continues to burn at the extremity of the jet of the tube, to whose powerful heat are exposed all substances submitted to the test of this blow-pipe. Dr. Clarke has devised an apparatus, represented in a frontispiece to the volume, by means of which a continual supply of the gaseous mixture may be forced into the reservoir during the most protracted experiments; the machine is also supplied with a safety cylinder invented by his friend, Professor Cumming, to prevent the consequences of explosion.

The first account of Dr. Clarke's experiments with this blow-pipe appeared in the Journal of the Royal Institution, No. III.

\* In August, 1774. Scheele discovered the same gas in 1777, without any previous knowledge of what Dr. Priestley had done. Lavoisier first gave it the name of *Oxygen Gas*.

† The fusion even of charcoal has been accomplished by it.

‡ Mixed in the proportion of two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas, and one part of oxygen gas.

Some of the results of those experiments were afterwards disputed, and various claims were made to the originality of the invention by which they had been conducted; but it is somewhat remarkable that while these claims and disputes continue to be agitated, the author of the work now before us is the only person who has appropriated the instrument itself to any purpose of public utility. During four years which have elapsed since he commenced his experiments with this blow-pipe, he has persevered in exhibiting to the members of the University, before whom he delivers his public lectures, a repetition of those experiments; confirming the truth of them by daily appeals to their testimony, as to the facts which they substantiate. The object of the present publication is, therefore, to shew the utility and safety of the apparatus employed; to point out the progressive steps by which it has been brought to its present state of improvement; the share which the author himself had in the invention; and the proofs which the instrument has afforded of analogy in its operations to the nature of volcanoes; that is to say, in its power of fusion; the means whereby this fusion is accomplished; the result of the combustion of the mixed gases, forming water; and the detonations and explosions to which the same compressed gaseous mixture is liable.—The subject is curious, and the author shall speak for himself.

‘The present observations relate to the Gas Blow-pipe as used for burning a compressed mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases, when propelled from a common reservoir. The first usage of these gases, in a state of mixture, was believed to have been made by an unknown native of Germany; who employed for this purpose a bladder to which a capillary tube was affixed. The author received this information, upon report, after he began to write the account of his own experiments; but no one has since laid claim to the experiment, nor does he now know whether there be any truth in the rumour. He has been, however, the more anxious to repeat it; because upon the truth of it depend all pretensions to priority of invention. Dr. Thomas Thomson, now professor of chemistry at Glasgow, made experiments with the mixed gases, at Edinburgh, seventeen years ago; but was induced to abandon the undertaking, owing to the accidents which happened to his apparatus. With respect to the application of hydrogen and oxygen gases to aid the operations of the blow-pipe, when propelled from different reservoirs through different apertures, by means of hydrostatic or other pressure, the contrivance is as old as the time of Lavoisier. The American chemists lay claim to it, as their invention, in consequence of experiments made, in 1802, by Mr. Robert Hare, junior, professor of Natural Philosophy in Philadelphia; of which an account appeared in Dr. Bruce’s *Mineralogical Journal*\*,

\* Vol. I. No. 2. p. 97. (Note.)

and also in the *Annales de Chimie*.\* Much about the same time, Dr. Thomson also carried on a series of experiments in the same way;† and we have witnessed similar experiments, for at least a dozen years, during the chemical lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. The combustion of the diamond was always thus exhibited: and in America this plan is still pursued; that is to say, the two gases are propelled from different reservoirs, and through different apertures. But the intensity of the heat is incomparably greater when the gases, after compression, are propelled and burned in a mixed state; because the due proportion necessary for forming water is then constantly and equally maintained: whereas an excess, either on the side of the hydrogen or of the oxygen, not only tends to diminish the temperature, but, if it be much increased on the side of the oxygen, infallibly extinguishes the flame.

As this method of aiding the operations of the blow-pipe differs, in this essential particular, from every other hitherto employed, it is that to which (with all the improvements since made for insuring the safety of the operator) the name of the Gas Blow-pipe is now applied, and whose history it is the author's present purpose to relate. And this induces a second part of the inquiry; namely, what first suggested the propriety of mixing the two gases in the relative proportion for forming water? because, upon the observance of this proportion the intensity of the heat mainly depends.

This circumstance was briefly stated in the first account which the author published of his experiments with the gas blow-pipe; but the phenomena upon which it was founded, highly interesting as they are, do not seem to have met with that attention from scientific men to which they are entitled; probably owing to the very short time usually bestowed by scientific travellers amidst the scenes where such phenomena are fearfully displayed. The author alludes to the phenomena attendant upon volcanoes; the decomposition of water by volcanic fire; the compression to which the gaseous result is liable; its subsequent combustion; the power of fusion it exhibits; and, lastly, the horrible explosions which take place, whenever the whole of the compressed gas is exposed to combustion. If this happen, as it is well known, whole mountains are blown into the air by the tremendous violence of the explosion, which is heard to the distance of many leagues; and the eruption ceases. But the minor explosions, or detonations, taking place at the mouths of narrow apertures in a volcano whence liquid rocks are ejected in the form of lava, are such as to resemble the loudest artillery. In these cases, a partial explosion of the gaseous mixture takes place; exactly corresponding with the detonations which, upon a small scale, are heard at the orifice of the jet of the gas blow-pipe; and bearing about the same comparison to the explosion of the gas reservoir, which the detonations at the mouth of a stream of lava do to the explosion of all the pent gas within the volcano. Vesuvius,

\* See tom. xlv. p. 113. *Mémoire sur l'Usage du Chalumeau, et les Moyens de l'alimenter d'Air, &c.*

† This is also stated in the Letter above mentioned.

perhaps, better than any other volcano, may serve to illustrate what is here advanced: because it is better adapted for examination than *Ætna*, or any other volcano where the crater is remote from the syringes or jets through which the lava is propelled. This mountain, as to its chemical nature, is, in all respects, a vast gas blow-pipe; corresponding, in all its phenomena, with the appearances and effects, the explosions and detonations, the heat and the light,\* exhibited by the apparatus which bears this name; and differing from it only as the mighty operations of nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chemist in his laboratory. During twelve years that the author has delivered public lectures, in the University of Cambridge, as it is well known to persons who have attended those lectures, he has constantly thus explained the nature and effects of volcanic eruptions. Without the agency of water and its decomposition, these eruptions do not take place. Before any great eruption of Vesuvius, not only does the water disappear in all the wells of Naples, Portici, Resina, and other towns at the foot of the mountain, but even the sea retires; and marine animals, abandoned by their native element, expire upon the shore.'

Dr. Clarke then proceeds to verify these observations by a reference to the phenomena which accompanied the rising of the Monte Nuovo, out of the Lucrine lake, near Naples, and to others of which he was an eye-witness upon Mount Vesuvius; and afterwards relates the inferences deduced from those appearances as they were rendered applicable to the gas blow-pipe.

'Consequently, to imitate the power of fusion exhibited by a volcano, nothing more was necessary than to burn the gaseous constituents of water under similar circumstances; but here was the difficulty. Every clap of thunder in the atmosphere is sufficient to prove what the consequences are, where the gaseous constituents of water, when in a mixed state, become ignited, even by an electric spark: and who would venture to communicate flame to such a mixture, under compression, for purposes of experiment? The experiments which took place under *Lavoisier* at *Paris*, and all over *Europe*, for the composition of water, were an approximation towards it; because these experiments first proved that the gaseous constituents of water might be used to aid the operations of the blow-pipe. It was then, in fact, first made known, that the two gases, when burned separately, and propelled from different reservoirs, through different apertures, by hydrostatic pressure, towards one point (which was the method afterwards pursued by Professor *Hare*, in *America*), exhibited a degree of temperature capable of effecting THE COMBUSTION OF THE DIAMOND! Therefore, if it be requisite to trace the invention of the gas blow-pipe to the first principles which led to the whole of the contrivance, it is to these discoveries of *Lavoisier*

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\* 'There is no other way in which any idea can be given of the intense light beaming from the source of a stream of perfectly liquid lava, than by attending to the fusion of the most refractory substances before the gas blow-pipe, which exhibits an emanation of the same kind of light, comparatively, as the light of a star to that of the sun.

that



that reference should be made. As soon as the invention of Mr. Brook's blow-pipe offered an easy method of compressing and propelling one of the gaseous constituents of water, while the other might be afforded by the combustion of a spirit-lamp, the author, of course, as he has before acknowledged, availed himself of this apparatus;\* but finding, as he before said, that the heat was not sufficient for his purpose, "because the *hydrogen* was not afforded in its due proportion,"† he was directed, by the maker of the blow-pipe, to compress the *mixed gases*, and burn them, upon the principle of *gas* illumination, when propelled through a capillary tube. As to the relative proportion between the two *gases*, after all that he now has stated, and during twelve years has constantly repeated, upon the subject of volcanoes, at his public lectures before the University of Cambridge,—is it necessary to ask, whether he would hesitate to mix them in the proportion for forming WATER? That he did not hesitate, is evident; because in the very beginning of the earliest account which he published of his experiments with the *gas blow-pipe*,‡ and in the very first words of it, he mentions "water as the combustible for increasing the action of fire:"—and in a page almost immediately following,§ he states the relative proportion between the two *gases* which he had adopted; namely, "two parts, by bulk, of *hydrogen*, and one part of *oxygen*." If, in any publication anterior to the article here cited, it can be made to appear that the same proportion had been adopted by any other person, he foregoes, of course, all claim to this part of the improvement in the mode of using the *gas blow-pipe*.

The remaining pages relate to the new chemical facts which the use of this blow-pipe has made known. Among the more remarkable may be mentioned the *pseudo-metallic* lustre exhibited by *silica*, and by other substances once considered as refractory bodies, when their fusion has been accomplished in a charcoal crucible. We have seen *rock crystal*, which, after being thus melted, appears like a globule of the purest *mercury*; and it retains its high metallic lustre unaltered by exposure to atmospheric air. It had fallen, while in a state of fusion, upon a deal board, into which it consequently became imbedded, and when taken out was found to have this remarkable metallic lustre. The same appearance is exhibited by pure crystallized *alumina* under similar circumstance, as in the instances of the *sapphire* and the *ruby*. Does not this admit of an obvious explanation? We would propose it as a *quære* for our chemical readers, whether *charcoal* coming into contact with *metallic oxides* when in a state of fusion, and at a temperature so exalted, may not, from its powerful affinity of *oxygen*, so far revive the metals of the earth as to exhibit them in a minimum of oxidation, and with metallic lustre, in the form of the thin superficies

\* Journal of the Royal Institution, III. 103.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. p. 107.

which then invests those bodies. The fusion of *wood-tin*, and the perfect metallic lustre it afterwards exhibits, even when cut by a file, although still remaining in the state of an *oxide*; the combustion of *platinum*; the melting of *rubies*, *sapphires*, and *emeralds*, so as to cause them to run together into one mass; the revival of certain *metals* from their *oxides*; and above all, the revival of a perfectly metallic appearance from *barytes*, which again becomes *barytic earth* upon simple exposure to the action of atmospheric air, are among the other new chemical results which the use of the gas blow-pipe has enabled the author to obtain.

It is now above forty years since the first experiments with oxygen gas, in aid of fusion, were made by the celebrated Achard, as may be seen by reference to the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, for the year 1779.\* The observations of Lavoisier, upon the same subject, appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, three years afterwards.† Achard, by propelling a stream of what he called, after Priestley, *dephlogisticated air*, upon the flame of a lamp, succeeded in melting grains of *platinum*, and other refractory bodies. These experiments were followed by Ehrmann, of Strasbourg, who, in 1785, published a work, which was translated by Fontallard, and entitled ‘*Essai d’un Art de Fusion, à l’aide de l’Air du Feu, ou Air Vital*.’ By an extract made from the Records of the Academy at Paris, signed by the Marquis of Condorcet upon the 23d of June, 1786, it appears that Lavoisier, Berthollet and Fourcroy had been appointed by the Academy ‘*de lui rendre compte de l’ouvrage de M. Ehrmann traduit par M. de Fontallard*,’ upon which occasion it was urged that Ehrmann’s experiments were unknown to Lavoisier, although in their results they agreed so strikingly with those which the French chemist had obtained. In these experiments a degree of heat had been excited nearly equal to that which is developed by burning the gaseous constituents of water. Lavoisier failed, however, in his endeavour to accomplish the fusion of *rock crystal*;‡ and in numerous experiments made upon this substance in 1772, with the great burning glass of Ischirnhausen, it had resisted the most exalted temperature to which it was exposed. The same thing happened

\* See also the Chemical Memoirs of François Charles Achard, vol. i. page 134. Berlin, 1784.

† Mémoires par M. Lavoisier sur l’Action du Feu animé par l’Air vital, sur les Substances Minérales les plus réfractaires, publiés dans les Mémoires de l’Académie Royale des Sciences.

‡ ‘Quoi que l’activité du feu fût très-grande, il n’a pas fondu pendant l’espace de 2 minutes 30 secondes. qu’a duré l’expérience.’—Mémoire de M. Lavoisier, p. 243. Strasbourg, 1787.

with

with regard to *lime*\* and *magnesia*,† both of which were found to be utterly refractory. These substances have been all of them melted by the *gas blow-pipe*, the powers of which are entirely due, not only to the presence of *hydrogen gas* in a state of mixture with the *oxygen gas*, but the two gases mixed together in the exact proportion for forming water; 'namely, two parts, by bulk, of *hydrogen gas* added to one part of *oxygen gas*;' and as our author is the first person who made use of the two gases in this state of mixture, as fuel for his *gas blow-pipe*, the invention is so far his own. Indeed when the *hydrogen* is added only 'in slight excess,' which some pretend to have used, the mixture will not burn.

We will add a very few words with regard to the theory maintained in this work, upon the *effects*, rather than the *origin*, of volcanic fire. It is maintained by the author that the effects of the combustion of the mixed gases, resemble those which are produced by volcanoes. This appears to be capable of the strictest demonstration. If while the gaseous mixture is propelled from a gas blow-pipe, and exposed to combustion, the result of this combustion be collected in a receiver, it is found to be pure water. The same may be said of the gases propelled from volcanoes, as it has been proved by repeated observations upon Mount Vesuvius. After the tremendous explosions of that volcano, water descends as dew or rain, sometimes covering the whole surface of the cone. By placing vessels over any of the crevices or apertures upon the sides of the mountain whence the steam of the mixed gases is propelled after combustion, pure water may also be collected, as appears by accounts which have lately been published. That water has been admitted to the action of volcanic fire, and thereby decomposed, is therefore evident in its recombination; and we conceive that nothing more is requisite to establish the opinion maintained in this work. We all know that when water is cast upon burning coal it is liable to decomposition. If this decomposition, therefore, ensue, in consequence of the admission of sea-water to the vast beds of fire which connect *Ætna* with *Vesuvius* and with other volcanoes, the gaseous result, exposed to indefinite compression and subsequent combustion, may be attended with effects differing only from those exhibited by the gas blow-pipe, 'as the mighty operations of nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chemist in his laboratory.'

\* Il résulte de ces expériences, que la terre calcaire pure, ou plus exactement la chaux est absolument infusible par le plus grand degré de feu qu'on a pu lui faire éprouver jusqu'à présent.—*Ibid.* p. 275.

† Le Morceau s'est réduit, mais la violence du feu n'y a occasionné aucune autre altération.—*Ibid.* p. 276.

ART. IX.—*The Comedies of Aristophanes.* By T. Mitchell,  
A. M. late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge.  
Vol. I. pp. 462. London. 1820. w.

SOME of our readers may be disposed to think that the subject of the Aristophanic comedy has of late occupied a sufficient space in our pages: we must, however, persevere, and insist like Falstaff—‘Play on the play. We have much to say in behalf of that same Aristophanes.’ With respect to the present translation, it may truly be said to be much the best that has hitherto appeared in our own, or, as far as our acquaintance extends, in any other modern language. It may even be said, with truth, that, to an English reader, the first perusal of this translation may afford as much pleasure as the perusal of the original is calculated to give to a proficient in the Greek language, who undertakes, for the first time, to read a play of Aristophanes in the original. Those, however, who have indulged in a continued study of the original, and (prompted by the perpetual developement of new and unobserved beauties in the change and play of style, and in the brief and pointed expression of comic character,) have become entirely familiar with the author, will continue to derive a pleasure from repeated reperusals of the original, such as we cannot venture to promise to the English scholar, if he should be induced to recur, for a second or third time, to the work now before us. We shall, however, before we conclude, have the satisfaction of pointing out some passages which, like those of the original, fix themselves (the great test of excellence) involuntarily in the memory, and which may be recalled to it and repeated with undiminished gratification. The main cause of the defect alluded to, and of the disappointment which will be experienced by those who are best acquainted with the original, if they expect to find the various forms of language, and the phrases expressive of character, represented in a satisfactory manner by English equivalents, is to be attributed to the adoption of a particular style; the style of our ancient comedy in the beginning of the 16th century. We shall proceed to give the reasons, which lead us to consider this style as peculiarly proper for the purposes to which our own early dramatic poets applied it; and which, at the same time, and for the same reasons, if they are just ones, must render it wholly unsuitable for representing or reproducing that peculiar species of drama to which the comedies of Aristophanes belong.

The early comedy of modern Europe, that of the first half of the 16th century, is a fancy portrait of the society of the time. The pleasure which it afforded was similar to that which we experience when we contemplate a picture, in which the resemblance of a countenance familiar to us is expressed with that addition of harmony  
and

and grace which embellish the resemblance, without much detracting from its truth. Such was the character and principle of the dramas of Calderon and his cotemporaries; and, before him, of Lope; and of Fletcher, Shirley and others, amongst ourselves. In all these, dignity of character is uniformly maintained—the cavaliers are represented as daring and generous, delicate and faithful to excess: the highest tone of sentiment is kept up: the tone of the language, also, (which is more to our purpose) is proportionably elevated above the common parlance of those times. Hence, as in tragedy, (and for the same reasons,) the appearance of truth and nature in the whole composition, is preserved by the easy and probable arrangement of events, quarrels, jealousies, discoveries, and sudden turns of fortune, which constitute what is called the plot. The excellence of these comedies, and the merit of the author, were estimated, in great measure, from the construction of the plot; for as by the rules which belong to that species of drama, the language and characters were idealized, and, therefore, to a certain degree, removed from reality and experience, the admission of this improbability would require to be compensated, by a greater apparent probability in the only part which remained, viz. the action and events.\*

But the ancient Aristophanic comedy proceeded upon a principle of compensation totally different. In this species of composition, the utter extravagance and impossibility of the supposed action, is an indispensable requisite; the portion of truth and reality, which is admitted as a counterpoise, consists wholly in the character and language. It is a grave, humourous, impossible, GREAT LIE, related with an accurate mimicry of the language and manner of the persons introduced, and great exactness of circumstance in the inferior details. In its simpler state, it appears to be one of the commonest and most spontaneous products of the human mind; and usually arises in some strong expression, which, a moment

\* In what we have said on this subject, we have followed the course by which we are persuaded that the authors we have mentioned arrived at the conclusions which guided their practice; but for mere illustration it would be equally obvious to invert the statement, and to say that where the incidents are probable, the language and sentiments must be elevated above ordinary nature, and in this order it would seem that the inferior tribe of dramatists have, in general, proceeded, taking probability of character and incident as their basis, and endeavouring to ennoble it by displays of style and sentiment. The result of the direct and of the inverted process may be exemplified in the *Electras* of Sophocles and Euripides: in the first, the display of character is evidently the principal object; the probability of the story is artfully elaborated; but we see that it was a secondary consideration. In Euripides, on the contrary, probability is evidently the primary object, while the characters are left to display themselves as circumstances may permit. We have taken our illustration of the two opposite processes from tragedy, because, in fact, this system of counterpoise, in which the probability of the story is placed as a weight in one of the scales, belongs equally to tragedy and to the higher species of comedy.

after, is taken literally, converted into a reality, and invested with all the circumstances of action and dialogue. We shall shew that the plays now before us; the *Acharnæ* and the *Knights* (or *Demagogues*;) are capable of being traced to the kind of conversation, out of which, in all probability, they did originate.

There are other plays, which appear to have grown up from mere sport, when in a playful conversation, fancied events are developed into an imaginary detail.

If we were possessed of the Boswells of antiquity, who are cited by Athenæus, we might, perhaps, find some notices, which would illustrate the history of the comic stage; but for want of them, let us suppose an ancient prototype of our entertaining countryman, giving an account of the origin and first suggestion of the *Thesmophorizousæ*. 'After supper Philonides, meaning to rouse Aristophanes, who had been cracking his nuts without much attending to the conversation, began to talk about Euripides, and, turning to Aristophanes, asked him—what he thought of his last tragedy?'

*Arist.* 'Why, it has his usual faults and his usual merits, only I think he's more than usually severe upon the women.'

*Phil.* 'He's worse than ever—why he'll drive them to desperation—yes, they will be driven to some desperate measure against him—we have had so many plots and conspiracies of late, the women will take the hint—we shall have a conspiracy of the women against Euripides.'

*Arist.* 'Well, now is their time—they have three days to themselves at the *Thesmophoria*—considering how the art of plotting is improved, there is time enough to form a very promising conspiracy.'

*Phil.* 'Upon my word, I begin to suspect that there must be something of the kind in agitation—I almost think it would be right to speak to some friend of Euripides to desire him to be upon his guard.—But what would he do, do you think, upon the first alarm?'

*M. or N. (across the table.)* 'Why I suppose he would consult with that fine rough-handed fellow his father-in-law Mnesilochus.'

*Arist.* 'No, he would not consult him; he would only tell him to keep himself in readiness to receive his orders.'

*Phil.* 'But what would be the first thing he would do?'

*Arist.* 'The first thing of course, would be to compose one of his long apologetical harangues, according to all the established rules of rhetoric, and in direct opposition to decorum and common-sense.'

*Phil.* 'But after all, this harangue must be delivered among the assembled females—how is he to contrive that?—The women are so exasperated against him, none of them would be persuaded to appear as his advocate.'

*M. or N. (as before.)* 'Might not Agathon, the poet, go amongst them in disguise, with that smooth face of his?'

*Arist.* 'Oh no, Agathon would take care of himself, depend upon it; he will never get himself into a scrape for any body.'

*Phil.* 'Well then, it must be old Mnesilochus himself—Euripides must

must shave him and dress him up for the purpose. But what will become of him when he is detected ?

*Arist.* 'Then of course Euripides must exert himself, and employ his whole system of tragical devices for his escape.'

*Phil.* (after a pause.) 'Well now, Aristophanes, I can't help thinking, if all that we have been saying was put together, and worked up in your way, it would turn out a very tolerable comedy.'

*Arist.* 'Why perhaps it might, as good as some of mine are; and better than some others; and better than other people's.'

*Phil.* 'Then perhaps you will think of it, if nothing better should occur, as a subject in time for the next festival?'

*Arist.* 'Why perhaps I may.'

For the sake of those who may not have read it, or who do not immediately recollect it, it may be necessary to state that this supposed dialogue comprehends all the material incidents of the comedy.

The origin of the *Acharnæ* is simpler. Let us suppose an honest warm-tempered man obliged, (as many were at the time,) like *Di-cæopolis* in this play, to abandon his landed property to destruction, and to take refuge in the town—we may suppose that he would be likely to express his feelings nearly in this way:

'If our great politicians, and your leading people here, in Athens, chuse to waste the public treasure in embassies and expeditions, that is their own affair; but I do not see what right they have to bring down a Peloponnesian army to drive me out of my farm—there's no quarrel that we country-people ever had with them to my knowledge—we should all be glad enough to let-alone for let-alone—for my part, if these enemies of ours (as they call them) would allow me to live on my farm, and buy and sell as I used to do, I'd give 'em up all the money I'm worth, and hook 'em into the bargain—and I'd go there to-morrow:—but as for our Statesmen, I'm persuaded if a Deity were to come down from Heaven, on purpose to propose a Peace to them, they would never listen to him.'

We have here a natural and passionate form of expression, which, uttered in the hearing of a poet such as Aristophanes, was sufficient to suggest the plot of the *Acharnæ* and the scene of the *Demigod Amphytheus*; the rest of the play, with all its wild and fanciful circumstances, being in fact nothing more than a whimsical exemplification of the first supposition; namely, that a private citizen had succeeded in concluding and maintaining a separate peace.

With respect to the play of the *Knights* (or *Demagogues*), the very conversation out of which it originated is to be traced in the passage from line 125 to 144 of the original. The conversation turned upon 'the degradation of the democracy since the death of Pericles, whose successors in administration had been a lintseller, *Enocrates*, a sheepseller, *Lysicles*, and a leatherseller, *Cleon*, (στυκ-  
πειροπωλης



πεισιπώλης—προβασιπώλης—βυρσοπώλης,) who had superseded each other in a rapid succession. Then some speculation arose as to what branch of trade was likely to furnish the leading statesman to whom the destinies of the state were to be next entrusted, when (in reference to the occupation of one Hyperbolus, whose rising impudence and rascality appeared to mark him out for popular eminence) it was said, 'Depend upon it, it will be a lampseller'—*λυχνοπώλης τις ἢ λαμπαδοπώλης*;—to which the answer was *Μὰ δία ἀλλ' ἀλλαντιπώλης*—'Depend upon it, we cannot expect to stop short in the downfall of all decency and dignity—the lowest occupation will have the best chance—we shall have a sausageseller.' The particular occupation 'a sausageseller' would be suggested by something of a similarity in the sound of the words in Greek.

We have here the whole action of the play, which supposes a sausage-seller to succeed in supplanting Cleon, and to assume the administration in his place: the personification of the Athenian democracy is an invention of the highest poetical and moral merit; but it would seem to have been secondary in point of time, and to have been adopted, as one of the means of arriving at the predetermined result. We think that the primary idea, from which the whole organization of the play was evolved, must have existed in a conversation somewhat similar to that which we have supposed.

We have been somewhat diffuse in our illustration of the mode of Invention which belongs to this species of Comedy, because it has in general been regarded as utterly extravagant and unaccountable; at least by all those, who have considered it in reference to the established rules of dramatic composition and invention; we shall now resume briefly, but with a more comprehensive view, the subject with which we set out, and from which we have so long digressed.

The object of the poetic and dramatic art is to instruct without offence; to give men hints of their faults and errors, sufficiently strong to enable them, each for himself, to make the personal application to his own case, but so, that neither the author nor the actor shall appear in the character of an accuser, or even of a monitor, which, among equals, is always odious.\* In order to effect this, truth must be mixed up with some ingredients of unreality; the persons must be obviously fictitious, as in fable, or the

\* This is the true medium, and whenever the Drama professes to do more (like most extravagant professors) it commonly betrays its trust.—Comedy at once moral and probable, is found, generally speaking, to be nothing more than a formal sententious sycophant, inveighing against vices and errors which are no longer in vogue; and celebrating exclusively those virtues which are most nearly allied to the prevailing follies and disorders of the time. It is the morality of the *Hermite de la Chaussée D'Antin*, which (as a friend observed) is precisely that of a grave, sober, discreet, obliging, grey-headed keeper of a baguio.

events must be impossible, as in the Aristophanic comedy; or supposing the events to be combined with probability, the language and sentiments must be removed from the reality of ordinary life, as is the case in tragedy, and (to a certain degree) in our own old regular comedy of the seventeenth century, the comedy of Jonson and Fletcher. Thus, absolute Reality is to be avoided as too directly offensive; but absolute Unreality is equally objectionable; it is vague, feeble, and applies to nothing. The two opposites must be combined. Where the events are coherent and possible, the language must be ideal—Where the fiction is wild and extravagant, its extravagance must be compensated by a reality in the language. In Shakspeare's play of the *Tempest*, we perceive a tendency to a fault arising out of a neglect of this rule, and the correction which his great judgment applied to it; the impossibility of the events, combined with the ideality of the language and characters, begin to give a character of vagueness and vacuity to the scene, till the strong infusion of vulgar reality in the character of Trinculo, and his speculations on the profit which might be made in London by exhibiting his friend Caliban, restore the equilibrium at once, and place the spectator in that due medium between truth and falsehood which the laws of composition require.

In Aristophanes it may be observed that in those parts of his plays in which the circumstances are the most outrageously impossible, the truth and reality of the dialogue are the most studiously laboured. It is then that he delights to exhibit the little unavowed struggle for ascendancy, with its alternate triumphs, efforts and defeats, and, above all, the pride of local information by which the new-comer, whether at the mansion of Jupiter or of Pluto, is kept at arms-length and obliged to bow to the superior knowledge and importance of the established resident. But as all the plays of Aristophanes involve more or less the assumption of some impossibility, so throughout, the perfect reality of the dialogue, both in the little artifices of conversation, and in the forms and turns of expression, is maintained; we might say, uniformly; but that occasionally, passages are interspersed, consisting either of burlesque of particular passages in the tragic writers, or of the tragic style in general. Now as these passages are perfectly distinguishable in the original, they ought undoubtedly to be, at least, recognizable in the translation; and here we think, that the choice which Mr. Mitchell has made, of a style borrowed from our early comedies, has subjected him to particular disadvantages: the tone of his general style having been pitched too high, and partaking of an artificial character, it becomes impossible almost, to mark, by any corresponding change, those transitions, by which the original passes from natural into artificial language. Hence in the dialogue between Dicaeopolis

and Euripides, and in the harangue of the former, the variation and play of style, passing perpetually from the natural to the burlesque, and in the scene between Demosthenes and the Sausage-seller, the strong declamatory language of the one, and the vulgar interruptions of the other, are represented in the translation by the same uniform and artificial language. It is not too much to say that if Ben Jonson himself, who was certainly a mighty master both of learning and humour, had attempted a translation of Aristophanes, in the same style which he has employed in his own comedies, the very nature of the attempt would have made it impossible for him to produce an adequate representation of the original. But Jonson would have possessed many advantages, which cannot belong to a modern who undertakes to perform the same task in language imitated from him. The language of Jonson, though not purely natural, was at least founded upon, and immediately deduced from nature; it was not an imitation of daily speech, but was conformable to it, and never lost sight of it as a test by which the proper employment of words, and the natural combination of them, was to be determined. Hence, though we are sensible that the language is neither simple nor natural, we are never shocked by anomalous or discordant arrangements of words; the aberration is confined within a certain limit—a limit which was traced out to the author by that usage—

‘Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.’

But the author, who attempts to write in the language of times that are past, has no such guide; he has no resource beyond his books, and if they fail him or mislead him, he is in perpetual danger of committing offences against the propriety of language. In a work of so much merit and labour, we should be unwilling to quote particular passages for reprobation; but there are many in which the English idiom is so strained, that a reader to whose recollection the original is not immediately present, would be led to conclude, that the harshness of the translation must have arisen from a verbal adherence to the idiom of the original; and he is surprised, on turning to it, to find that the phrase which he has condemned, is given as the English equivalent for an idiom of a different construction. But even if the style and language of our own old comedies were suited to represent the character of the ancient Aristophanic comedy; which from the essential differences subsisting between the two genera, we think, that it is *not*;—and even supposing that ancient style to be perfectly imitated, we should still feel an objection, arising from the very perfection of the imitation; as it would have a constant tendency to destroy that illusion which it is the object of the translator to create: the translation might be admirable, but the reader would be constantly reminded, that he was  
reading

reading an admirable translation—he would never be allowed to lose himself in the thoughts and images, and forget for a moment the language in which they were conveyed to him.

The language of translation ought, we think, as far as possible, to be a pure, impalpable and invisible element, the medium of thought and feeling, and nothing more; it ought never to attract attention to itself; hence all phrases that are remarkable in themselves, either as old or new; all importations from foreign languages and quotations, are as far as possible to be avoided. This may appear somewhat too strict to some of our readers; but we are persuaded that Mr. Mitchell himself is too well acquainted with the principles of translation, not to be aware, upon reflection, that such phrases as he has sometimes admitted, '*solus cum solo*,' for instance, '*petits patés*,' &c. have the immediate effect of reminding the reader, that he is reading a translation, and that the illusion of originality, which the spirited or natural turn of a sentence immediately preceding might have excited, is instantly dissipated by it.

We think that licenses of this kind have in themselves a character of petulance and flippancy—that they are wholly unworthy of the judgment and good taste which Mr. Mitchell has in general shewn:—they belong more properly to that class of translators who are denominated *Spirited Translators*, whose spirit and ability consist in substituting a modern variety or peculiarity for an ancient one, to the utter confusion of all unity of time, place and character; leaving the mind of the reader bewildered as in a masquerade, crowded and confused with ancient and modern costumes. Of this class of translators, and of their ancient and inveterate antagonists, the *Faithful Translators*, we should wish to say something, because we think that it may tend to illustrate the principle of translation generally.—The proper domain of the Translator is, we conceive, to be found in that vast mass of feeling, passion, interest, action and habit which is common to mankind in all countries and in all ages; and which, in all languages, is invested with its appropriate forms of expression, capable of representing it in all its infinite varieties, in all the permanent distinctions of age, profession and temperament, which have remained immutable, and of which the identity is to be traced almost in every page of the author before us.

Nothing can be more convincing or more deeply astonishing than the result which must remain upon the mind of every man who has read the remains of Aristophanes with the attention which they deserve. It is evident that every shade of the human character, and the very mode in which each is manifested, remain the same; not a genus or a species is become extinct; many even which might naturally have been considered as mere accidental varieties are still preserved, or have been reproduced.

The original author who is addressing his cotemporaries must of course make use of phrases according to their conventional import; he will likewise, for the sake of immediate effect, convey his general observations in the form of local or even personal allusion. It is the office, we presume, of the Translator to represent the forms of language according to the intention with which they are employed; he will therefore in his translation make use of the phrases in his own language, to which habit and custom have assigned a similar conventional import, taking care, however, to avoid those, which, from their form or any other circumstances, are connected with associations exclusively belonging to modern manners; he will likewise, if he is capable of executing his task upon a philosophic principle, endeavour to resolve the personal and local allusions into the genera, of which the local or personal variety employed by the original author, is merely the accidental type; and to reproduce them in one of those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind. The Faithful Translator will not venture to take liberties of this kind; he *renders* into English all the conversational phrases according to their grammatical and logical form, without any reference to the current usage which had affixed to them an arbitrary sense and appropriated them to a particular and definite purpose. He retains scrupulously all the local and personal peculiarities, and in the most rapid and transient allusions thinks it his duty to arrest the attention of the reader with a tedious explanatory note. The Spirited Translator, on the contrary, employs the corresponding modern phrases; but he is apt to imagine that a peculiar liveliness and vivacity may be imparted to his performance, by the employment of such phrases as are particularly connected with modern manners; and if at any time he feels more than usually anxious to avoid the appearance of pedantry, he thinks he cannot escape from it in any way more effectually, than by adopting the slang and jargon of the day. The peculiarities of ancient times he endeavours to represent, by substituting in their place the peculiarities of his own time and nation.

But after all that we have said, an instance in the two opposite styles will, perhaps, make our meaning more intelligible: Bacchus is interposing to calm the controversy between Æschylus and Euripides, which is rising into violence on both sides, and he represents to them—

‘λοιδορεσθαι δ’ οὐ πρεπει  
 Ἀνδρας ποιητας ωσπερ ἀρτοποιιδας.’

literally—

‘ it ill beseems  
 Illustrious bards to scold like bakers’ wives.’

And, so accordingly the literal and Faithful Translator will render it,  
 with

with the addition of a note, in which he makes it clear, by the testimony of various learned authorities, that the bakers' wives in Athens were addicted to scolding above their fellows. Not so the Spirited Translator; he looks for a modern peculiarity to counter-vail the ancient, and puts boldly 'to scold like oyster wenches.'

But he, the lawful and true Translator, such as we conceive him—*τον φρονιμον ανδρα τον υπερσοφον*—proceeding upon the philosophic principles before mentioned, and revolving in his mind those characteristics, which (from the necessary order of sublunary things) must inseparably adhere to the practice of inferior traffic in a place of open competition; and more especially where the articles exposed for sale, are in themselves of a perishable and transitory nature; He, will infer *a priori*, that among the venders of such commodities, so circumstanced, a spirit of oburgatory altercation must of necessity prevail; the authority of antiquity, the concurring reports of enlightened and veracious travellers, the testimony of his own ears, in passing through the various Agorai of our own metropolis, will satisfy him, that the conclusion to which he before arrived by induction, is a just one; and that the race of Market Scolds are a permanent and imperishable species. Emboldened by this discovery, he proceeds to resolve the variety into the species, and ventures to translate *αρισπωλιδας* 'hucksters' or 'market women,' as may happen to suit the verse; and though the passage so rendered be neither brilliant nor spirited, nor literally faithful, he is satisfied, that by avoiding both the ancient and the modern peculiarity, he does not, (during the perusal of one line at least,) oblige his reader to recollect, that the work which he has before him is a mere translation.

But in order to convey more perfectly our own idea of what we should consider as an adequate translation, we will suppose an imaginary case:—An ancient manuscript containing one of the plays of Aristophanes, hitherto supposed to have been lost, falls by some accident, into the hands of a person capable of translating it upon the principle which we should consider as the true one. He translates accordingly; and publishes his translation; but determines for a time to keep the original to himself. The learned readers of such a translation, when they had finished their perusal, might be able to infer, from the total absence of any of those peculiarities, unintelligible to an English reader; which belong to antiquity, but which are no wise characteristic of it; which distract the attention without affording employment for the imagination—they would infer, we say, from the total absence of all these types of authenticity, that the translation could not have been executed in strict and literal conformity to the text of the supposed manuscript. But if on the other hand, the tone and character of antiquity, and the general spirit of the original author, should have been so perfectly

maintained throughout, as to make it impossible to fix upon any one passage, of which it could confidently be said, 'that it was a deviation from the original,' or if in so fixing upon a particular passage, the learned before-mentioned should happen to be wrong; we should conceive in such a case, that the translator had in no degree transgressed the limits of that license, which is fairly allowable to him; that he had fulfilled at least one important condition, in preserving the unity and propriety of costume; and that he ought in justice to be exempt from that condemnation, to which the race of spirited translators, before-mentioned, are, we think, deservedly consigned.

We shall now return to a part of our subject of which we had almost lost sight. The principle of generalization will be found, we imagine, to be more or less applicable to translation, in proportion as the mind of the original author may be found to have proceeded habitually upon the same principles. Shakespeare appears at the first glance to be an author, beyond all others, encumbered and beset with accidental peculiarities, (the peculiarities of his own age and nation,) and might accordingly be considered as incapable of being properly translated; but a deeper insight into his works discovers a spirit of generalization, in which the local and peculiar allusions served but as types and abstracts of universal and permanent forms: hence we should see no reason why a mind capable of truly comprehending him, and possessing a practical command of any modern language, might not succeed (as the Germans are said to have done) in producing an adequate translation of his works. The same remark will apply to Aristophanes; the impossibility of producing a good translation of him has been so long repeated, that it has come at last to be admitted as an established critical dogma: he is, indeed, like Shakespeare, (and even in a much greater degree,) encumbered with local and individual allusions, and might from that difficulty alone, if it were an insuperable one, be abandoned at once as untranslatable: but the greater portion of his works has evidently been conceived in a deep and comprehensive spirit of generalization: if therefore we suppose a competent portion of dexterity in the management of any modern language, to be superadded to a thorough comprehension of the original; we, for our parts, are unable to see why an adequate translation, of such parts at least, of the original, as have been composed upon these principles, may not by possibility be produced; the talent and attainments requisite are not of the highest order, and if we add to these a natural feeling of taste, and a disposition to execute the task, with the degree of perfection of which it is capable, it should seem, that little else would be requisite.

We have ventured to say, that Aristophanes composed for the  
most



most part upon principles of generalization; and, we repeat it; his representation is, indeed, a caricature of the Genus; but still it is Generic. Lamachus, for instance, in the play before us, (the *Acharnians*,) is not the individual *Lamachus*; he is as pure an abstract as his opponent Dicaeopolis; the one proud, haughty, courteous, romantic, adventurous and imaginative; the other shrewd, calculating, peaceful and sensual, humble or saucy, as circumstances may require or permit: they are the permanent contrasts of human nature, and like their parallels, Don Quixote and Sancho, belong equally to all nations and times.

The pretensions and airs of the Envoys returned from two Courts of a different description, are not accidental but permanent traits. If we substitute the Court of the Czar Peter and that of Louis XIV. for Thrace and Persia, we shall see that the Envoy returned from the one, would be disposed to boast of his familiarity with the barbarous Autocrat, the rude conviviality in which they had lived together, and the sincerity and heartiness of his royal friend's politics; while the other, in an affected tone of complaint, would detail the intolerable excess of luxury and magnificence and accommodation, which had been obtruded upon him, at Versailles and the voyage de Marly.

The two Country People who are introduced as attending Dicaeopolis's market, are not merely a Megarean and a Theban distinguished by a difference of dialect and behaviour; they are the two extremes of rustic character—the one (the Megarean) depressed by indigence into meanness, is shifting and selfish, with habits of coarse fraud and vulgar jocularly. The caricature, to be sure, is extravagant; but it is a caricature of the Genus.—The Theban is the direct opposite—a primitive, hearty, frank, unsuspicious, easy-minded fellow; he comes to market with his followers, in a kind of old fashioned rustic triumph, with his bag-pipers attending him: Dicaeopolis (the Athenian, the medium between the two extremes before described) immediately exhibits his superior refinement, by suppressing their minstrelsy; and the honest Theban, instead of being offended, joins in condemning them. He then displays his wares, and the Athenian, with a burlesque tragical rant, takes one of his best articles (a Copaic eel) and delivers it to his own attendants to be conveyed within doors. The Theban, with great simplicity, asks how he is to be paid for it, and the Athenian, in a tone of grave superiority, but with some awkwardness, informs him that he claims it, as a toll due to the market. The Theban does not remonstrate, but after some conversation agrees to dispose of all his wares, and to take other goods in return; but here a difficulty arises, for the same articles which the Athenian proposes in exchange, happen to be equally abundant in Bœotia; the scene

here passes into burlesque, but it is a burlesque expressive of the character which is assigned to the Theban; a character of primitive simplicity, utterly unacquainted with all the pests by which existence was poisoned in the corrupt community of Athens. A common Sycophant or Informer is proposed as an article, which the Athenian soil produced in great abundance, but which would be considered as a rarity in Bœotia. The Theban agrees to the exchange, saying, that if he could get such an animal to take home, he thinks he could make a handsome profit by exhibiting him. A noted informer (Nicarchus by name) immediately appears, the Theban replies to his first inquiry with the utmost simplicity, and the informer in return denounces his merchandize as enemies' property. Upon this the Athenian proceeds to execute his bargain by seizing him, and (with the assistance of his attendants) tying him round with cords like an oil jar; this operation is performed in cadence to a lively song of no great meaning, (not much unlike that of Nancy Dawson,) after which he is properly adjusted as a burden on the back of the Theban's attendants, who departs with his purchase.

As this scene has been omitted by Mr. Mitchell, we shall insert an attempt which has been made to translate it, on the principles which have been recommended above.

SCENE.—DICEOPOLIS, the Athenian, in his new Market-place, which (by virtue of a private Treaty) he has opened to the Citizens of those States which were at War with Athens.—Enter a THEBAN with his Attendants all bearing Burdens, and followed by a Train of Bag-pipers.

*Theban.* Good Troth, I'm right-down shoulder-galled; My Lads Set down your bundles—You—take care o'the herbs, Gently—be sure dont bruise 'em, and now You Minstrels That needs must follow us all the way from Thebes, Blow wind i' the tail of your Bag-pipes—Puff away.

*Dicæ.* Get out!—what wind has brought 'em here I wonder?—A parcel of Hornets buzzing about the door!

You humble-bumble drones—Get out—Get out—

*Theb.* As Iolaus shall help me; that's well done, Friend, and I thank you;—coming out of Thebes They blew me away the blossoms from all these herbs—You've serv'd 'em right—So now would you please to buy What likes you best of all my Chaffer here, All kinds, four-footed things and feather'd fowl.

*Dicæ.\** My little tight Bœotian! Welcome kindly My little pudding-eater! What have you brought?

*Theb.* In a manner, every thing, as a body may say, All the good cheer of Thebes and the primest wares,

\* Dicæopolis is made to practise the common trick of ascendancy; taking no notice of the new comer for some time, and then recognizing him suddenly with a kind of hearty jolly condescension.

Mats, trefoil, wicks for lamps, sweet marjoram,  
Coots, didappers, and water-hens—What not?  
Widgeon and teal.

*Dica.* Why you're come here amongst us  
Like a northwind in Winter, with your wild fowl.

*Theb.* Moreover I've brought geese, and hares moreover,  
And Eels from the lake Copais which is more.

*Dica.* O thou bestower of the best of spitchcocks  
That ever yet was given to mortal man,  
Permit me to salute those charming Eels.

*Theb.* (*Addressing the Eel, and delivering it to Dicaëopolis.*)—  
Daughter come forth and greet the courteous stranger  
First-born of Fifty Damsels of the Lake.

*Dica.* O long regretted and recover'd late,  
Welcome; thrice welcome to the comic quire,  
Welcome to me, to Morychus and all;  
——(*Ye slaves prepare the chafing dish and stove.*)

Children, behold her here, the best of Eels,  
The loveliest and the best, at length return'd  
After six years of absence! I myself  
Will furnish you with charcoal for her sake.  
Salute her with respect, and wait upon  
Her entrance there within, with due conveyance:

(*The eel is here carried off by Dicaëopolis's servants.*)

—Grant me, ye Gods! so to possess thee still,  
While my life lasts, and at my latest hour,  
Fresh even and sweet as now—with . . . Savory Sauce.\*

*Theb.* But how am I to be paid for it? Won't you tell me?

*Dica.* Why with respect to this Eel, in the present instance,  
I mean to take it as a perquisite,  
As a kind of toll to the market, you understand me—  
—These other things—I suppose you mean to sell them?

*Theb.* Yes sure—I sell 'em all.

*Dica.* Well, what do you ask?  
Or would you take commodities in exchange?

*Theb.* Aye; Think of something of your country produce  
That's plentiful Down Here, and scarce Up There.

*Dica.* Well you shall take our Pilchards or our Pottery.

*Theb.* Pilchards and Pottery!—Naw! we've plenty of they—  
But think of something, as I said before,  
That's plentiful Down Here, and scarce Up There—

*Dica.* (*After a moment's reflection.*)

I have it!—A true-bred Sycophant, an Informer—

\* The conclusion in broader burlesque is expressed in the original by the word *ἐνδελυλαυμένης*. Aristophanes gives it to shew the rhythm suited to the conclusion of such a passage, and to mark more strongly the defect of the line in Euripides, from which it is parodied, ending with three words, each of them a separate Iambic foot, τῆς μείνης πικρῆς ἡμοί. The burlesque word has the true tender faltering cadence—*μὲνδὲ γὰρ θανάσι πῶλε σὺν χαρὶς ἵεν ἐνδελυλαυμένης*.

I'll give you one, tied neatly and corded up,  
Like an oil-jar.

*Theb.* Aye; that's fair; by the Holy Twins!  
He'd bring in money I warrant; money enough,  
Amongst our folks at home, with shewing him,  
Like a mischief-full kind of a foreign Ape.

*Dica.* Well there's Nicarchus bustling on this way,  
Laying his Informations—There he comes.

*Theb.* (*Contemplating him with the eye of a purchaser.*)  
'A seems but a small one to look at.

*Dica.* Aye, but I promise ye,  
He's full of tricks and roguery, every inch of him.

*Enter NICARCHUS.*

*Nic.* (*In the pert peremptory tone of his profession as an Informer.*)  
Whose goods are these? these articles?

*Theb.* Mine sure;  
We be come here from Thebes.

*Nic.* Then I denounce them  
As enemies property—

*Theb.* (*With an immediate outcry*) Why what harm have they done,  
The birds and creatures?—Why do you quarrel with 'em?

*Nic.* And I'll denounce you too.

*Theb.* What, me? What for?

*Nic.* To satisfy the bystanders I'll explain—  
You've brought in Wicks for Lamps, from an enemy's country.

*Dica.* (*Ironically*) And so, you bring 'em to light?

*Nic.* I bring to light  
A plot!—a plot to burn the arsenal!

*Dica.* (*Ironically.*) With the Wick of Lamp?

*Nic.* Undoubtedly—

*Dica.* In what way?

*Nic.* (*With great gravity.*) A Bæotian might be capable of fixing it  
On the back of a Cockroach, who might float with it  
Into the Arsenal, with a north east wind,  
And if once the fire caught hold of a single vessel,  
The whole would be in a blaze!

*Dica.* (*Seizing hold of him.*) You Dog—You Villain,  
Would a Cockroach burn the Ships and the Arsenal?

*Nic.* Bear witness all of ye.

*Dica.* There stop his mouth;  
And bring me a band of straw to bind him up,  
And send him safely away for fear of breaking,  
Gently and steadily, like a potter's jar.

*Chor.* To preserve him safe and sound,  
You must have him fairly bound,  
With a cordage nicely wound  
Up and down and round and round;  
Se-curely pack'd.

*Dica.*

*Dicæ.* I shall have a special care,  
For he's a piece of paltry ware,  
And as you strike him Here—or There—*(Striking him.)*  
The noises he returns declare—*(The informer screaming.)*  
He's partly crack'd.

*Chor.* How then is he fit for use?

*Dicæ.* As a store-jar of abuse,  
Fit to slander and traduce,  
Plots and lies he cooks and brews,  
Or any thing.

*Chor.* Have you stow'd him safe enough?

*Dicæ.* Never fear, he's hearty stuff,  
Fit for usage hard and rough,  
Fit to beat and fit to cuff,  
To toss and fling.

*(The informer being by this time reduced to a Chrysalis state,  
by successive involutions of cordage, is flung about and  
hung up and down in illustration and confirmation of  
Dicæopolis's warranty of him.)*

You can hang him up or down,  
By the heels or by the crown.

*Theb.* I'm for harvest business bown.

*Chor.* Fare ye well, my jolly clown,  
We wish ye joy.

You've a purchase tight and neat,  
A rogue, a sycophant compleat—  
Fit to bang about and beat,  
Fit to bear the cold and heat—

And all employ.

*Dicæ.* I'd a hard job with the rascal tying him up!  
—Come, my Bæotian, take away your bargain,

*Theb.* *(Speaking to one of his servants.)* Ismenias stoop your back,  
and hoist him up,

Gently and steadily—So—now carry him off—

*Dicæ.* He's an unlucky commodity; notwithstanding,

If he earns you a profit, you can have to say  
What few can say—'you've been a gainer by him  
'And better'd your affairs by an informer.'—

Having endeavoured to explain as well as we could, what we conceive to be the principles applicable to a translation of Aristophanes, and having moreover exemplified them to the best of our ability, we find it still necessary, to take notice of one point which, for the sake of those readers who may be disposed to compare our version with the original, may be, perhaps, more conveniently discussed after a perusal of the translation. The principles which we before stated will account for the omission of all local peculiarities, which, however interesting as matters of curiosity to the antiquary, would, if inserted in a translation, have no other effect

effect than that of distracting the attention, or diverting it from the broad general expression of character and humour which is evidently the primary object of the poet; but it may, perhaps, be thought, that in one or two instances we have taken an unwarrantable liberty in expanding the text of the original. Our defence must be that the text of the original is not *the original*—it is the *text* of the original and nothing more: it contains the original always *potentialiter*, but not always *actualiter*. The true actual Original, which the ancient dramatic poets had in view, and upon the success of which their hopes of applause and popularity were founded, consisted of the entire Performance, as exhibited, and in the dialogue as represented by Actors trained and disciplined under the immediate direction of the Author himself; a sentence, therefore, of three words, or even a single word, if pronounced with the tone and gesture appropriated to it by the author, would in many, we may say in most cases, convey an expression, which would not belong to the same words barely printed or written, and presenting themselves, without any accompaniment, to the mere eye of the reader: wherever, therefore, in such cases, the tone and intended expression of the original can be ascertained or fairly inferred; we conceive that the translator (if he considers it as a part of his office to convey to the modern reader the sense and intention of his author) must of necessity expand his sentences into a dimension capable of bearing a distinct and intelligible impress of character. The original Author made use of a sort of comic short-hand; which was explained to the Actor, and through his medium was rendered intelligible, and even obvious to the Audience: but the translator has no such intermediate agent at his command; words are his only instrument—words, in the form of dull, naked, uniform letter-press; he must, therefore, make use of them as well as he can, and he must make use of more of them, if he wishes to give his readers a tolerably easy chance of comprehending the conception, which he has formed of the original design of the author, whom he professes to reproduce.

In considering the mode in which Aristophanes should be translated, there is one point of more than literary importance, which we must not overlook. As we would not consent to expel Swift from the shelves of an English library, so, with respect to mere grossness, vulgarity and nastiness, in a translation of Aristophanes, an occasional spice of each, sparingly applied, (more sparingly a great deal than in the literary banquet of the Dean,) may be necessary to give a notion of the genuine flavour of the original.—Mere physical impurity has not changed its nature, and the ancients and the moderns do not in this respect materially differ from each other—not more, perhaps, than the higher and lower classes in the same society.

Aristophanes,

Aristophanes, it must be recollected, was often under the necessity of addressing himself exclusively to the lower class. But the σοφοί and the δεινοί, the persons of taste and judgment, to whom the author occasionally appeals, form, in modern times, the tribunal to which his translator must address himself; the utmost which they can be expected to endure may, perhaps, be estimated by the degree of grossness which they tolerate as characteristic, in the vulgar (which are not altogether the worst) comedies of Molière; and within this limit we should think that a translator of Aristophanes would do well to confine himself. But with respect to moral impurity the case is widely different; the distance between the modern Christian world and Heathen antiquity is immense, and the retrenchment must be absolute; for this reason, at least, if for no other—that the impression is not the same, and consequently can no longer correspond with the intention of the Author.

We would not willingly particularize instances of this kind; but it would not be difficult to point out lines of extreme grossness, which have evidently been inserted, for the purpose of pacifying the vulgar part of the audience, during passages in which their anger, or impatience, or disappointment, was likely to break out: they are evidently forced compromises on the part of the author; breaking in upon the unity of that true comic humour which he was directing to the more refined and intelligent part of his audience. When considered in connection with the context, and in relation to what is called the business of the stage, it is probable that they were delivered (parenthetically as it were) with some peculiar broadness of gesture and tone, sufficient to separate them from that genuine vein of comic humour, which the more intelligent auditors might still be able to follow, in spite of a burlesque interruption, as a Spanish audience follow up the interest of a serious dialogue, without finding their attention disturbed by the buffooneries and by-play of the Gracioso. In discarding such passages therefore, the translator is merely doing that for his author, which he would willingly have done for himself. It is only in the opening scenes of his plays that material chasms would occur; for as the poet found it necessary (like the orator) to begin 'by captivating the benevolence of his auditory,' these popular and conciliatory efforts are occasionally accompanied by a most profuse largess of filth and trash.

It is now time for us to proceed to the examination of the manner in which Mr. Mitchell has executed his work. We do not mean to follow him through the Preliminary Discourse, which occupies his first hundred pages; indeed, we could only do so, for the purpose of amplification and illustration. He seems to have formed, and he has communicated in a very perspicuous style, a just estimate of the genius, the character, and the patriotic intention



tention of his author, and he has swept away with great vigour, the heaps of calumnious rubbish, which have been accumulating against him for so many centuries.

We will now begin at the beginning. We do not see why the phrase in the fifth line of the original should not have been translated agreeably to Brunck's interpretation. Mr. Mitchell has himself translated τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἀξιῶν (v. 205) agreeably to the sense which is always implied by the word ἀξιῶς when followed by a dative case; 'what is necessary for,' 'advantageous to,' though he has at the same time with great good taste preserved the tinge of associated meaning, derived from its more general use, and which is always found to adhere to a word when employed in a sense remote from its habitual meaning.

τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἀξιῶν.

'It concerns her pride and honour that our town his motions know.'

In this instance the strict grammatical import of the word ἀξιῶς,\* and the associated impression connected with it, are very happily reconciled. We think that in v. 3. the same combination might have been effected with the same felicity, and that at any rate the real and strict sense of the passage ought at least to be discoverable in the translation. In the next line, it appears as if the translator had not perceived the humour of the original, and the double sense in which the word 'τραγῳδικόν' ('tragical') is employed. We will endeavour to make it more palpable by re-arranging and concentrating the passage. Dicæopolis says, 'I met with a *tragical* misfortune lately, for I went to the theatre expecting to hear a *tragedy* of Æschylus's; and when I got there, they were going to act a new *tragedy* of Theognis's. Now that is what I call altogether quite a *tragical* disappointment.'

In verse 17 and 18 of the original, the translator (if we understand rightly the sense of his note) seems to be of opinion, that the humour of the passage consists in the want of connection between the proposition and its antecedent; but Dicæopolis is not, we conceive, *complaining of the dust*, either in jest or earnest. The whole passage appears to be a metaphor, drawn from one of the *Miseries of Human Life* in Athens, when persons bathing, and sprinkled with an alkaline powder in the bath, had the misfortune to get it into their eyes: children (whose skins did not require the same process) were exempt from this inconvenience, hence he says ἐξ ὅλου. On turning to Brunck's interpretation we find this

\* The real meaning of the word is *what is called for*. We are inclined to believe with Mr. Whiter, that there is no Greek verb which may not be followed through its various significations by a radical form in our own language; ἀξιῶς, the verb, though apparently derived from the adjective, retains the primary sense, and signifies to *ask*, or, as we find it in old language, to *are*.

sense recognized in the word *lixivium*—we again turn to the translator's note; but neither in the note nor the translation can we discover any thing which explains the metaphor; or which even implies that the passage is altogether a metaphorical one. It is possible, that this may be a fault of misexplanation, rather than of misconception; but in either case, the result of embarrassment and disappointment to the reader remains the same. It is, after all, one of those many expressions which are best represented by an equivalent.

We do not mean to pursue this minute species of remark any further; we might have objected to the translation of the word *παρέκλυσις*, as if expressing a continued attitude instead of a momentary action; but taking the line—

‘That fellow, Chæris, stooping, Sirs, and slouching,’

as an amplification, sufficiently in harmony with the intention of the author, and characteristic of the appearance of a person performing on such an instrument, we are unwilling to object to it, though we wish that the strict sense (which we conceive to be that of unexpected and inopportune ‘appearance,’) had been preserved at the same time. We should, however, leave our readers under a false impression of the merits of this translation, if they should infer, that defects similar to those which we have noticed, occur in the same proportion in other parts of the work; it is unfortunate that they should present themselves in the first pages, and we therefore suggest them for reconsideration in a future edition.—  
*ἀρχομένου δ' ἔργου προσώπων χρεὶ θέμεν ἡλαυγας.*

We shall take our leave of the long soliloquy upon which we have hitherto animadverted, by inserting the concluding lines, which (‘excepting as before excepted’) appear to us to be very happily translated.

‘For my part, Sirs, sure as the morning comes,  
So sure am I the first at the assembly.  
Solus cum solo there I take my seat;  
And first I groan a little,—then I yawn  
A little,—stretch a little,—hawk a little :—  
Then comes a fit of vapours,—then I fail  
To tracing figures in the sand, or pluck  
An idle hair or so, or puzzle me  
In sums and items of arithmetic;  
While ever and anon I cast an eye  
Upon the blooming fields, and breathe a prayer  
Of earnestness for peace. As for the town,—  
Fogs and east winds light on’t!—I lack of nothing  
But my snug country-box and pleasant acres.  
No talk from them of buying coals and oil  
And vinegar; *buy! buy!* thank heav’n the word’s

Unknown

Unknown to them, they yield their produce all  
 For nothing, they: nor ever stoop to twit me  
 With that curs'd *by-word*, *buy*. Here then come I—  
 Hands, feet and lungs prepared; and if a word  
 Our orators let fall, save what pertains  
 To peace, I'll raise a storm of words, and rain  
 A very tempest of abuse upon them!—p. 17—19.

We may appear, perhaps, too minute in our criticism, but the words 'snug country-box' do not quite satisfy us. A 'snug country-box' conveys the idea of a place of occasional retirement, for a person whose occupation and resources are fixed in a neighbouring city; it implies no connection with agriculture as a means of subsistence to the occupant. But Dicaëpolis is lamenting the loss of his entire livelihood, his farm, not the mere convenience of a villa; a single word ill chosen is often sufficient, as in the present instance, to impair materially the breadth and harmony of a beautiful passage.\*

We select with pleasure, and without any drawback of criticism, a Semi-Chorus characteristic of the patriotic inveteracy and vehemence of the Old Achærians, in pursuit of poor Dicaëpolis, who has been detected in concluding a separate peace.

'Toil and search are in vain,  
 He is gone—fled amain.  
 Now shame to my age,  
 And to life's parting stage.  
 Other tale it had been,  
 When my years were yet green,  
 And my youth in her pride  
 Follow'd fast at the side  
 Of Phayllus the racer!  
 A fleet-going pacer,  
 Tho' coals a full sack  
 Press'd hard at my back.  
 Then had not this maker  
 Of peace, and a breaker  
 With his best friends, I ween,  
 Long space put between  
 His country's undoer  
 And me his pursuer,  
 Nor should we thus part  
 For a leap and a start.'—pp. 38, 39.

Dicaëpolis, after an altercation in long trochaics, some of which are most admirably translated, 'makes a voluntary proposal: a

\* The first origin of a phrase will always continue to mark its character. A citizen becomes the proprietor of a villa; he does not choose that his opulence should be estimated by the scale of his new purchase; he therefore applies a disqualifying term to it—'a mere box,'—'my box in the country.'

block is to be brought forward, and if he cannot justify himself for having entered into this separate treaty of peace with the enemies of his country, his head is to pay the forfeit of his indiscretion. Such is the homeliness of humour with which the countrymen of Pericles and Plato were to be cheated into their proper interests.'

We think that in the concluding observation the translator gives up the cause of his client rather too easily. We have little doubt that this incident is a mere burlesque of a rhetorical scene, in one of the many tragedies of Euripides of which we know nothing, in which the preparations for execution were made on the stage, and in the presence of the hero who was to harangue for his life.

In Dicæopolis's harangue which follows, the sense of the word *ἐνασπιδώσσομαι* seems to have escaped Brunck and the present translator; the former interprets it '*clypeo me non muniam hercle;*' the true version would have been '*intra clypeum non me continebo:*' the metaphor is taken from a military phrase, expressing the behaviour of a cowardly soldier, who is contented with lying snug behind his own shield, without venturing to expose himself by attacking the enemy in return. This interpretation agrees perfectly with the context, the tenor of which implies that the future harangue is intended to be accusatory rather than exculpatory.

The prefatory discourse terminates to Dicæopolis's advantage; he obtains permission to prepare for his defence, by equipping himself in a pathetic costume, which is to be borrowed from Euripides. His interview with Euripides follows; but the translation represents it to great disadvantage. It appears as if Dicæopolis, in applying to Euripides for assistance, began by wantonly affronting him; whereas the original expresses only the impertinence which involuntarily escapes from a man in an excess of eagerness and hurry. We shall attempt to make our meaning more intelligible by a loose imitation. 'Oh dear! Euripides, what you're there, are you? You're writing your tragedies up stairs? You write them there always? Always upstairs in the garret, hah! You prefer it to the ground floor? Well, now, is it not You? an't you the Man that makes those tragedies with the cripples and the lame characters? Ah, if you had but a suit of tatters, belonging to one of your old tragedies, that you would lend me, to make me look pathetic! You're the poet, an't you, that makes the tragedies with the beggars in them?'

The interview which Dicæopolis enters upon thus blunderingly and abruptly, terminates to his satisfaction; he procures a complete tragical equipment, and returns to make his defence. At the close the Chorus are divided in opinion; they form themselves into a double Semi-Chorus, and commence a scuffle. When *Lamachus* arrives, he (of course as a soldier) takes part against Dicæopolis,

and a personal struggle (which is marked in the original, v. 500) takes place between them. Lamachus's military assault is baffled by some knack in wrestling, characteristic of his rustic opponent; and they proceed to dispute, in a tone which implies an ascendancy on the part of Dicæopolis; his arguments are directed to captivate the favour of the Chorus, composed (as their names indicate) of the charcoal-burners of Acharnæ—Prinides, Marilades, &c. He addresses them in the lowest style of popular rhetoric.

'Why should not they be employed in Commands and Embassies?—they are old enough; they are steady, honest, industrious men—why should Lamachus, and the other showy expensive young fellows monopolize all the salaried offices and employments?'

Lamachus is worked up to a fury by this discourse, and departs. But why (it may be asked) should Aristophanes have put topics of such extravagant low democracy into the mouth of his principal character?—We cannot help thinking that in this passage there is a spirit of deep and bitter irony;—we will suppose *Lamachus* himself, the individual *Lamachus* to have asked the question of the author.

*L.* Well, Aristophanes, I have not seen you, I think, since your last comedy.—You have made very good fun of me; but there is nothing I ought to take amiss—nothing degrading in it, as far as I am concerned.

*A.* I am glad you think so—it is not very easy to hit that precise point—it cost me some trouble, I assure you.

*L.* But why should you make your friend Dicæopolis talk such low vulgar trash to the Chorus; as if men without birth or education were as well fitted for public employment as persons of my sort? We have had a good education, at least, and are used to live in a liberal society;—it seems so contrary to your principles, that I am at a loss to comprehend your drift.

*A.* Then I will tell you; it is precisely the men of your sort (the young rising promising set) that have brought us into our present difficulties.—Pericles was employing the public resources, splendidly and usefully—embellishing the city; giving occupation to a multitude of the poorer class; creating future resources for us; and, (as he thought,) strengthening his own interest, by the patronage attached to this peaceful harmless sort of expenditure. But he and his administration were grown old;—a new generation had sprung up, who thought themselves active enough and clever enough, to begin fingering the public money. They could not endure, that the whole public expenditure should pass directly from Pericles's hands, to be distributed among mere architects and artists and mechanics. The young rising political and military geniuses (precisely the men of your sort) felt it as a kind of contempt, that he should presume to govern without their participation or assistance. His scheme of policy was deficient in point of office and salary for persons of their description. They began, therefore, by attacking the system;—Phidias was accused and ruined, and he himself

was

was threatened with opposition at the approaching audit of his accounts; finally, he was driven to a compromise, and was obliged to make war, in order to have the means of stopping your mouths with appointments and commissions.—I have seen all this; and now, I see you (the very same young gentlemen) extremely indignant at finding yourselves occasionally hustled and jostled and ousted in your contests for office, by the very individual ragamuffins who were your agents among the populace at the time when you succeeded in raising an uproar against Pericles. Now, for my own part, I feel quite incapable of sympathizing with those exalted and indignant sentiments; I prefer you, (no doubt,) to your new rivals; but whenever they happen to get the better of you, I console myself with the reflection, that your present mortifications are the results of your own measures—that you have, in fact, nothing to complain of, except that you are deprived (perhaps with some mortifying circumstances) of the fruits of your own unjustifiable policy.—And lastly; that after all, the remedy is in your own hands; if you will unite yourselves to make a peace, your own salaries, and this offensive rivalry on the part of your inferiors, will cease together at once, and so I think Diceopolis has told you.—v. 619.

We shall now close our account of the *Acharnæ*; but we shall first extract a burlesque lyrical passage which appears to us perfectly well translated.

‘O, for a muse of fire,  
Of true Acharnian breed!

A muse that might some strain inspire,  
Brightness, tone and voice supplying,  
Like sparks which, when our fish are frying,  
The windy breath of bellows raise  
From forth the sturdy holm-oak’s blaze:  
What time our cravings to supply,

Some sift the meal and some the Thasian mixture try.’—

p. 290.

We do not mean to enter so much at length into the examination of the Knights (or Demagogues, as they are more properly called.) We shall content ourselves with noticing a few oversights not peculiar to the present translator. In the first scene, there is a manifest tone of drunkenness in Demosthenes’s part, it is the caricaturist’s mark by which he indicates that the figure on the stage is meant to represent Demosthenes—timidity and superstition, in like manner, serve to mark out Nicias—just as, in the caricatures of fifty years ago, a fox’s tail projecting between the flaps of a full dressed coat, supplied the defective resemblance of a young orator. The poet follows the rule of association, which is more suited to burlesque than the law of cause and effect. Demosthenes is represented drinking on the stage, but the tone of drunkenness begins as soon as he begins to talk about drinking—

‘The verse too stammers and the line is drunk.’

Οἷος . . . ὅστις πρὸς τὸν ἀνδρῶπιος . . . ἴδῃ . . .

112

observe,

observe, too, the similar endings in the following lines perfectly suited to express the pronunciation of a drunken man.

According to the same rule, the poet, before he leaves the stage, has no scruple in representing him as sober and even eloquent.—It is usual with Aristophanes, in the first instance, to mark the person; and afterwards to modify him. Thus Don Quixote, in the first chapters, is a mere madman; towards the conclusion he is modified, and becomes a vehicle for communicating many of the author's own sentiments and opinions. We shall now extract some lines of the attack upon Cleon which appear to be admirably well translated.

'Where's the officer at audit but has felt your cursed gripe?  
Squeez'd and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the wretch  
be ripe.

Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to discern,  
Which is green and which is ripe, and which is just upon the turn.  
Is there one well-purs'd among us, lamb-like in heart and life,  
Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating bus'ness, hating strife?  
Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least at home,—  
Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your bidding he must  
come.

Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and shoulder in your  
grip,

To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite him on the hip.'—  
pp. 185, 186.

In the passage which follows, '*old* deeds of valour' is a most unlucky epithet. The party opposed to Cleon had been lately much strengthened in popularity and influence by the result of the expedition to Corinth. Cleon was aware of it—and (as it appears by this passage) had been truckling to them and began talking about 'his intention of proposing a proposal for erecting a monument in memory of the event.' In the two last lines of the original there is a studied vagueness of expression.

In verse 327, ὁ Ἱπποδάμου λαιβεῖται θεωμενος, Brunck translates *liquitur lacrimis*, and the present translator has adopted the same sense. We would rather follow the scholiast, who thinks that a slap is given to Hippodamus, by the bye—the phrase should seem equivalent to *λαλεῖται οφθαλμοῖς*, not as expressing *sorrow*, but *envious longing*.\*—At line 450, the translator observes—

'If the reader should think that the abuse of this pair has reached its climax, he has yet to learn the perseverance and extent of Grecian invective—the two rivals compass half the circle of Grecian science for terms of reproach, before they conclude;—the builder's art, the powers of the nail and the hammer, the glue-pot, the carpenter's yard, the art of running and casting metal, the crafts of the founder, the

\* Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine of our allies,  
While the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with longing eyes.



brazier, the cheesemonger, and the currier, all furnish terms which render their sarcasms more poignant, and alternately turn the tide of victory.'—p. 199.

This, we think, is an imperfect view of the subject; in the passage, the omission of which is supplied by this observation, it is evidently the object of the poet to mark a departure from the ancient decorum of public oratory, by an affectation of employing metaphors derived from the mechanical arts.—A similar style of affected homeliness has occasionally been in fashion in parliamentary speaking, and would furnish sufficient equivalents for a translation.

But an example is more satisfactory, and commonly more concise than an explanation. We shall endeavour to give the passage according to our notion of the poet's intention.

CLEON says,

'By the Holy Goddess its not new to me,  
This scheme of yours—I've known the job long since  
The measurement and the scantling of it all,  
And where it was shap'd out and tack'd together.

(The CHORUS are alarmed at this new vein of popular metaphor, and encourage their advocate to do his best in the same style.)

Ch. Ah, there it is!—you must exert yourself,  
Come, try to match him again with a carpenter's phrase.

Sausage-seller. Does he think I have not track'd him in his intrigues

At Argos? his pretence to make a treaty  
With the people there, and his clandestine meetings  
With the Spartans? Then he works and blows the coals,  
And has plenty of other irons in the fire.

Chorus. Well done! the blacksmith beats the carpenter.

The contest in this instance is no longer a mere reciprocation of abuse and menace; it is an imitation of public oratory as infected and debased by vulgar jargon. What follows is in the same style, and is still more evidently an imitation of the accusatory and menacing style of the orators at that time, when actually speaking before the people. We should suspect that the Sausage-seller's style was copied from '*Hyperbolus's vein*.'

But our readers, if they have followed us thus far, will be glad to turn to a very beautiful specimen of Mr. Mitchell's, in which the higher and more austere lyrical poetry is imitated with a slight infusion of burlesque.

'Lord of the Waters! king of might,  
Whose eyes and ears take stern delight  
From neighing steeds and stormy fight  
And gally swift pursuing;

'From starting car and chariot gay,  
And contests on that festive day,  
When Athen's sprightly youth display  
Their pride and their undoing ;

'Lord of the dolphins and the spear—  
Geræstian—Sunian—or more dear,  
If Cronus' name salute thy ear,  
And Phormion's gallant daring ;

'O come amongst us in thy power,  
Great Neptune ; in her trying hour  
Athens knows none so swift to shower  
Aids of immortal bearing.'—pp. 209, 210.

In p. 213 (v. 595 of the original) the translator justly controverts the opinion of Casaubon as to the intention of the poet in this burlesque description of the expedition to Corinth. The truth seems to be that neither compliment nor censure was intended. Aristophanes was the poetical advocate of his party, it was his business to serve them by bringing their merits to the recollection of his audience, and he thought that this might be done, more effectually and less invidiously in the fanciful style of humour which he has here adopted. His statement of the political character and merits of his clients was given distinctly in the *Epirrema* ; here in the *Autepirrema*, it is enforced by example, but extravagantly and whimsically ; in the first place, to avoid tediousness and uniformity ; and secondly, from the consideration, (manifest in the concluding lines of the *Epirrema*) that the party for which he was pleading was particularly obnoxious to popular disgust and envy. It would have been politic in Cleon as their adversary, to tempt them to acquiesce in an offensive display of their services, by a public monument. Their advocate, on the contrary, (but from the same considerations,) makes his poetic record as humorous and as inoffensive as possible. The Chorus, composed of knights, could hardly have been allowed seriously to celebrate their own exploits.

We shall here insert, as a curious scene in itself, and as a fair specimen of the translation, the Sausage-seller's narrative of his contest with Cleon before the senate, with the chorus of congratulation on his success.

'Straight as he went from hence, I clapt all sail  
And followed close behind. Within I found him  
Launching his bolts and thunder-driving words,  
Denouncing all the Knights, as traitors, vile  
Conspirators—jags, crags, and masses huge  
Of stone were nothing to the monstrous words  
His foaming mouth heav'd up. All these to hear  
Did the grave Council seriously incline ;  
They love a tale of scandal to their hearts,

And

And his had been as quick in birth as golden-herb.  
Mustard was in their faces, and their brows  
With frowns were furrow'd up. I saw the storm,  
Mark'd how his words had sunk upon them, taking  
Their very senses prisoners:—and, oh!  
In knavery's name, thought I,—by all the fools  
And scrubs and rogues and scoundrels in the town,—  
By that same forum, where my early youth  
Received its first instruction, let me gather  
True courage now: be oil upon my tongue,  
And shameless Impudence direct my speech.  
Just as these thoughts pass'd over me; I heard  
A sound of thunder pealing on my right—  
I mark'd the omen,—grateful, kiss'd the ground—  
And pushing briskly thro' the lattice-work—  
Rais'd my voice to its highest pitch, and thus  
Began upon them—"Messieurs of the Senate,  
I bring good news, and hope your favour for it.  
Anchovies, such as since the war began  
Ne'er cross'd my eyes for cheapness, do this day  
Adorn our markets"—at the words a calm  
Came over ev'ry face, and all was hush'd—  
A crown was voted me upon the spot.  
Then I (the thought was of the moment's birth),  
Making a mighty secret of it, bade them  
Put pots and pans in instant requisition,  
And then—one obol loads you with anchovies,  
Said I: anon most violent applause,  
And clapping hands ensued; and every face  
Grew unto mine, gaping in idiot vacancy.  
My Paphlagonian discern'd the humour  
O' the time; and seeing how the members all  
Were tickled most with words, thus utter'd him:  
"Sirs—Gentlemen—'tis my good will and pleasure,  
That for this kindly news we sacrifice  
One hundred oxen to our patron-goddess."  
Straight the tide turn'd: each head within the Senate  
Nodded assent and warm good-will to Cleon:  
"What! shall a little bull-flesh gain the day?"  
Thought I within me: then aloud, and shooting  
Beyond his mark:—"I double, sirs, this vote,—  
Nay more, sirs, should to-morrow's sun see sprats  
One hundred to the penny sold, I move  
That we make offering of a thousand goats  
Unto Diana."—Ev'ry head was rais'd;  
And all turn'd eyes incontinent on me.  
This was a blow he ne'er recover'd: straight  
He fell to mutt'ring fooleries and words  
Of no account—the chairmen and the officers

Were now upon him.—All meantime was uproar  
 In th' Assembly—Nought talk'd of but anchovies.—  
 How fur'd our statesman? he with suppliant tones  
 Begg'd a few moments' pause.—“Rest ye, sirs, rest ye  
 Awhile—I have a tale will pay the hearing—  
 A herald is arriv'd from Sparta, claiming  
 An audience—he brings terms of peace, and craves  
 Your leave to utter them before ye.” “Peace!”  
 Cried all, (their voices one,) “is this a time  
 To talk of peace?—out, dotard! What, the rogues  
 Have heard the price anchovies bear!—marry  
 Our needs, sir, ask not peace.—War, war, for us,  
 And, chairmen, break the assembly up.” 'Twas done,  
 Upon their bidding, straight—who might oppose  
 Such clamour?—then, what haste and expedition  
 On every side! one moment clears the rails!  
 I the meantime steal privately away  
 And buy me all the leeks and coriander  
 In the market—these I straight make largess of,  
 And gratis give as sauce to dress their fish.  
 Who may recount the praises infinite  
 And groom-like courtesies this bounty gain'd me!  
 In short you see a man, that for one pennyworth  
 Of coriander vile has purchas'd him  
 An entire senate—not a man among them  
 But is at my behest and does me rev'rence.'—pp. 217—221.

It will readily be imagined that this speech elicits a song of applause from the delighted CHORUS.

*Chorus.* Well, my son, hast thou begun, and well hast thou competed;  
 Rich bliss and gain wilt thou attain, thy mighty task completed,  
     He, thy rival, shall admire,  
     Chok'd with passion, pale with ire,  
     Thy audacity and fire:  
     He shall own, abash'd, in thee  
     Power and peerless mastery  
     In all crafts and tricks that be.  
     At all points art thou equipt,  
     Eye and tongue with treach'ry tipt,  
     Soul and body, both are dipt  
     In deceit and knavery.

Forward, son of mine, undaunted—complete thy bold beginning:  
 No aid from me shall be delay'd—which may the prize be winning.  
 —pp. 222, 223.

The passage, from the sixth to the twelfth line of the Chorus, is, we think, in the true tone which should belong to the choruses of this extraordinary play. In the three first especially—

‘He shall own, abash'd, in thee  
 Power and peerless mastery  
 In all crafts and tricks that be.’

Mr.

Mr. Mitchell has hit the very key-note of Aristophanes, whose choruses throughout this play are contrived to afford a relief and contrast to the vulgar acrimony of his dialogue; not in their logical and gramatical sense, but in their form and rhythm, and in the selection of the words; which, if heard imperfectly, would appear to belong (as in the present instance) to a grave, or tender, or beautiful subject.

We may except from this general observation the first chorus, Ω *μιαρὲ καὶ βδελυρὲ*, as it forms a transition from the eager and vehement part which the chorus has taken just before. This also is translated by Mr. Mitchell with great power and effect.

'*Cho.* Wretch! without a parallel—  
Son of thunder—child of hell,—  
Creature of one mighty sense,  
Concentrated impudence!—  
From earth's centre to the sea,  
Nature stinks of that and thee.  
It stalks at the bar,  
It lurks at the tolls;  
In th' Assembly, black war  
And defiance it rolls.  
It speaks to our ears  
In an accent of thunder;  
It climbs to the spheres  
And rives heav'n asunder.

Athens deafens at the sound in her ears still drumming;  
While seated high,  
You keep an eye  
Upon the tolls, like those who spy  
If tunny-fish be coming.'—pp. 188, 189.

Having extracted already the contest between Cleon and his adversary in the senate, we shall subjoin a part of their subsequent altercation before the assembly of the people, personified in the character of Demus.

*Cl.* (to *Demus*.) For service and zeal I to facts, sir, appeal:—  
say of all that e'er sway'd this proud city,  
Who had ever more skill your snug coffer to fill,  
undisturb'd by respectance or pity?  
For one and for two I've the rope and the screw,  
to a third I make soft supplication;  
And I spurn at all ties, and all laws I despise,  
so that Demus find gratification.

*Saus.* Mere smoke this and dust! Demus, take it on trust,  
that my service and zeal can run faster:  
I am he that can steal at the mouth a man's meal,  
and set it before my own master.

Other

Other proofs than of love in this knave's grate and stove,  
 noble lord, may your eyes be discerning :  
 There the coal and the fuel that should warm your own gruel,  
 to your slave's ease and comfort are burning.  
 Nay, since Marathon's day, when thy sword (*to Demus*) pav'd the way  
 to Persia's disgrace and declension,  
 (That bountiful mint in which bards without stint  
 fashion words of six-footed dimension,)   
 Like a stone or a stock, hast not sat on a rock,  
 cold, comfortless, bare and derided :—  
 While this chief of the land never yet to your hand  
 a cushion or seat hath provided ?  
 But take this (*giving a cushion*) to the ease of your hams and your knees :  
 for since Salamis' proud day of story,  
 With a fleet ruin-hurl'd, they took rank in the world,  
 and should seat them in comfort and glory.  
*Dem.* What vision art thou ! let me read on thy brow,  
 what lineage and kindred have won thee !  
 Thou wert born for my weal, and the impress and seal  
 of Harmodius are surely upon thee.  
*Cleon* (*mortified.*) O feat easy done ! and is Demus thus won  
 by diminutive gifts and oblations ?  
*Saus.* Small my baits I allow, but in size they outgo  
 your own little douceurs and donations.  
*Cl.* (*fiercely.*) Small or great be my bait, ne'er my boast I abate,  
 but for proof head and shoulders I offer,  
 That in act and in will to Demus here still  
 a love unexampled I proffer.  
*Saus.* (*dactylics.*) You proffer love indeed ! you that have seen him bleed ;  
 buffing and roughing it years twice four ;  
 A tub-and-cask tenant,—vulture-lodg'd—sixth-floor man ;  
 batter'd and tatter'd, and bruis'd and sore !  
 There was he pent and shent with a most vile intent,  
 his milk and honey sweet from him to squeeze ;  
 Pity none e'er he won, tho' the smoke pinch'd his eyes,  
 and his sweet wine it was drawn to the lees.  
 When Archeptolemus lately brought PEACE to us ;  
 who but you (*to Cleon*) scatter'd and scar'd the virgin,  
 While your foot rudely plac'd, where Honour's soul is cas'd,  
 spurn'd at all such as acceptance were urging ?  
*Cl.* (*fawning.*) And, my good sir, the cause ?—Marry that Demus'  
 laws  
 Greece universal might obey :  
 Oracles here have I, and they in verity  
 bear that this lord of our's must hold sway,  
 Judging in Arcady, and for his salary,  
 earning him easily a five-obol coin.  
 Let him but wait his fate ; and in mean time his state,  
 food and support shall be care of mine.'—pp. 230—233.

Upon

Upon the whole, the specimens of lyrical execution which we have given above, will justify us in venturing the opinion (which Goldsmith's friend suggested to the travelling connoisseur as a safe one in all cases), that 'the picture would have been better, if the painter had taken more pains.' There is evidently a very just comprehension of the intended effect of the original, and a full power of expressing it, but this power is not uniformly exerted. With respect to the dialogue, we have already noticed the defects which are inseparable from an obsolete and unfamiliar language, and which, in our opinion, would make it impossible for any talent to produce an adequate representation of Aristophanes in a style so unsuited to this species of Comedy. This, however, is an estimate of the work merely as compared with the original;—as compared with former translations, it stands on the highest ground—and even the original does not, at the first perusal, reveal to the young student, so much perhaps, as the mere English reader may collect from Mr. Mitchell's translation. His estimate of the character of his author, as detailed in the Preliminary Dissertation, is (in our opinion) perfectly correct and curious, and interesting in the highest degree. The notes, though we have pointed out one or two defects, are in general spirited, judicious and learned:—and even if we were inclined to attribute to the translator a degree of poetical merit much inferior to that which he may justly claim; we should still consider British literature as under the highest obligations to him, for an addition of such a mass of curious, interesting and instructive matter; which has hitherto been inaccessible, and which is now laid open to every English reader, to a point beyond which many professed scholars have not thought it worth their while to proceed. Since the publication of Mr. Mitford, nothing has appeared, so calculated to convey a true impression of the character of antiquity, or to efface those theatrical and pedantic notions, which are become the source not only of infinite absurdity and distortion of mind among scholars, but of much practical mischief and error, in proportion as the blunders of the learned are diffused among the vulgar.

W.

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ART. X.—*Advice to Julia. A Letter in Rhyme.* pp. 236.  
London. 1820.

THIS little poem has a great many merits, but it has, we fear, one fault, the worst which a poem, great or little, can have—it fails in interest. We find it difficult at first sight to account for this. The writer possesses a very agreeable vein of pleasantry if not of wit, great command of language, and a happy facility of versification.



fication. His subject is gay and varied, and he treats it with the ease and good breeding of a gentleman, and occasionally not without the imagination of a poet—and yet it is on the whole heavy; so much so, indeed, that though we have read it *all*, we cannot boast of having been able to read it *through*: we have read it by fits and starts, and here and there, with great satisfaction; but whenever we endeavoured to proceed right on with a regular perusal it fatigued us—like a French avenue or a Dutch canal, which is pretty to look at from an occasional crossing, but which becomes exceedingly wearisome when you are obliged to travel on it for leagues.

The causes of this tediousness appear to us to be, first, the didactic and narrative style to which the author's original design restricted him.—Three thousand lines of uninterrupted advice, even though it be the advice of a *dandy* to a *dolly*, are very appalling; and a whole poetic novel with but a single character, affords the prospect of no very enlivening *tête-à-tête*:—and secondly, the bad taste shewn by him in selecting a woman of that style as the object of a literary tribute: it throws a sameness of vulgarity and fulsomeness over the whole work, and though the author's language and his scenes are always decent, nay though they often rise into high life, our feelings are shocked in every page with the appearance of a connexion which would degrade its hero in the eyes even of the partners of such follies.

The author seems to have anticipated this last objection; and urges, in his defence, that he copies Horace; for that, to the Eighth Ode of the First Book,

‘ Lydia, dic, per omnes

Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando

Perdere?’——

he is indebted for his idea: but in the first place, Horace's ode is a pleasantry of only *sixteen lines*; and, secondly, there is not a word in it which obtrudes Lydia upon us as a courtesan. The Scholiast thinks she was one, and we think so too; because from the state of manners in ancient Rome, no other kind of female society was likely to have drawn Sybaris from his usual exercises or amusements; but the ode itself conveys no idea which might not, according to our manners, be applied to a legitimate love, nay even to domestic and conjugal happiness: and we cannot but think, that if the adviser had jocularly complained that a happy marriage had domesticated his friend, and drawn him from the gayer pleasures of his former society, it would have been a much more agreeable hypothesis; though even *that* would have wanted truth and nature, since marriage does not now-a-days remove a man from scenes of decent amusement, such

such as the author describes.—In short, we cannot praise the plan of the work. It proceeds on principles altogether false, both in point of fact and in point of taste; and the author's powers of fancy and of language are incapable of giving any lasting interest to so indelicate and so ungrateful a subject. That these powers are considerable a few extracts will shew. Our readers cannot but admit that there is much pleasantry and spirit in some of the following portraits, and a lively, accurate and original view of nature in some of the following landscapes. His description of the dandy's conversation, though not perhaps in his best manner, is characteristic and clever.

'How much at home was Charles in all  
The talk aforesaid—nicknamed *small*!  
Seldom embarrassed, never slow,  
His maxim always "touch and go;"  
From grave to gay he ran with ease,  
Secure alike in both to please.  
Chanced he to falter? A grimace  
Was ready in the proper place;  
Or a chased snuff-box, with its gems  
And gold, to mask his *ha's* and *hems*,  
Was offered round, and duly rapp'd,  
Till a fresh topic could be tapp'd.  
What if his envious rivals swore  
'Twas jargon all, and he a bore?  
The surly sentence was outvoted,  
His jokes retail'd, his jargon quoted;  
And while he sneered or quizzed or flirted,  
The world, half angry, was diverted.'—pp. 22, 23.

The following passages of autumnal London are extracted from a too long and too minute description; yet are they, in themselves, sprightly and amusing.

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat  
Full on the scorching pavement beat,  
As o'er it, the faint breeze, by fits  
Alternate, blows and intermits.  
For short-lived green, a russet brown  
Stains every withering shrub in town.  
Darkening the air, in clouds arise  
Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies;  
At rest, in motion—forced to roam  
Abroad, or to remain at home,  
Nature proclaims one common lot  
For all conditions—"Be ye hot!"  
Day is intolerable—Night  
As close and suffocating quite;

And

And still the Mercury mounts higher,  
 'Till London seems *again* on fire.'—pp. 149, 150.

' See, how beneath the cloudless beams  
 Of a hot sun the river steams!  
 The breeze is hushed; a dazzling glare,  
 Shot from the water, fires the air.  
 And since, alas! in sultry weather  
 Few are the *amateurs* who feather }  
 And pull, like watermen, together,  
 Long ere the destined voyage is ended,  
 Full many a *dashing* oar's suspended,  
 Till, checked awhile, beneath the awning  
 Breaks out, at length, a general yawning;  
 As melting in "day's garish eye,"  
 Becalmed and motionless they lie.  
 Or worse befalls. For oft a raw gust  
 Broods o'er the burning brow of August,  
 And "hushed, expects" throughout the day,  
 "In grim repose, its evening prey."  
 Bursting at last, a sudden squall  
 Drenches the ladies near Black-wall;  
 Or the vexed waters make a breach  
 Clean over them in Chelsea-reach.'—pp. 152—154.

Now cloudless skies their heat redouble;  
 The "Swart Star" rages o'er the stubble.  
 Now, half dried up, the river shrinks,  
 And the parched common yawns in chinks;  
 Dogs in the fancied chase grow hot,  
 And birds impatient to be shot.  
 These signs, and more—but 'twould encumber  
 My verse to reckon up their number,  
 The earth, in short, the air, the sun,  
 Proclaim 'The Capital undone.'—pp. 162, 163.

The trip to Margate in the steam-boat is excellent in its way:  
 and our readers will not fail to observe here and there, amid the  
 broad and accurate humour of the descriptions, touches of a finer  
 pleasantry.

' Now many a city-wife and daughter  
 Feels that the *dipping* rage has caught her.  
 Scarce can they rest upon their pillows,  
 For musing on machines and billows;  
 Or, should they slumber, 'tis to dream  
 All night of Margate and of Steam;  
 Of Steam, which stronger than a giant,  
 Duly invoked, is more compliant.  
 At half-past eight, propitious hour!  
 He's at their service, at the Tower.

Embarked,

Embarked, they catch the sound, and feel  
 The thumping motion of his wheel.  
 Lashed into foam by ceaseless strokes,  
 The river roars, the funnel smokes,  
 As onward, like an arrow, shoots  
 The giant, with his seven-league boots;  
 Spite of their crowded sails, outstripping  
 With ease the speed of all the shipping  
 Through every reach—mast following mast  
 Descried, approached, o'ertaken, past.  
 Look where you will, you find no traces  
 Of qualm-anticipating faces  
 From shifting helm or taught lee-braces,  
 Ills with which fate the bliss alloys,  
*Else perfect*, of the Margate-hoys.  
 No calm, so dead that nothing stirs,  
 Baffles the sea-sick passengers.  
 With ecstasy no tongue can utter,  
 They take to tea and bread and butter.  
 On the smooth deck some stretch their legs,  
 Some feast below on toast and eggs,  
 As, cheered by clarinet and song,  
*Ten knots an hour*, they spank along,  
 (Sure at their destined post to sup,  
 Unless, perchance, they're all blown up,)  
 By Graves-end, South-end, through the Nore,  
 Till the boat lands them all at *four*,  
 Exulting, on the Margate shore!"—pp. 156—158.

There is something in the following illustration of that gentle violence with which political favours are 'thrust upon us,' which savours of Swift.

'Tis thus that peerages are proffered,  
 And ribbons pressed, and mitres offered.  
 There's no protection, no defence  
 Against this gentle violence.  
 Some receive pensions, others places,  
 As from the hands of all the Graces.  
 "They never had the slightest notion,—  
 "Twas all the minister's own motion;  
 "They fight, 'tis true, beneath his banner;  
 "But—given in such a handsome manner—  
 "Never solicited or troubled—  
 "They feel the obligation doubled."  
 Ask not the meaning, or the force  
 Of words like these—they're words of course;  
 Sounds which, however strange to utter,  
 Add relish to men's bread and butter.—p. 197.

These airy and clever passages, (and these are not the only ones  
of

of this description in the poem,) shew the author to more advantage than the whole work; for he is never satisfied to *sketch* his scene—he labours it with the care, but without the effect, of a Dutch painter; and rarely intermits his pains, till he has confused and flattened his first design by the cruel luxuriance of his illustration.

If this redundancy of rhyme be attributable to copiousness,—to the errors of taste, and the inexperience of a young author, we entertain great hopes of his future success; but if, on the other hand, as we see some reason to suspect, the Letter to Julia is the vehicle of the hoarded facetiousness of a practised dealer in jeux d'esprits, we can expect not merely nothing better, but perhaps even nothing more of this kind from the same pen. The accumulated pleasantries of years have apparently been lavished in an incautious fortnight on the extravagant Julia.

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ART. XI.—*Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. Begun by himself and concluded by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth.*  
2 vols. 8vo. London. 1820.

WE have been so much amused with the writings of Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter, and their style seems so particularly adapted to domestic biography, that we found it impossible to open this book without certain anticipations of pleasure. But it too often happens that those who exhibit the shrewdest good sense in measuring or describing the qualities of others, are woefully deficient in appreciating their own. To speak of one's self with *moral* truth is difficult; with *absolute* truth perhaps impossible. Endless indeed are the forms which vanity takes; but it may generally be said that the two most frequent, and yet most intolerable faults are, on the one hand, long-winded explanations of minute and trivial facts, and on the other, pompous declamations, in which the facts are overlaid by a verbose and unwearied panegyric. We are afraid that our readers will find these observations not altogether inapplicable to the present volumes.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth was born at Bath, in the year 1744, of a family which had been settled in Ireland since the time of Queen Elizabeth, but which he says had been, God knows how long, established at 'Edgeworth, in Middlesex, now *erroneously* called Edgeware.'

Mr. Edgeworth favours us with some memoranda of his immediate ancestors, which it required no little exertion of candour to give, and which are only curious as showing that some of the most absurd scenes of his Castle Rack-rent were copied from the traditions of his own family. And here, perhaps, we may be allowed to observe—as the literary reputation of the Edgeworths is mainly  
built

built on their representation of Irish characters—that their habit was to write down (even in society) any expressions which appeared to them likely to suit their publications; and we have been informed that when Mr. Edgeworth acted as a magistrate in hearing the disputes of his Irish neighbours, his daughter was often in the room taking notes of the peculiar manners or expressions of the litigants. This accounts for the admirable truth and minuteness with which they have painted *individual* Irish character. It explains also why such of their works, and such parts of the works, as are not peculiarly Irish, are so very inferior to those which are; and it removes a little of the wonder which we have felt, that the authors of *Castle Rack-rent* and *Ennui* should have produced such works as *Belinda*, *Harrington* and *Ormond*, and the two volumes before us. But it is also worthy of observation, that this mode, of sketching after *individual* nature, has a strong tendency to caricature; and that, accordingly, the portraits which Mr. and Miss Edgeworth compose, on the principle of Apelles, by collecting into one canvass the features of many individuals, are often exaggerated, and tend to give us an amusing rather than a just representation of the Irish character.

As a specimen of the manners, or rather, of what Mr. Edgeworth *believes* to have been the manners, of his forefathers, we extract the following passage.

‘ Captain Edgeworth had a son by his former wife, and the present wife had a daughter, by her former husband. The daughter was heiress to her father’s property. These young people fell in love with each other. The mother was averse to the match. To avoid the law against running away with an heiress, the lovers settled, that the young lady should take her lover to church behind her on horseback. Their marriage was effected. Their first son, Francis, was born before the joint ages of his father and mother amounted to thirty-one years.

‘ After the death of Captain Edgeworth and his wife, which happened before this young couple had arrived at years of discretion, John Edgeworth took possession of a considerable estate in Ireland, and of an estate in England, in Lancashire, which came to him in right of his wife; he had also ten thousand pounds in money, as her fortune. But they were extravagant, and quite ignorant of the management of money. Upon an excursion to England, they mortgaged their estate in Lancashire, and carried the money to London in a *stocking*, which they kept on the top of their bed. To this stocking, both wife and husband had free access, and of course its contents soon began to be very low. The young man was handsome, and very fond of dress. At one time, when he had run out all his cash, he actually sold the ground-plot of a house in Dublin, to purchase a high crowned hat and feathers, which was then the mode. He lived in high company in London, and at court. Upon some occasion, King Charles the Second insisted upon knighting him. His lady was presented at court, where she was so much taken notice of by

the gallant monarch, that she thought it proper to intimate to her husband, that she did not wish to go there a second time; nor did she ever after appear at court, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. She returned to Ireland. This was an instance of prudence, as well as of strength of mind, which could hardly have been expected from the improvident temper she had shewn at first setting out in life. In this lady's character there was an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. She was courageous beyond the habits of her sex in real danger, and yet afraid of imaginary beings. According to the superstition of the times, she believed in fairies. Opposite to her husband's castle of Lissard, in Ireland, and within view of the windows, there is a mount, which was reputed to be the resort of fairies; and when Lady Edgeworth resided alone at Lissard, the common people of the neighbourhood, either for amusement, or with the intention of frightening her away, sent children by night to this mount, who by their strange noises, by singing, and the lights they shewed from time to time, terrified her exceedingly. But she did not quit the place. The mount was called *Fairy-mount*, since abbreviated into *Fir-mount*.\*

Of the courage and presence of mind of this Lady Edgeworth, who was so much afraid of fairies, I will now give an instance. While she was living at Lissard, she was, on some sudden alarm, obliged to go at night to a garret at the top of the house, for some gunpowder, which was kept there in a barrel. She was followed up stairs by an ignorant servant girl, who carried a bit of candle without a candlestick, between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half way down stairs again, she observed, that the girl had not her candle, and asked what she had done with it, the girl recollected, and answered, that she had left it '*stuck in the barrel of black salt*.' Lady Edgeworth bid her stand still, and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was; found the candle as the girl had described—put her hand carefully underneath it—carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs, dropped on her knees, and thanked God for their deliverance.'—Vol. i. pp. 10—14.

We have chosen this extract because, while it shews Mr. Edgeworth's style, it gives us occasion to observe on one or two points which will subsequently present themselves in the consideration of some particulars of his own life.

The first is, that Mr. Edgeworth's notion about the degrees of kindred between whom marriage may be contracted, seems very loose, as the only epithet he applies to this union of two persons who stood almost in the relation of brother and sister, and who had several brothers and sisters common to both, is, that it was *inconsiderate*. Perhaps Mr. Edgeworth was induced to quote this family failing, as a kind of hereditary justification of his own practice.

\* We believe nothing of this abbreviation, as it is ridiculously called. *Fir* is as ancient a term as *Fairy*, which, we suspect, was unknown in Ireland when the mount was named.



The second (and we shall be but too often obliged to revert to it) is, that Mr. Edgeworth's anecdotes do not always seem to bear that character of *strict authenticity* which makes the whole charm of family history or of autobiography; for instance, the story of the barrel of gunpowder is one which we have ourselves heard told of many persons, with some slight variation of circumstances, but never, we think, with so many marks of improbability as in this instance. A barrel of gunpowder, so large, and standing high enough to serve to stick a candle in, is no very likely part of the furniture of the garret of a country-house—then, that a servant girl should be so ignorant as not to know gunpowder from *black salt*—that she should stick the candle into the very barrel where her mistress was at work—that they should come away and lock the door in the *dark*, and get half way down stairs, *still in the dark*, before they remembered the light—are all, and particularly the latter, incredible, not to say impossible circumstances.

Of the same character is a story of the preservation of this lady's husband, when an infant, in the Irish rebellion, by the fidelity of a poor servant, who hid the child in a pannier, and conveyed him, covered and *concealed by eggs and chickens*, through the rebel camp safely to Dublin. The notion of evading the vigilance of a camp of hungry rebels, by hiding the infant under articles so little likely to be examined or plundered as eggs and chickens, is a happy idea, which could only occur to an Irish servant; but, unluckily, *this* story too is of pretty general currency in Ireland, but with the more credible change of *eggs and chickens* into hay or straw; and if we are not very much mistaken, old Macklin used to give some such account of *his* being conveyed into Drogheda in this way during the hostilities in that neighbourhood between William and James the Second.

These would be hardly worthy Mr. Edgeworth's relation, even if they were facts, but they become worth noticing as affecting in some degree our confidence in Mr. Edgeworth's veracity, or at least in his judgment. It is indeed ridiculous enough to see him giving such trifles all the pomp of history—carrying on a running date—1593—1641—1680—at the head of the page in which they are recorded. Nor are these the only instances we could quote, but they are enough, perhaps more than enough, and they certainly diminish the regret which we should otherwise feel at the following passage.

‘These anecdotes were told to my father by Lady Edgeworth, that widow of Sir John, who lived till ninety, and who related to him many curious anecdotes of the five reigns during which she flourished. From her traditions, and from letters and papers, now in my possession, my father compiled some manuscript memoirs, from which I was tempted

here to make further extracts, illustrative of the manners of the times. Thinking, however, that they would take up more room than could properly be spared in this narrative, I omit all which do not immediately relate to my own family.—vol. i. p. 19, 20.

There is nothing whatsoever in Mr. Edgeworth's childhood worth notice; and considering the minute facts which he condescends to record of his infancy, it is surprising that there should be so little to distinguish him from the herd of boys.

In one particular, however, he certainly seems to have been somewhat singular; he was, it appears, very religious, and wept bitterly before he was eight years old because he had no opportunity of *being a martyr*, and yet at the same time, says he, "I ventured to think for myself;" and these thoughts appear to have been considerations upon *revelation, free will, original sin*, and topics of this nature, which he treated, it would seem, with as bold and infidel a spirit as Voltaire himself could have done at thrice his age. The example which he gives of this *original thinking* is thus stated.

'My father was about this time enclosing a garden; part of the wall in its progress afforded means for climbing to the top of it, which I soon effected. My father reprimanded me severely, and as no fruit was at that time ripe, he could not readily conceive what motive I could have, for taking so much trouble, and running so great a risk. I told him truly, that I had no motive but the pleasure of climbing. I added, that if the garden were full of ripe peaches, it would be a much greater temptation; and that unless he should be certain that nobody would climb over the wall, he ought not to have peaches in the garden. After having talked to me for some time, he discovered that I had reasoned thus: if my father knows beforehand, that the temptation of peaches will necessarily induce me to climb over the garden wall; and that if I do, it is more than probable that I shall break my neck, I shall not be guilty of any crime, but my father will be the cause of my breaking my neck. *This I applied to Adam*, without at the time being able to perceive the great difference between things human and divine. My father, feeling that he was not prepared to give me a satisfactory answer to this difficulty, *judiciously declined the contest*, and desired me not to meddle with what was above my comprehension. I mention this, because all parents, who encourage their children to speak freely, often hear from them puzzling questions and observations; and I wish to point out, that on such occasions children should not be discouraged, but on the contrary, according to the advice of Rousseau, parents should fairly and truly confess their ignorance.'—vol. i. p. 33—35.

Here again we hesitate. That he climbed the wall may be true enough, but that he could apply his reasoning to Adam we disbelieve for two reasons; the first is, that he does not seem even when he *wrote* this account to understand his argument, which is (to say nothing of its fallacy) obviously too abstruse for an infant; and, secondly

condly, because it is out of all nature, that facts so *different* from Adam's case should have reminded him of *that case*, and that he should have argued upon the *spirit* and recondite principles to be derived from the two stories, when the sensible and external objects were so different. If he had been permitted to play in a fruit garden under a prohibition of touching any thing, and had (as he naturally might) yielded to temptation and been punished, a clever boy might have likened himself to Adam; but that, because, disobeying no prohibition, he climbed, for climbing-sake, over a wall into a garden where there was *no fruit*, and where there was *neither offence nor punishment*, he should have extravagated into the discussions that perplexed Milton's devils, we can still less believe than we do the stories of the *black salt* and the *eggs and chickens*.

This may serve to explain, in some degree, a fact which we have on a former occasion noticed with regret, that a belief in Christianity formed no part of the system of Mr. Edgeworth's works, nor, as we fear from the perusal of this work, of the principles of his life: but of this hereafter.

We pass over his school adventures, 'his knavery and pleasantries,' as honest Tully has it, to arrive at an affair which Mr. Edgeworth treats as a pleasantries, but which it seems evident that he misrepresents in a considerable degree.

'My favourite partner among the young ladies at these wedding dances was the daughter of the curate from whom I learned my accidence.'

'One night after the dancing had ceased, the young people retired to what was then called a *raking pot of tea*. A description of this Hibernian amusement I have given in another place. It is here sufficient to say, that it is a potation of strong tea, taken at an early hour in the morning, to refresh the spirits of those who have sat up all night. We were all very young and gay, and it was proposed by one of my companions, who had put a white cloak round his shoulders to represent a surplice, that he should marry me to the lady with whom I had danced.

'The key of the door served for a ring, and a few words of the ceremony, with much laughter and playfulness, were gabbled over. My father heard of this mock-marriage, and it excited great alarm in his mind. He was induced by his paternal fears to treat the matter too seriously, and he instigated a suit of *jactitation of marriage* in the ecclesiastical court, to annul these imaginary nuptials. The truth was apparent to every body who knew us. No suspicion even was entertained of the young lady's having any design on my heart, or of my having obtained any influence in her's. All the publicity that was given to this childish affair was fortunately of no disadvantage to her; on the contrary, it brought her into notice among persons with whom she might not otherwise have been acquainted, and she was afterwards suitably married in her own neighbourhood. It was before I was sixteen, that I was thus married and divorced. I say *MARRIED*, be-

*cause in the proceedings in this strange suit it was necessary to show that a marriage had been solemnized, or else there could have been no DIVORCE.*—pp. 70, 71.

Now Mr. Edgeworth's father seems to have been a man of common sense, whatever the son was, and surely no father would have thought it necessary to institute legal proceedings, and no court would have entertained such proceedings founded on a marriage performed by a lad in a white cloak to represent a surplice, with the key of the door, at four o'clock in the morning, after or in the midst of a ball, and only a *few words* of the ceremony gabbled over with much mirth and playfulness, and when the 'truth of this farce was apparent to every body.'

But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Edgeworth's disposition and habits concur with the evidence of the solemnity of the legal proceeding to shew that there was something more serious in this matter than he thinks fit to represent. Exclusive of this mock ceremony, he was married four times; and if this his *first* marriage was performed before he was *sixteen*, the second took place when he was about nineteen, and the last when he was near sixty; the intermediate marriages too were both accompanied by circumstances of some degree of peculiarity: we, therefore, are obliged, on even a first view of the transaction, to refuse our assent to the farcical representation given of this affair by Mr. Edgeworth; and one of the strangest assertions we ever read, and which shews that he had no very nice delicacy on such points, is his assertion, that the unhappy publicity given to this affair was of no disadvantage to the poor young woman; but, *on the contrary*, brought her into notice amongst a better class of society!

But out of Mr. Edgeworth's own mouth we can convict him of a downright *untruth* in his account of this matter—he says, 'I say *married*, because in the proceedings in this strange suit it was necessary to shew that a *marriage had been solemnized*, or else there could have been no divorce;—but Mr. Edgeworth forgot that he had just told us that the suit was one of *jactitation* of marriage and not for a *divorce*. In a suit for a *divorce*, it is necessary to prove that there has been a previous marriage; but in a suit 'for jactitation to annul imaginary nuptials' it is, on the contrary, necessary to shew that there had been *no* previous ceremony. This is quite conclusive against Mr. Edgeworth, and saves us the trouble of supplying, from private sources, proofs of his wilful misrepresentation of an affair so important to his history, and justifies us in calling this his *first* marriage.

'Immediately after my farcical marriage, and more farcical divorce, I entered Trinity College Dublin, 26th April, 1760. My tutor was the Rev. Patrick Palmer, a gentlemanlike and worthy man; but it

was

was not the fashion in those days to plague fellow-commoners with lectures. My class-fellows, except William Foster, my competitor, gave me so little motive for emulation, that I did not trouble myself much with study. In competition with him I was obliged to exert myself strenuously. After a hard fought examination, he obtained from me the premium, which he generously *acknowledged to be my right*. At the next public examination I was audaciously and shamefully careless, I went into the hall to translate six books of Homer, of the greatest part of which I had never read one word. A *stupid young man* succeeded against me, though I certainly answered better than he did; but the examiner, the celebrated Dr. Duigenan, suspecting from my manner, that I had not taken much previous pains, plainly asked me, how often I had read these books of Homer. I told him "never." "Then Sir," said he, "though you have answered better than your antagonist, I will not give you the premium, which is intended as a reward for diligence, and not as an encouragement for idleness and presumption."—pp. 74, 75.

Again we are sorry to be obliged to charge Mr. Edgeworth with more than inaccuracy, and with a degree of vanity which would be offensive even if founded in truth.

In the first place, the story of Doctor Duigenan's having deprived him, as a punishment for idleness, of a prize he had deserved, *must be false*; as it appears from the books of the University, that Doctor Duigenan did not become a fellow, a master, or an examiner, till the year after Mr. Edgeworth had quitted the University, and that, therefore, the learned doctor never could have examined the hopeful pupil. If it be said that Mr. Edgeworth may have only mistaken the *name* of the examiner, but that the fact may be otherwise true, then we must observe, that the person of the man was the thing most likely to stick to his memory, and that when we find him erroneous in that plain particular, we may well be allowed to doubt his recollection of the minor parts of the transaction; but there is other evidence to shew that Mr. Edgeworth's claim to superior merit is wholly unfounded. He had forgotten, perhaps, that the mode of reward at the University of Dublin is this.—There are four examinations in the year. At the first the best answerer gets a prize, or premium as Mr. Edgeworth calls it; at the second, if the same person is still successful, he gets, *not* the prize, but, a *certificate* that he deserves it, while the prize itself passes to the next best answerer, and so on in the two other examinations of the year; so that four persons, at least, in each class, which consists on the average of about fifteen or twenty persons, must be annually rewarded with prizes. Now if Mr. Edgeworth was unjustly deprived by Foster of the *first* premium, why did he not get the *second*, and if the imaginary Doctor Duigenan was so illnatured as to deprive him of that, why, if his competitors gave him 'so little room for emulation,' did he not

persist in contesting the two subsequent prizes of the year with those dunces?—But so far was his successful competitor, a Mr. Dawson, it seems, from being a *stupid young man*, that he obtained the first prize and the two subsequent certificates of the ensuing year, surpassing even Foster, whose merits Mr. Edgeworth acknowledges: and though Mr. Edgeworth speaks so slightly of his class fellows, and particularly of the fellow-commoners of that period, we find amongst them, (besides the names of Foster and Dawson, his immediate conquerors,) those of Mr. Speaker Foster, Lord Chief Baron Burgh, Lord Chancellor Fitz Gibbon, Edmond Malone, Bishop Kearney, Doctors Usher and Richardson, and a crowd of other men who have all become eminent in the senate, the church or the law. We are afraid that these observations are conclusive, to shew that Mr. Edgeworth's boast is wholly unfounded, and that his vanity is worse than puerile—that it is slanderous; and if it be said that these are mistakes about trifles, we must reply, that inaccuracy in trifles creates a strong presumption of inaccuracy in more important matters, and that, in fact, these things are not more trifling than the generality of anecdotes which this book contains.

After two idle, dissipated, and unprofitable years spent at Dublin, his father *prudently*, he says, removed him to Oxford. Of the *prudence* the fruits were not very apparent; for we know not what right he had to expect, from the laxity of Oxford discipline at that time, an improvement in learning which the strictness of the Dublin examinations had not produced; and as to moral prudence, we find that he married, while at Oxford, a young lady of the neighbourhood, and had a son *before he was twenty*.

This match also was made under awkward circumstances.—The lady, a daughter of Mr. Elers, of Black-Bourton, near Oxford, an old friend of Mr. Edgeworth's father, 'attracted his attention; I had paid my court to her, (he says,) and I felt myself insensibly entangled so completely, that I could not find any honourable means of extrication.' But having, in one of the vacations, made a trip to Bath, he had, it seems, changed his mind.

'I have not to reproach myself with any deceit, or suppression of the truth. On my return to Black-Bourton, I did not conceal the *altered state* of my mind; but having engaged the affections of the young lady, I married while I was yet a youth at college. I resolved to meet the *disagreeable* consequences of such a step with *fortitude*, and without being *dispirited* by the loss of the society to which I had been accustomed. I determined to submit to the displeasure of my father with respectful firmness. By my mother's tears and supplications she obtained his forgiveness. As I was under age *I had married in Scotland*; but a few months afterwards, my father had me remarried by license with his consent.'—vol. i. pp. 102, 103.

So that Mr. Edgeworth's first marriage his father was obliged to set aside by a solemnity, and his second, he was obliged by a solemnity to confirm.

As Mr. Edgeworth treats his first marriage with ridicule, so he appears to have looked upon this his second with permanent disgust. We find in his poetical opuscula an epigram written in 1811 on some recent Scotch marriages and divorces.

'To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried  
Before their time impatient to be married.  
Soon wiser grown, the self-same road they run,  
With equal haste, to get the knot undone.  
Th' indulgent Scot, when English law too nice is,  
Sanctions our follies first, and then our vices.'—p. 490.

That Mr. Edgeworth, the hero of five marriages, two of them clandestine, another of them irregular, and the last three indecently hasty, should have presumed to erect himself into a censor on such a subject, and that his daughter should have published this sneer at the union *which gave her birth*, appears to us, to be an effrontery in him and an indiscretion in her which we could not have believed, if it were not before our eyes.

After this marriage, Mr. Edgeworth thought of being called to the bar, but his mode of study was not very likely to lead to successful results. He took a house at Hare Hatch, between Maidenhead and Reading, and his legal pursuits seem to have been confined to going up to town four times a year, for two or three days, to keep, as it is called, his terms at the Temple. This is not much to be regretted; Mr. Edgeworth could hardly have made a good lawyer, and in his retirement at Hare Hatch, he indulged his mechanical turn, and laid the foundation of that useful knowledge which enabled him, in after life, to educate a large family with considerable success, to amuse if not benefit the public by some ingenious experiments, and to contribute no unimportant share to those entertaining works since published in conjunction with his eldest daughter.

During his occasional visits to town he had become acquainted, by his proficiency in the *art of conjuring*,—‘*omne, vafer tangit*’—with the celebrated Sir Francis Delaval.

‘A famous match was at that time pending at Newmarket between two horses, that were in every respect as nearly equal as possible. Lord March, (late Duke of Queensbury,) one evening at Ranelagh, expressed his regret to Sir Francis Delaval, that he was not able to attend Newmarket at the next meeting. “I am obliged,” said he, “to stay in London; I shall, however, be at the Turf Coffee House; I shall station fleet horses on the road, to bring me the earliest intelligence of the event of the race, and I shall manage my bets accordingly.”

“I asked



‘ I asked at what time in the evening he expected to know who was winner.—He said about *nine* in the evening. I asserted, that I should be able to name the winning horse at *four o'clock* in the afternoon. Lord March heard my assertion with so much incredulity, as to urge me to defend myself; and at length I offered to lay five hundred pounds, that I would in London name the winning horse at Newmarket, at five o'clock in the evening of the day when the great match in question was to be run. Sir Francis, having looked at me for encouragement, offered to lay five hundred pounds on my side; Lord Eglintoun did the same; Shaftoe and somebody else took up their bets; and the next day we were to meet at the Turf Coffee-House, to put our bets in writing. After we went home, I explained to Sir Francis Delaval the means that I proposed to use. I had early been acquainted with Wilkins’s “Secret and swift Messenger;” I had also read in Hooke’s works of a scheme of this sort, and I had determined to employ a telegraph nearly resembling that which I have since published. The machinery I knew could be prepared in a few days.

“ Sir Francis immediately perceived the feasibility of my scheme, and indeed its certainty of success. It was summer time, and by employing a sufficient number of persons, we could place our machines so near as to be almost out of the power of the weather. When we all met at the Turf Coffee-House, I offered to double my bet, so did Sir Francis. The gentlemen on the opposite side were willing to accept my offer; but before I would conclude my wager, I thought it fair to state to Lord March, that I did not depend upon the fleetness or strength of horses to carry the desired intelligence, but upon other means, which I had, of being informed in London which horse had actually won at Newmarket, between the time when the race should be concluded and five o'clock in the evening. My opponents thanked me for my candour, reconsidered the matter, and declined the bet. My friends blamed me extremely for giving up such an advantageous speculation. None of them, except Sir Francis, knew the means which I had intended to employ, *and he kept them a profound secret*, with a view to use them afterwards for his own purposes. With that energy, which characterised every thing in which he engaged, he immediately erected, under my directions, an apparatus between his house and part of Piccadilly; an apparatus, which *was never suspected to be telegraphic*. I also set up a night telegraph between a house which Sir F. Delaval occupied at Hampstead, and one to which I had access in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. This nocturnal telegraph answered well, but was too expensive for common use.

‘ Upon my return home to Hare Hatch, I tried many experiments on different modes of telegraphic communication. My object was to combine secrecy with expedition. For this purpose I intended to employ windmills, which might be erected for common economical uses, and which might at the same time afford easy means of communication from place to place upon extraordinary occasions. There is a windmill at Nettlebed, which can be distinctly seen with a good glass from Assy Hill, between Maidenhead and Henly, the highest ground in Eng-  
land,

land, south of the Trent. With the assistance of Mr. Perrot, of Hare Hatch, I ascertained the practicability of my scheme between these places, which are nearly sixteen miles asunder.

‘I have had occasion to shew my claim to the revival of this invention in modern times, and in particular to prove, that I had practised telegraphic communication in the year 1767, long before it was ever attempted in France. To establish these truths, I obtained from Mr. Perrot, a Berkshire gentleman, who resided in the neighbourhood of Hare Hatch, and who was witness to my experiments, his testimony to the facts which I have just related. I have his letter; and, before its contents were published in the Memoirs of the Irish Academy for the year 1796, I shewed it to Lord Charlemont, President of the Royal Irish Academy.’—vol. i, pp. 145—149.

The solemn and querulous tone in which Miss Edgeworth, throughout a whole chapter (vii. vol. 2.), talks of ‘her father’s telegraph’ and of ‘his invention,’ induces us to make a few observations upon this passage.

In the first place we must notice that Mr. Edgeworth does not himself directly claim the *invention*, but only its *revival* in modern times, and although he, and more frequently his daughter, are fond of confounding the invention of the *principle* with the invention of a particular *mode* of applying it, it is quite clear that the foregoing account contains all that Mr. Edgeworth has to say about the telegraph previously to its employment by the French. After that, he amused himself, like so many thousand others, in devising new modes of application, but that seems to be all.

Mr. Edgeworth admits that he took the idea from Wilkins and Hooke—that is conclusive as to the *invention*. Now as to the practice—it would not be unreasonable, after what we have seen of Mr. Edgeworth’s modes of relating, to doubt that he had ever entertained the notion at all. ‘None of his friends, except Sir Francis, knew the means he intended to employ,’—‘Sir Francis kept them a profound secret.’ ‘He erected an apparatus which was never suspected to be telegraphic.’ This studied secrecy is endeavoured to be accounted for by Sir Francis wishing to keep the invention for his own purposes; to have allowed him to do so is not very consistent with the candour with which Mr. Edgeworth states that he had warned his antagonists in the case of the wager:—again, all this was in 1767; but Sir Francis Delaval died within a year or two, and we find Mr. Edgeworth in 1768 and 1769 receiving the gold and silver medals of the Society of Arts for models, machines, and inventions, for waggons, turnip-cutters, wooden horses, phaetons, umbrellas, perambulators, &c. &c. Why from 1767 to 1794 do we not hear a word of the telegraph? This silence in a man who was so generously communicative of *all* his other inventions seems unaccountable.

Let

Let it be also observed, that Mr. Edgeworth's first offer to Lord March was to have the intelligence five hours sooner than his Lordship's 'fleet horses,' stationed along the road, could bring it. Now it is known, that Lord March used to receive intelligence from New Market by this mode in about three hours and a half. So that Mr. Edgeworth's plan would have brought the news before the event could have happened.

Mr. Edgeworth seems to have anticipated some suspicion of his veracity, for he calls in corroborative evidence—'with the assistance of Mr. Perrot, (he says) of Hare Hatch, I ascertained the practicability of my scheme between these two places, which are sixteen miles asunder; and to establish these truths I obtained from Mr. Perrot, who was witness to my *experiments*, his testimony as to the *facts* I have just related. I have his letter.' This, one would think, quite enough, but Miss Edgeworth, 'to make assurance double sure,' is so kind as to insert Mr. Perrot's certificate.

"DEAR SIR,

"I perfectly recollect having several *conversations* with you in 1767 on the subject of a speedy and secret conveyance of intelligence. I recollect *your* going up the hills to see how far, and how distinctly, the arms (and the position of them) of Nettlebed windmill sails were to be discovered with ease.—vol. ii. p. 169.

Here it turns out that Mr. Perrot does not speak as to '*facts*,' but as to '*conversations*,' and that the '*assistance*' which he afforded to Mr. Edgeworth was confined to *seeing him go up the hills* to look at the arms of Nettlebed windmill! Can it be denied that Mr. Edgeworth's expressions imply that he performed actual experiments, and that Mr. Perrot *practically assisted* in them? and can it be denied that Mr. Perrot's certificate *negatives* those assertions, and only testifies as to *conversations* and *seeing* (not even accompanying) Mr. Edgeworth going up the hills? The proof, therefore, which he and Miss Edgeworth justly thought so necessary, fails them, and there is not the slightest evidence that he had gone a jot beyond the notion which he derived from Wilkins and Hooke. Nay he does not seem to have extended his idea much beyond that of old Ægæus, who devised the unlucky black sail of Theseus,—or of Hero who held out a lamp as a signal across the Hellespont,—or of the connected watch fires and beacons which, in remote and even in comparatively modern times, all nations have employed. In short, Mr. Edgeworth, by his own shewing, has no more claim to the merit of inventing telegraphs than half mankind, and, by the evidence he produces, appears to have less.

The death of Sir Francis Delaval, fortunately perhaps for Mr. Edgeworth, put an end to the connexion with the motley society of gamblers, players, and philosophers, with whom he lived; and he formed

formed another with Mr. Thomas Day, Dr. Darwin, to whom he introduced himself through the medium of some mechanical invention which he had borrowed from the doctor, Mr. Keir, of Birmingham, Doctor Small, and some others; but of all these, Day was his intimate, and indeed his bosom friend.

Of persons not actually insane, Day seems to have been one of the most extravagant characters that England, fertile in oddities, has produced. His eccentricities (we use the mildest word) have been made known to the public by a lively account of him in Miss Seward's *Life of Dr. Darwin*. The chief distinction of his character seems to have been a mixture of '*mauvaise honte*' and savage pride. He neither would nor could act like other people. The accomplishments and manners which he did not possess and could not attain, he not only despised but proscribed; and in his indignation against modern female manners, his horror of modern female education, and a certain theory of non-resistance, and passive obedience, which he had laid down for the lady whom he was to honour with his hand, he took two girls out of the Foundling Hospital, intending to educate them as wives *for self and friend*, in blissful innocence and ignorance, a contempt of folly and finery, and an implicit submission to all his fancies. The one was called Sabrina after the Severn, and Sidney after Algernon Sidney; the other was Lucretia—we forget what. This fine plan utterly failed, at least so far as regarded poor Mr. Day. Lucretia was turned off for stupidity; but she, it seems, married a decent tradesman, and had talents enough to make a good wife and mother. Sabrina was more docile and more handsome, and, perhaps, Mr. Day might have married her, but he took some disgust at the sleeves of a certain gown which the young lady one day put on, and Sabrina subsequently married Mr. Bicknell, a lawyer, a friend of Day's, and who indeed, Miss Seward says, was a partner in the original venture. Mr. Edgeworth, however, asserts, that Mr. Day took *both* the girls for his own use, in order to have a better chance of success; though he admits that he discarded all thoughts of marrying Sabrina on account of some toilette error, which Mr. Edgeworth relates with a grave deference to his friend's crack-brained absurdities very amusing and characteristic of both.

'Mr. Day had by this time been attached to Sabrina. She had now grown up, and, no longer a child, was entitled by her manners and appearance to the appellation of a young lady. Mr. Day took great pains to cultivate her understanding, and still more to mould her mind and disposition to his own views and pursuits. His letters to me at this period were full of little anecdotes of her progress, temper, and conduct: I had not formerly thought, that she was sufficiently cultivated,

or of a sufficiently vigorous understanding, to be his companion. I knew also, that whoever should become the wife of Mr. Day must be content to live in perfect retirement; to give up her taste to his; to discuss every subject of every day's occurrence with logical accuracy; to be totally indifferent to all the luxuries, and to some of the comforts of opulent life. To balance these sacrifices, she would find herself united to a man of undeviating morality, sound sense, much knowledge, and much celebrity; a companion never deficient in agreeable or instructive conversation, of unbounded generosity, of great good-nature; a philanthropist in the most extensive, and the most exalted sense of the word: in short, a man who would put it in her power to do good to every body beneath her, provided she could scorn the silly fashions of those above her. Sabrina was, as to many of these circumstances, well suited to Mr. Day; but she was too young and too artless, to feel the extent of that importance, which my friend annexed to trifling concessions or resistance to fashion, particularly with respect to female dress. He certainly was never more loved by any woman, than he was by Sabrina; and I do not think, that he was insensible to the preference, with which she treated him; nor do I believe, that any woman was to him ever personally more agreeable.

From his letters at this time I was persuaded that he would marry her immediately; but a very trifling circumstance changed his intention. He had left Sabrina at the house of a friend under strict injunctions as to some peculiar fancies of his own; in particular, some restrictions as to her dress. She neglected, forgot, or undervalued something, which was not, I believe, clearly defined. She did, or she did not, wear certain long sleeves, and some handkerchief, which had been the subject of his dislike, or of his liking; and he, considering this circumstance as a criterion of her attachment, and as a proof of her want of strength of mind, quitted her for ever! The circumstances of this singular transaction and determination I learned from the gentleman at whose house they happened. Mr. Day, at the moment, wrote me a letter, explaining to me the feelings and reasoning which decided him to give up, from a motive apparently so trifling, a scheme upon which he had bestowed so much time and labour; a scheme which he had recurred to after every disappointment; and which, at last, from the surprising improvement that hope had wrought in Sabrina's mind and manners, promised him a companion, peculiarly pleasing to him in her person, devoted to him by gratitude and habit, and, I believe, by affection. Mr. Day's reasons for breaking off this attachment proved to my understanding, that, with his peculiarities, he judged well for his own happiness; but I felt, that, in the same situation, I could not have acted as he had done.—vol. i. pp. 337—340.

Sabrina had a fair escape; for with such notions of female manners as the above story supposes, and with what his friend Edgeworth calls 'Mr. Day's deep-rooted prejudices in favour of a savage life,' (p. 198,) she would have lived very uncomfortably with him, instead of marrying, as she did, a man of sense and talents, and

and becoming an amiable mother of a family, and a useful and respectable member of society.

Though Mr. Edgeworth—speaking of his friend *in contrast to himself*—represents him as *not* being of a very *amorous* turn, yet he appears to have done his best towards getting married; he proposed to Edgeworth's sister; to Miss Honora Sneyd, who was afterwards Mr. Edgeworth's third wife; to Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, afterwards Mr. Edgeworth's fourth wife; to say nothing of Sabrina, Lucretia, and other charmers who may have escaped Mr. Edgeworth's notice;—and finally he was married, by the *prescription* of Doctor Small, to Miss Milnes of Yorkshire, who seems to have realized the very beau ideal of Day's fancy. Mr. Edgeworth's account of this couple is not unamusing.

'My wife and I went to see the new married couple at Hampstead. It was the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and to our great surprise we found Mrs. Day walking with her husband on the heath, wrapped up in a frieze cloak, and her feet well fortified with thick shoes. We had always heard that Mrs. Day was particularly delicate; but now she gloried in rude health, or rather was proud of having followed her husband's advice about her health—advice which was in this respect undoubtedly excellent.

'I never saw any woman so entirely intent upon accommodating herself to the sentiments, and wishes, and will of a husband. Notwithstanding this disposition there still was a never-failing flow of discussion between them. From the deepest political investigation to the most frivolous circumstance of daily life, Mr. Day found something to descant upon; and Mrs. Day was nothing loth to support upon every subject an opinion of her own; thus combining, in an unusual manner, independence of sentiment, and the most complete matrimonial obedience. In all this there may be something at which even a friend might smile; but in the whole of their conduct there was nothing which the most malignant enemy could condemn.

When Day proposed to Miss Elizabeth Sneyd they interchanged projects and counter-projects, nearly in the style, though not quite in the spirit of Millamant and Mirabel—the lady was to wear long petticoats, and submit to divers similar conditions; the gentleman was to learn to dance, and to perform sundry other preliminaries. For this purpose he set out for Paris accompanied by Mr. Edgeworth.

'We proceeded to Lyons, like true English travellers, without stopping on the road to examine what was curious, or worthy of observation. We determined to pass the winter at Lyons, as it was a place where excellent masters of all sorts were to be found; and here Mr. Day put himself to every species of torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel his antigallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance, and fence, and manage the *great horse*. To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honourably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which,



which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards, which reached from the ground higher than his knees; these boards were adjusted with screws, so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means M. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outward; but his screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation, and inveterate habit, resisted all his endeavours at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.—vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

While Mr. Day was thus excruciating himself in vain, Mr. Edgeworth undertook the superintendence of some works for turning the Rhone—his exertions were gratuitous; as indeed they ought to have been; for as well as we can understand his long detail upon this subject, they failed altogether; but whether owing to the want of skill in Mr. Edgeworth, or to the obstinacy of the French in not taking his advice, or from the difficulties of the work itself, does not satisfactorily appear. If he contributed nothing better than the two or three mechanical arrangements which he details with more than sufficient pomp, we cannot much applaud his exertions, and the French engineers must have been miserable creatures to require such assistance. If we were to credit the information which *we have received from Lyons* on this subject, we should be obliged to pronounce the whole story to be another of the illusions of Mr. Edgeworth's vanity.

But he was recalled from the scene of this and several minor adventures not worth repeating, by the death of his wife (Miss Elers). With this lady, as we have seen, he had not connected himself willingly, and he seems, after he had formed his Lichfield acquaintance, to have treated her with unpardonable neglect, and to have conducted himself when absent from her in a manner which cannot be justified. Dr. Darwin brought him acquainted with the Swards, and they, with a family of the name of Sneyd. His first appearance in this society, even as told by himself, was not quite consistent with the conduct of a married man of delicate principles.

'The next day I was introduced to some literary persons, who then resided at Lichfield, and among the foremost to Miss Seward. How much of my future life has depended upon this visit to Lichfield! How little could I then foresee, that my having examined and understood the Microcosm at Chester should lead me to a place, and into an acquaintance, which would otherwise, in all human probability, have never fallen within my reach! Miss Seward was at this time in the height of youth and beauty, of an enthusiastic temper, a votary of the muses,

and



and of the most eloquent and brilliant conversation. Our mutual acquaintance was soon made, and it continued to be for many years of my life a source of never-failing pleasure. It seems that Mrs. Darwin had a little pique against Miss Seward, who had in fact been her rival with the Doctor. These ladies lived upon good terms, but there frequently occurred little competitions, which amused their friends, and enlivened the uniformity, that so often renders a country town insipid. The evening after my arrival, Mrs. Darwin invited Miss Seward, and a very large party of her friends, to supper. I was placed beside Miss Seward, and a number of lively sallies escaped her, that set the table in good humour.

‘I paid Miss Seward, however, some compliments on her own beautiful tresses, and at that moment the watchful Mrs. Darwin took this opportunity of drinking *Mrs. Edgeworth’s health*. *Miss Seward’s surprise was manifest*.’—vol. i. p. 165—167.

To this society he seems frequently to have returned, leaving his wife in her retirement at Hare Hatch, and here he became acquainted with Miss Honora Sneyd and her sister.

‘Honora’s person was graceful, her features beautiful, and their expression such as to heighten the eloquence of every thing she said. I was six and twenty; and now, for the first time in my life, I saw a woman that equalled the picture of perfection, which existed in my imagination. I had long suffered much from the want of that *cheerfulness* in a wife, without which marriage could not be agreeable to a man of such a temper as mine. I had borne *this evil*, I believe, with patience; but my not being happy at home exposed me to the danger of being too happy elsewhere.

‘The charms and superior character of Miss Honora Sneyd made an impression on my mind, such as I had never felt before.

‘When Miss Seward perceived the impression that her young friend had made upon me,—an impression, which I believe she discovered long before I had discovered it myself,—she never shewed any of that mean jealousy,’ (of a married man!) ‘which is common among young women, when they find that one of their companions, who had never before been thought equal to themselves, is *suddenly treated with preeminence*’ (Mr. Edgeworth’s attention it seems conferred *sudden preeminence*!), ‘On the contrary, she seemed gratified by the praises bestowed upon her friend, and took every opportunity of placing whatever was said or done by Honora in the most advantageous point of view.’—vol. i. p. 240—242.

It must be confessed that this, and all that must be inferred from this, was not calculated to *enliven* poor Mrs. Edgeworth’s disposition, or to impart that *cheerfulness*, of the want of which Mr. Edgeworth so pathetically complains. Miss Sneyd was not, however, a person to give hopes to a married man, and Mr. Edgeworth, therefore, seems to have recollected himself just before it was too

late:—his admiration of Miss Sneyd had been a little checked too by Mr. Day's paying his addresses to that lady; but that courtship was at an end.

'I now felt (he says) that this restraint, which had acted long and steadily upon my feelings (a married man, with a family at home) was now removed: my friend (*he never thinks of his own poor wife*) was no longer attached to Miss Honora Sneyd. My former admiration of her returned with unabated ardour. The more I compared her with other women, the more I was obliged to acknowledge her superiority. This admiration was unknown to every body but Mr. Day. He could not see more plainly than I did the imprudence and folly of becoming too fond of an object, which I could not hope to obtain. With all the eloquence of virtue and of friendship, he represented to me the danger, the criminality of such an attachment. I knew that there is but one certain method of escaping such dangers—*flight*.

'I resolved to go abroad: Mr. Day determined to accompany me to France, and to dedicate a large portion of his time to the acquirement of those accomplishments, which he had formerly treated with sovereign contempt.'—vol. i. p. 254, 255.

This was very magnanimous of Day; and Mr. Edgeworth evidently thinks that *he* also acted with great prudence and generosity in thus flying from the tempter. We must be excused if we deny the *generosity*. It may have been *prudent*, but it seems to us to be a dastardly abandonment of his duties, and an additional and most cruel insult to his wife. She was, he tells us, 'prudent, domestic, and affectionate.' p. 164.—She was at least his wife and the mother of his children, and to her society he ought to have retired, and made reparation for the wandering of his thoughts; instead of which, he takes his son with him and sets off to amuse himself in France, where he remained till his wife's *death in child-birth*, when he returns, post haste, and—as far as we can understand his dates, which are here (intentionally we believe) imperfect—*within three months* he is married to Miss Honora Sneyd!

Mrs. Edgeworth's memory ought to have been dear to the mind, if not to the heart, of Mr. Edgeworth, for she was, *we believe*, the mother of his celebrated daughter; but strange to say, neither the gratitude of the father, nor the piety of the daughter, have thought it worth while to throw away even the most transient expression of affection or regret upon the unhappy mother. In fact, if the family cat had died in kitting, the circumstance could not be noticed with less ceremony;—indeed it is only by a comparison of dates, that we learn that this neglected lady was the parent of Maria Edgeworth, who, nevertheless, has found abundant occasions to shew her affection and gratitude for each of the three wives that succeeded her own mother.

The

The six years of his life which succeeded his marriage with Honora are dispatched in six pages, and afford not six lines for our purpose; he was happy and domestic, and of such a life there are few anecdotes to tell. Notwithstanding the exaggerations of praise which it was the custom of all the Lichfield coterie to lavish upon each other's mediocrity, there seems some reason to believe that Honora Sneyd was a woman of considerable personal attractions, and of a very competent understanding. She died of a consumption in about six years after her marriage, and was succeeded, on her own recommendation as is stated, in Mr. Edgeworth's bed by her sister Elizabeth, and that too, we fear, after an interval indecently short; for here again, Mr. Edgeworth, who was so accurate as to date his great great grandmother's apocryphal adventure of the black salt, leaves us in almost utter darkness upon later and, we should have thought, more important points. Honora died on the 30th of April, (1780, we believe,) and Mr. Edgeworth was married to her sister on the 25th of December, in the same year. But this period of abstinence, short enough God knows, was, in fact, still shorter; for it seems they had made up their minds long before.

‘Unforeseen circumstances, however, interposed difficulties to our union; and certain officious friends produced a great deal of unnecessary vexation. The subject of this marriage became public, and was made an object of party disputes. Many persons interfered; and in the Birmingham and other newspapers, various replies and rejoinders appeared, which have sunk into oblivion.

To remove these impediments the parties removed into Cheshire; here, says Mr. Edgeworth,

‘After we had been asked three times in the parish church, we met to be married; but on the very morning appointed for our marriage the clergyman received a letter, which alarmed him so much, as to make me think it cruel to press him to perform the ceremony. Lady Holte took Miss Elizabeth Sneyd to Bath: I went to London with my children, took lodgings in Gray's-Inn-Lane, and had our banns published three times in St. Andrew's church, Holborn. Miss Elizabeth Sneyd came from Bath, and on Christmas day, 1780, was married to me in St. Andrew's church, in the presence of my first (*second*) wife's brother, Mr. Elers, his lady, and Mr. Day.’—vol. i. p. 380.

Shortly after this event the first volume and Mr. Edgeworth's own share of this work concludes.

In beginning her task Miss Edgeworth was fully aware of some of the difficulties she would have to contend with, but these were overborne in her mind by the duty which she owed, and by the tenderness which she felt towards her father—a tenderness which she very forcibly expresses in alluding to his desire that she should finish what he had begun.

‘After he was no more, I read those solemn and pathetic words, in which he bequeathes the care of his posthumous character “to his beloved daughter,” and in which he calls upon me for the performance of a promise and a duty, for which I was left unprepared and unequal.

‘I resolved,—and it was the only point upon which I could then determine,—that nothing should be written by me hastily. I waited a considerable time, to recover composure of mind. In repeated attempts, I felt how little capable I was of fulfilling the trust reposed in me; but I have persevered. I could not relinquish the hope of doing justice to the memory of my father; of the father who educated me; to whom, under providence, I owe all of good or happiness I have enjoyed in life. Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness, or such advantages as I have had in the instructions, society, and unbounded confidence and affection, of such a father and such a friend. He was, in truth, ever since I could think or feel, the first object and motive of my mind.

‘It may be thought, that with these feelings I am, of all persons, the least fit to be his biographer; and that no time or endeavours can qualify me for the undertaking. The reader will apprehend, that he shall have a *panegyric* instead of an impartial life and character; he may fear, that he shall be wearied with *uninteresting details*, or pained by *reiterated calls upon sympathy* beyond what he can naturally feel.’

Without entering in this place into a general examination of Miss Edgeworth’s performance, we may compliment the sagacity with which she discovered the precise kind of danger into which she was running—dangers perhaps inevitable, certainly not escaped. She is too rhetorically panegyric—too pompous about trifles—somewhat too querulous—and as little amusing as the nature of memoir writing would permit her to be.

It is now, however, that the utility and real respectability of Mr. Edgeworth’s life commences; he retires with his family to his paternal mansion in the county of Longford in Ireland, and dedicates himself to the education of a large and encreasing family, the cultivation of a long neglected estate, and the improvement of the manners and morals of an oppressed and degraded tenantry; and in all he was successful—in as great a degree as could be reasonably expected.

We have seen him hitherto as volatile and as visionary as the best of the Laputian tribe. We find that in his memoirs written so late as the year 1809, he dwells with particular regard on his wooden horses that could leap walls—wheels in which human turnspits were to walk 10 miles an hour—phaetons with a single wheel behind, like a wheelbarrow going the wrong way, and such like; and we find him at all times and to his latest hour ready to throw away his time and ingenuity on any kind of contrivance out of the common course;—thinking in 1786 of carrying manure about his farm by a fire-balloon (p. 84);—in 1792, of making roofing tiles of a fine blue

blue colour (cobalt, by which only it could be done, being but two guineas a pound), and then *planing* the tiles down to a proper thinness to resemble slates (p. 147);—and in 1802 of making a table with a claw to turn aside, of which the only result seems to have been, that the table “could not stand alone, but must be reared against the wall.” The mind which loved to dwell on such projects as these was not likely to employ itself in other respects so usefully as Mr. Edgeworth’s did; and we observe in several passages the fears expressed by his friends of his sharing the common fate of projectors; in one of his letters to his fourth wife, 1786, he says,

‘I attribute, my dear Bessy, your anxiety lest I should engage too ardently in this business to that true friendship and affection, which you invariably shew me upon every occasion of consequence; and I can only reply, that one word from you can at any time abate my application, or, if necessary, stop me in the midst of my career.’

Perhaps this tender and prudent solicitude, and the practical care of educating a large family, and the habit which Mr. Edgeworth seems to have adopted of discussing all matters in a kind of family parliament, may have tended to restrain within reasonable limits his love of experiments, and it is proper to add that it seems to have been about the time of his union with his last wife, that his mind appears to have taken most decidedly a regulated and useful character.

On his arrival in Ireland he found the whole nation in argument and in arms, and but too well inclined to support their political and civil claims by the *terror*, if not by the *force* of their military array.

It was upon a raw and gusty day,  
The sullen Tiber chafing with its shores,

that Mr. Edgeworth, ‘accoutered as he was’ and knowing, as we shall see, but little of the depth or force of the current, or of the ocean to which it was rolling, ‘at once jumped in,’ and—to quit our metaphor,—published within ‘*a few days after his arrival in Dublin*, an address to the associated volunteer corps of the county of Longford, in which he warns them that their late successes may be all ruined by the corruption of parliament; and he therefore advises them before ‘*they lay down their arms*,’ to force from the aristocracy their *rights*; that is, a reform in parliament, both in the manner of election and the period of delegation.’

The first copy of this address was ‘*as Miss Edgeworth remembers*,’ lying on her father’s table when Mr. William Foster, afterwards Bishop of Clogher, came in, and after looking over it, with a good humoured railery, wrote the word *free* before the signature; inferring from the popular topics and tone of the address that the

writer was preparing to become a candidate for the county of Longford.

‘But his friend was mistaken, neither popularity, nor a seat in parliament, was my father’s object; he meant only that which persons, who have seen much of the political world, can scarcely believe, that a man past thirty, and a man of talents, can intend by a political address, *simply* the good of his country.—p. 52.

Miss Edgeworth’s statement, that she tells this story from *her own* remembrance of the occurrence, seems extraordinary; she was then not above twelve years old; and, was more likely, we should have thought, to have it from her father’s relation than from actual recollection. We suppose also, the denial of all personal motives was derived from him; and *this* (notwithstanding the sneer by which Miss Edgeworth seems to wish to repress incredulity) we must be allowed to say, we doubt;—not, observe, that Mr. Edgeworth thought he was doing a public service, but that such was his object, *simply* and *in exclusion* of all personal objects:—Miss Edgeworth thinks she adds to her father’s character by endeavouring to remove all suspicion that *he* was acting from mixed motives, and to shew that *his* decision must therefore be received without those limitations and allowances to which the advice of other public men is liable: but, again, we ask Miss Edgeworth how she knows her father’s *secret motives*? if from *his* own relation, we believe there never was and never will be a candidate who does not make equal professions of disinterestedness; if from *her* own observation of his character and of the events of his life, he and she have now put us in a condition to form our own judgments; and in this case, we may be allowed to say, we distrust Mr. Edgeworth’s wholly unbiassed motives and *simple* patriotism;—because in many places he expresses a considerable longing after parliament;—because his scheme of parliamentary reform was exactly suited to ensure his own return for the county;—because he procured himself, immediately after this letter, to be elected a delegate to the national convention;—subsequently became a candidate for the county;—and got into parliament as soon as he could.

Within three pages, however, we have a most extraordinary and important proof, indeed confession, on the part of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, of the folly and imprudence of that very advice for which he has been so eulogized. That advice was to the volunteer corps, *not to lay down their arms* till they had wrested from the aristocracy a reform in parliament. It was given in June; the volunteers *adopted* it in November; the convention of volunteers sent down Mr. Flood and a body of their delegates, in full uniform, to move in the House of Commons for Parliamentary Reform, while ‘the armed convention itself continued sitting the whole night waiting

waiting the result of the debate. One step more,' adds Miss Edgeworth, 'and irreparable fatal imprudence might have been committed;'—and yet the volunteers were only acting in the spirit of Mr. Edgeworth's own advice!

Again; Mr. Edgeworth, she says, used afterwards to pride himself on the share he had in preventing a desperate resolution of this kind from taking effect. It was proposed at a meeting of the heads of the party, that the convention should carry up their petition to the door of the House of Commons, in their uniforms. 'I,' said Mr. Edgeworth, 'was the first person who opposed this plan, and fortunately for the country, all present became convinced of its rashness and illegality. I assert, that I was the first person who ventured, in a distinct manner to oppose this proposition.'—p. 64—Now this rash and illegal proposition, big with such imprudent and fatal consequences was, in fact, a modification of Mr. Edgeworth's own proposition of a few months before, which this able and disinterested man had made *simply* for his country's good. The fact appears to be, that Mr. Edgeworth, at the first moment of his landing in Ireland, listening to his vanity, his ambition or his enthusiasm, inconsiderately published the address in question; but either seeing the extent of danger, or finding, perhaps, that other men would carry away the popularity he had looked to, he glories in having started back,

'Even at the sound himself had made.'

Our readers will observe the solemnity and reiteration with which Mr. Edgeworth claims the merit of being the *first* to oppose this fatal proposition; he does so because 'he afterwards heard more than one gentleman, who had been of that company, claim the merit of having prevented the convention going in *arms* to the House of Commons.'—p. 64. Now we are disposed to give the *other* gentlemen the credit of this moderation;—1. Because Mr. Edgeworth was himself, *as far as appears here*, the first to propose to the volunteers the course of intimidation by arms. 2. Because Mr. Edgeworth's own account is, that he only opposed a proposition to go down in *uniform*, which many did, but which is very different from going down in *arms*, which none attempted; and, 3. because Mr. Edgeworth has too often given us reason to think that his memory had the quality of distorting circumstances to fit the views of his own self-importance.

Whether taught by the lesson he had received in the affair of the armed petitions for reform, or from whatever cause, Mr. Edgeworth, we are told, took for sixteen years no part in public affairs: he applied himself, we suppose, with greater assiduity to his domestic concerns and the care of his increasing family; but he still



continued to pursue his favourite maggot of inventions, which, however, now seems to have taken a more sober direction.

‘In his own house, or in the houses of his friends, he was continually devising new means of adding to their comfort. He executed, and put to the proof of long and constant use, a variety of small inventions, which, separately considered, are scarcely worth mentioning; but which, put altogether, add essentially to domestic order, and everyday enjoyment.’—vol. ii. p. 137.

We have heard some ridiculous stories of the contrivances with which he filled his house, and perplexed his guests and servants. His innumerable plans for the *saving of trouble* kept every one so busy, and occasioned such a world of labour as to be quite intolerable.

With Doctor Darwin and Mr. Day, he kept up a frequent correspondence, and several of their letters will be read with great pleasure—Miss Edgeworth, we think, would have performed a service more acceptable to the public and more creditable to her father’s memory, if she had published a collection of his letters, with a short and plain biographical memoir, instead of the trifling and apocryphal anecdotes of the first, or the heavy and laboured dissertations of the second of these volumes.

Miss Seward, in her life of Dr. Darwin, depreciates his epistolary powers—they certainly were very different from the flimsy and affected style in which that good lady herself took pride. We shall insert one letter, merely on account of the melancholy circumstances connected with it.

‘FROM DR. DARWIN TO MR. EDGEWORTH.

“*Priory, near Derby, April 17, 1802.*

“DEAR EDGEWORTH,

“I am glad to find that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland.

“The use of turning aside, or downwards, the claw of a table, I don’t see; as it must then be reared against a wall, for it will not stand alone. If the use be for carriage, the feet may shut up, like the usual brass feet of a reflecting telescope.

“We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the Priory, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant house, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone’s—deep, umbrageous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our house is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east and north, and open to the south, where, at four miles distance, we see Derby tower.

“Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called *Val chiusa*, as it begins, or is shut, at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description, and hope farther, that yourself and any part of your family will sometime do us the pleasure of a visit.

“My

“ My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the Temple of Nature, till the price of the paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid” \* \* \* \* \*

“ At these words Dr. Darwin’s pen stopped. What follows was written on the opposite side of the paper by another hand.

“ SIR,

“ This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in health; about eight o’clock, he rang the library bell. The servant, who went, said, he appeared fainting. He revived again—Mrs. Darwin was immediately called. The Doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting; and died about nine o’clock.

“ Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable: their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all who had the honour to be known to him.

“ I remain, Sir,

“ Your obedient and humble Servant,

“ S. M.

“ PS.—This letter was begun this morning by Dr. Darwin himself.”—vol. ii. pp. 26—365.

In a former letter the Doctor had advised his friend to publish ‘ something wonderful.’—‘ Pray think (he adds) of a decade of mechanic inventions, with neat drawings, by R. L. Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. to the end of the alphabet.’ On this Miss Edgeworth remarks—

‘ I must express my regret that my father did not follow Dr. Darwin’s counsel about the *decade* of mechanic inventions. He might in such a publication have inserted a variety of mechanical and agricultural experiments and contrivances, which he had brought to perfection. It was a plan that would have peculiarly suited his mind, so fertile in invention, so ready in adapting it to practical use, and so habitually conversant in the detail of the small circumstances, which contribute to domestic convenience.’—vol. ii. p. 137.

We apprehend that Miss Edgeworth has mistaken the meaning of the word *decade*—she seems to think that the Doctor recommends a periodical publication like, perhaps, the *Decade Litteraire* of the French; but, in fact, he only meant, “ if you cannot give us an *hundred* inventions like the Marquis of Worcester, give us at least *ten*.” Mr. Edgeworth appears to have complied with this wish as far as he could—he has detailed about a dozen of his *inventions*—of which, unluckily, not one appears to have been an *invention*, or likely to become useful if it had succeeded; and it requires more confidence than we possess in Mr. Edgeworth’s ingenuity to believe that he had done any thing more valuable than what he has taken the trouble

trouble to record. On the whole, we do not much participate in the regret for the lost decades of Mr. Edgeworth.

In amusements or employments of this nature, however, Mr. Edgeworth passed many happy, and in some respects useful years, when he was visited by a calamity, the most severe which can happen to men in general, but to which he must have been in some degree habituated—the loss of his wife :—and again he had recourse to the same consolation—another marriage—there still remained two other sisters of the house of Sneyd, but though these amiable and respectable ladies continued to reside with him, he determined on making another and a younger connexion.

His fourth wife died in the autumn of 1797. The same omission of precise dates occurs here as on the former occasion; but it is at least certain, that he was not married again till about the 31st May, 1798, which leaves it possible that his widowhood may have lasted on this occasion full six months!

The new lady was the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, a name creditably known in the literature of Ireland, and still more deservedly honoured within the sphere of his acquaintance and duties. Mr. Edgeworth's first acquaintance with this young lady was after his marriage with Honora, when she accompanied her father on a visit to Mr. Edgeworth's brother-in-law—'a little child in white frock and pink sash: her image was fixed on my father's recollection by a question that occurred whether her mother did or did not spoil her?'—to this childish observation Miss Edgeworth adds one still more childish, and more absurd from the oracular solemnity with which it is delivered. 'He could *little foresee* how much influence this child was to have, years afterwards, on his happiness.'

It is one of the inconveniences not to say the indecencies of what Miss Edgeworth has chosen to publish, that it brings under public notice, and consequently under public criticism, subjects which should have remained buried in the bosom of her family. The great object of the work is to represent Mr. Edgeworth as a pattern for husbands and fathers. Now, fortunate as Mr. Edgeworth happened to be in his wives and children, can it be maintained for a moment that his practice was commendable—decent—fit to be imitated? Our duty to the public calls on us to censure it—and yet, how can we do so without inflicting pain on innocent individuals, the fruits or the connexions of four marriages, formed under circumstances of which we believe we do not speak too harshly when we say, that they had better not have been divulged? We are aware that Miss Edgeworth could not well have entirely suppressed circumstances so material in her father's life: but she need not have written a life on which she had such a difficulty to encounter; or, if she was resolved to write the life, she might have touched the matter slightly  
and

and with regret, not with that pride and approbation and eternal praise of the best of husbands and the best of fathers, which imposes upon us the duty of counteracting such an example by censures of such conduct. We return to the narrative.

At the moment of Mr. Edgeworth's last marriage the Irish rebellion of 1798 broke forth—and was followed (fortunately not accompanied) by a French invasion.

‘ Previous to this time, the principal gentry in the country had raised corps of yeomanry; but my father had delayed doing so, because, as long as the *civil authority* had been sufficient, he was unwilling to resort to military interference, or to the ultimate law of force, of the abuse of which he had seen too many recent examples.’—vol. ii. p. 211.

Whether it was this tardiness of Mr. Edgeworth, or as his daughter hints, his neglect to mix with society, or what other cause, we cannot tell, but it appears that Mr. Edgeworth had become an object of suspicion at this crisis to his loyal neighbours, and before his corps could be armed, the French, in their rapid marches,—which were directed wherever they could best escape the king's troops,—approached the county of Longford, and threw Edgeworth Town and all its inhabitants into a state not merely of confusion, but of considerable difficulty and danger.

This tardiness of Mr. Edgeworth was certainly very remarkable, and the reason given for it is absolutely unfounded. A rebellion—an extensive, bloody, organized, embattled rebellion—had been raging in Ireland ever since the 25th May. Several pitched battles had been fought with various success. The whole nation was in arms for or against the constitution—and Mr. Edgeworth forsooth did not, *until the autumn*, think that there was justifiable ground for *military* interference. The great mass of the yeomanry of Ireland had been raised at or just before the menaced invasion of 1796. Why was Mr. Edgeworth so backward then? We cannot but suspect that he was playing, what is called, a *popular game*; and we well know that, in such times of peril, not the vulgar alone, but even the wise must feel, that ‘he who is not with us is against us,’ and that the backwardness of a man of Mr. Edgeworth's rank and consequence may have given confidence (however unjustified) to the disaffected, and alarm (not wholly unfounded) to the loyal.

Mr. Edgeworth, however, was destined to feel the effect of his temporizing. When the day of trial came his corps was still unarmed—obnoxious to the rebels by being enrolled, and incapable, no less from want of arms than of discipline, of assisting the well-affected. In this emergency Mr. Edgeworth and his corps were obliged to leave their houses in the power of the rebels, and in a naked and ridiculous state, march to Longford, not to defend, but

to be defended. It is not surprising that the gentlemen and yeomanry who garrisoned that town looked upon the new comers with some degree of suspicion, which was increased by the circumstance of Mr. Edgeworth's house having been spared by the rebels through the interference of one of the body to whom the Edgeworth family had done some kindness.

'We had scarcely time to rejoice in the escape of our housekeeper, and safety of our house, when we found, that new dangers arose even from this escape. The house being saved created jealousy and suspicion in the minds of many, who at this time saw every thing through the mist of party prejudice. The dislike to my father's corps appeared every hour more strong. He saw the consequences, that might arise from the slightest breaking out of quarrel. It was not possible for him to send his men unarmed, as they still were, to their homes, lest they should be destroyed by the rebels; yet the officers of the other corps wished to have them sent out of the town, and to this effect joined in a memorial to government. Some of these officers disliked my father, from differences of electioneering interests; others, from his not having kept up an acquaintance with them; and others, not knowing him in the least, were misled by party reports and misrepresentations.' vol. ii. p. 223.

We think we may venture to say that Miss Edgeworth here gives a colour to the dissatisfaction of these gentlemen which it does not deserve. Mr. Edgeworth, she told us (p. 67) took no part in public affairs; there had not lately been an election contest in the county; but even if there had, at that awful moment, the gentlemen of Ireland had other matters to attend to, than local disputes; these were all absorbed *for the moment* in the common danger; and however mistaken they may have been (and mistaken certainly they were) as to Mr. Edgeworth's loyalty, it was, we have no doubt, an honest mistake on their parts, which should rather be laid to the charge of Mr. Edgeworth's own temporizing, than to the motives imputed by Miss Edgeworth: and indeed it seems that his whole neighbourhood, high and low, shared this mistake. The evening of the day of the final defeat and surrender of the French, the mob of Longford, who had been pacified for some time with a notion that Mr. Edgeworth had been arrested, finding him at liberty, resolved to perform summary justice on him for his supposed disloyalty; a very serious riot took place, and poor Mr. Edgeworth, who, blind to the signs of the times, had put his whole trust in the *civil* power, would have been murdered in the streets of Longford but for the *military* officers, 'at the sight of whose drawn swords the populace gave way, and dispersed in every direction.'—vol. ii. p. 231.

The return home is well described, and we quote it with pleasure:

'When we came near Edgeworth-Town, we saw many well known faces at the cabin doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who  
was

was digging in his field by the road side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house every thing was as we had left it—a map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream. The joy of having my father in safety remained, and gratitude to heaven for his preservation. These feelings spread inexpressible pleasure over what seemed to be a new sense of existence. Even the most common things appeared delightful; the green lawn, the still groves, the birds singing, the fresh air, all external nature, and all the goods and conveniences of life, seemed to have wonderfully increased in value, from the fear into which we had been put of losing them irrecoverably.—vol. ii. p. 232.

The conclusion of this strange affair is as mysterious as the rest. Mr. Edgeworth demanded a court-martial on one of the rioters, who happened to be a serjeant in a volunteer corps; it was found that he was not amenable to martial law; Mr. Edgeworth then indicted him at the assizes, but

‘Having accomplished his own object of publicly proving every fact that concerned his own honor and character, my father felt desirous, that the poor culprit, who was now ashamed and penitent, should not be punished. The evidence was not pressed against him, and—he was acquitted. My father’s counsel was his zealous and eminent friend, Mr. (afterwards judge) Fox. The judge, who presided at the trial, was Sir Michael Smith, whose charge, as I have been assured, was able and eloquent; as honourable to himself, as it was to my father.’—vol. ii. p. 256, 257.

We honestly confess we do not understand all this:—a solemn trial,—great counsel employed,—an eminent judge making an able and eloquent charge,—and the prisoner *acquitted*,—because the prosecutor, having satisfied his own honour, wished to save the culprit from punishment. With humble submission to Miss Edgeworth, it seems not to accord with what she tells us of her father’s practice in analogous cases. In the next place we should be greatly amazed, any where but at an Irish Assize, to hear that a gentleman had established his view of any case by *failing* in his prosecution, and by the *acquittal* of a man whom he had indicted as *guilty*.  
And

And thirdly, we must observe that where the defendant is guilty, and the prosecutor magnanimous, the usual mode is, that when the conviction of the former shall have cleared the character and satisfied the feelings of the latter, he should *then* interfere and solicit the court either for a mild sentence or for a nominal punishment.

In 1799 the great question of the Union agitated the public mind, and Mr. Edgeworth came into parliament for the borough of St. John's-town; thus again offering a practical refutation of his own arguments on parliamentary reform (p. 444. vol. ii.); for notwithstanding all his talents, independence, patriotism, and popularity, he was obliged to find his way into parliament, as the Pitts, father and son,—the Foxes, father and son,—the Burkes and the Barrés, the Floods and the Grattans, and in short many who did honour to either parliament, had done before him. Indeed he admits, in 1817, 'that his original opinion on the borough system went further than he could now approve.'—vol. ii. p. 63. Thus it is that experience refutes the theorists!

In parliament, however, his success was not considerable; he came too late, and his conduct on the great question of the Union is quite inexplicable; he was friendly to a Union, and even spoke in its favour, yet he voted against it, and refused, as he intimates, large offers of rank and office rather than vote according to his own conscience! This is a kind of independence which we think might afford a pleasant illustration in the next edition of Irish Bulls. His own account of it, is, we must say, not creditable to his common sense or to his public character.

'I am an Unionist, but I vote and speak against the Union now proposed to us—as to my reasons, are they not published in the reports of our debates? &c.

'It is intended to force this measure down the throats of the Irish, though five-sixths of the nation are against it. Now, though I think such a union as would identify the nations, so as that Ireland should be as Yorkshire to Great Britain, would be an excellent thing; yet I also think, that the good people of Ireland ought to be *persuaded* of this truth, and not be dragooned into submission,'—vol. ii. 252.

Mr. Edgeworth in endeavouring to justify his own inconsistency should not make such charges as these, even in a private letter, and Miss Edgeworth should not have given publicity to a notorious calumny. Whatever may be said of the means by which the Union was carried, no one but Mr. Edgeworth has ventured to say that the people were "*dragooned into submission*," a metaphor borrowed from the bloody persecutions of bigotry. Whatever else may have been done, there was assuredly nothing like "*dragooning*;" and if the great and useful end to be obtained does not justify the political means used to effect it, the conduct of such men as Mr. Edgeworth



Edgeworth seems to do so; for here was a man of talents, with a clear and decisive opinion in favour of the Union, who was corrupted by a very limited, a very transient, and a very paltry popularity, to vote *against* his conscience and the good of his country. "*The people should be persuaded;*"—assuredly; but who should have tried to persuade them but Mr. Edgeworth, who was convinced they were in error? It was *his* duty to endeavour to enlighten the public mind;—to give the whole weight of his rank, his fortune, his reputation, his independence, to the side of truth, and to stem with all his powers the torrent of error. If he feared to do this—if for popularity he joined in the cry which his conscience condemned—it was high time to counteract such unworthy motives, by measures, which, in another state of the case, might not have been justifiable.

We take the liberty of doubting, altogether, that Mr. Edgeworth had any offers of rank or office made to him, to induce him to do what he confesses was his duty.—It may be true that he had large offers from individuals for the sale of his seat, but we have good reason to think that the other insinuation is wholly unfounded.

After this we find Mr. Edgeworth conspicuous as an author in conjunction with his daughter and biographer. We have not room to examine him in this character, nor is it necessary. Many of the useful and entertaining works published by them have already been individually noticed in our publication, and this would hardly be a fit occasion to take a general view of their joint productions; nor do we know how we could separate or distinguish the respective shares of the father and the daughter. In his latter years an examination before a Committee of the House of Commons revived Mr. Edgeworth's inquiries into the use of springs in wheel carriages, and brought into full light a discovery which he had made twenty-five years before, and which is, as far as we know, the only one of Mr. Edgeworth's mechanical inventions or propositions likely to survive him, or to be of any value to mankind, namely, that springs lighten and facilitate the draught of carriages.

His literary character his daughter is desirous to bottom on 'the merit of having been the first to recommend, both by example and precept, what Bacon would call the experimental method in education,' or, as it is explained, 'noting down anecdotes of children,' as data on which to build a system of education. We have great doubts of the merit and efficacy of this system, and we think there is an obvious sophism in assimilating it to the analytical method in science. The varieties of the human mind and temper are innate and indefinite—they admit of no uniform law—all bodies gravitate, and gravitate by the same rules, but the qualities of the mind and temper are nearly as numerous as the individuals of our species,  
and

and we hardly can imagine a wilder scheme than the attempt to educate one child by a system of observations made upon another. The modes which are common to all children—fear, hope, appetite, love, vanity, emulation—had been observed, noted, and employed as the foundation of education, even before education was known as a science; and, in fact, while all *other* sciences (if we may use the expression) were travelling the ‘high priori road,’ education had, from its earliest dawn, proceeded on the experience which had been made of the human mind in its different stages: so that, in truth, Mr. Edgeworth has no kind of claim to the merit of being the Bacon of education. What he appears to have done—namely, the registering of the *gesta et dicta* of individual children, is to parents an amusing and delightful occupation, but for the purpose of founding a general system of education it is worse than useless; it would become deceptive, and never lead to any available practical result. All the great operating motives are already known, and employed; but the attempt to found a universal theory on the shades of distinction between individuals appears, at once, hopeless and absurd. Newton is said to have observed an apple fall to the ground—he then recollected that *all* apples fall—he thought that there must be a common reason for this general effect, he found they fell faster or slower in proportion to their weight and density, and by a series of experiments and observations of this nature, he arrived at the sublime system which rules the harmonized universe. Mr. Edgeworth’s merit is, as if he should note down that one apple was a pippin and one a pearmain, that one was red and another yellow, that one was sweet and another sour, and then conclude that, by such observations, he had developed and extended the doctrine of gravitation! We give one of Miss Edgeworth’s own examples.

‘When she (one of his daughters) was about seven years old, and had just *heard*, not *learned by rote*, the definitions of a line, a square, and a cube, and had been told what was meant by a body moving through the air, and describing a figure as it moves, she was asked, by her father, the following question:

“If a line move its own length through the air, so as to produce a surface, what figure will it describe?”

‘She answered.—“A square.”

‘She was then asked,—

“If that square be moved downwards or upwards in the air, the space of the length of one of its own sides, what figure will it, at the end of its motion, have described in the air?”

‘After a few minutes silence, she answered,—“A cube.”’—vol. ii. p. 124.

Now, what, we ask, is this extraordinary anecdote worth, as an experiment on which to found any doctrine of education? If it taught

taught us how a mathematical turn in the child's mind could be produced, it would be curious, and if it shewed that education could cause that effect it would be useful; but lo! Miss Edgeworth admits that this child probably inherited it from her mother, who had been remarkable for strong powers of reasoning; in other words, it was the gift of God—a rare and curious power conferred on an individual; but what (we repeat) is to be gained from it for general purposes?—nothing but mischief, if any parents should be deluded by this experimental education to puzzle their poor girls of seven years old, who had no *hereditary* mathematics in their composition, with lines and squares and cubes.

We now arrive at the last scene of Mr. Edgeworth's long, and, in reference to the good he has done in his own family and neighbourhood, and to the stock of rational amusement which his works have given the world, we may add somewhat useful life.

His serenity and composure during his last moments were exemplary. We wish we could add that they gave us any reason to hope, that they were founded in a spirit of *Christian* confidence.—We regret to say, that they do not, and that Mr. Edgeworth's life leads us additionally to fear, that the omission of all peculiar expression of reverence for the Christian revelation, in the productions of him and his daughter, arises neither from accident nor from an opinion of its being extraneous to their subject, but simply and plainly because they did not believe in that Revelation—a moral heathen might have died as Mr. Edgeworth did. 'I die,' said he, 'with the soft feeling of gratitude to my friends and submission to the God who made me.' Gratitude to man, but no *gratitude to God*,—no future fears, no future hopes—but a dry *submission*, to what is inevitable.

Mrs. Honora Edgeworth's death, so highly eulogized by the biographers, is merely philosophic; and the manner in which Mr. Edgeworth himself bears the loss of a beloved daughter is very remarkably stated by Miss Edgeworth. 'In sorrow the mind turns for comforts to our earliest friends.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

This may be true of those who are not Christians; but the minds of Christians certainly do *not* turn to early friends of *this world*; and every Christian's own experience must have taught him that it is in *sorrows* of this nature, that one *peculiarly* feels how vain all earthly friendship is, and how naturally and fondly the mind clings to the hopes of a future state. She proceeds—

'He went to that sister whom he mentions in the first part of these memoirs as the favourite companion of his childhood. Their friendship continued a blessing to both in every circumstance of life. With her he had *all that could be done for his consolation* by sympathy, by the strong charm of similarity of character, and the stronger charm of association with scenes of youth and early affection.' 'But, as he said, for

real grief there is no sudden cure, all *human* resource is in time and occupation.'

Now the word '*human*,' thus printed, is the only hint which we have been able to discover in these volumes that either of the authors believe, in their own minds, that there can be any *other* than *human* resources; and the care taken to put it in italics, shews, in Miss Edgeworth, a desire to go as far as she could towards leading us into a belief, that her father had *divine* resources of consolation: we must confess, however, that the introduction of the word, in this manner, only serves to confirm our original suspicions, and further, a little to disgust us at the appearance of equivocation which it bears.

In describing the equanimity with which Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth sees her approaching fate, (vol. ii. p. 178,) her husband attributes it with great approbation 'to *good sense* forming just estimates of every object which lies before it and regulating the temper and conduct;' but not a word about religion; good sense, temper and conduct is all in all.

In vol. ii. p. 386, we find, in a paper addressed to his children, what may be almost considered as Mr. Edgeworth's profession of faith, and account of his ministry in this particular point.

'I now write in my seventy-second year, and I think it a duty owing to my children, to let them know the means which have been taken to cultivate their understandings, to give them a *sense of religion*, a profound veneration for the unknown cause of their existence, and a sincere and practical *submission* to those decrees which are to us, in our present state, inscrutable. I wish to prove to my children that pains have been taken to give them *moral* habits, *generous* sentiments, kind *tempers*, and easy *manners*.'

Not a word of a future existence!—A *veneration* for an unknown cause! a submission to inscrutable decrees!—morality, generosity, temper, and good manners! these constitute Mr. Edgeworth's notion of religion—what is all this but mere pagan philosophy. Nay, it falls short of what we read in Plato or Cicero. Why is there no mention of piety, of gratitude to God, of confidence in a Saviour, of hopes of futurity, to be found in this summary of the religion which Mr. Edgeworth taught his children?—The omission can hardly be accidental, for he descends to notice *temper* and *manners*; and the question admits, we fear, but of one answer.

If Mr. Edgeworth is to be believed, the lesson he received from his own mother was not much better than that which he has given to his children; in her death-bed admonition to her son, she is represented as saying—'If there be a state of just retribution in another world, I must be happy, for I have suffered during the greatest part of my life, and I know that I did not deserve it by my thoughts

or

or actions:—vol. i. p. 103. thus very illogically and very impudently asserting her own *right* to happiness *if there be a just retribution*; and thus putting as a doubtful question what a Christian mother in such circumstances would have felt and inculcated as an eternal truth. But we have seen enough of Mr. Edgeworth's way of telling stories, to believe that the hypothetical form of this proposition may have been supplied by himself.

In vol. ii. p. 413, we find 'that the pleasure attached to the *mere feeling of existence* is sufficient to create man's attachment to life.' This sentiment seems to us to be consistent only with a belief that we shall not exist after this life; but, (whatever may be thought of this inference,) it is most remarkable and most important to this subject, that in *developing and explaining* Mr. Edgeworth's feelings on this point, Miss Edgeworth does not drop a single hint as to the probability of a future state of existence; and in discussing, very much at large, the progress of the human mind—its gradual improvement even to the last moments of life, and the gratification and pleasure which such a continually improving state of existence gives,—not the slightest allusion to a *continuance* of that existence and of that improvement *beyond death* has escaped her pen. This cannot be mere accident—nothing but the most studied care could have prevented some thoughts of futurity intruding themselves into such a dissertation. Nay, the case is still stronger—for she is silent on this point, on an occasion in which, if she or her father believed in futurity, she could hardly in fair reasoning have omitted to notice it. She observes,

'That old men continue to believe, that they shall live to-morrow as they have lived to-day, and though increasing infirmities, or the deaths of those who are of the same age, warn the old that *they cannot last beyond a certain term*; yet the mere IRRATIONAL habit prevails so far as to counteract much of that apprehension which might otherwise embitter the latter years of life.

'These things my father pointed out to us as *some of the beautiful provisions* which have been made in our nature for the tranquillity of age.'—vol. ii. p. 413.

We appeal to the candour of our readers, whether this view of the subject does not seem to consider that existence *ends with this world*, and that the most effective consolation of the frail creature who *cannot last beyond a certain term*, is the *irrational* habit of thinking that his annihilation is not quite so near as other people see it to be. Here again Miss Edgeworth is far behind the pagan philosophers; for they do not hesitate to place the hopes of an immortal life among 'the *most beautiful provisions* which have been made in our nature for the tranquillity of old age.'

It is true, indeed, that a passage from the preface to the *second*

edition of 'Practical Education' is quoted (vol. ii. p. 404,) as disavowing 'the design of laying down a system of education founded on morality exclusive of religion;' and, in page 405, is repeated a letter to Dr. Rees, in answer to some criticism on this subject in the Encyclopedia, in which Mr. Edgeworth says,

'That he is convinced that *religious obligation* (—observe the periphrasis—) is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world, and that religion, in the large sense of the word, is the only bond of society.'

Now in the first place, we presume that *religion* here could, at best, only mean *religion* according to the definition just before given, and which we have seen, is any thing but Christianity; but for fear any doubt should exist upon that point, the words, '*large sense of the word*' and '*in every part of the world*,' are introduced to place Christianity in the same line with Judaism, Mohammedanism, Brahminism, and those superstitions which degrade human nature, though they all act as some degree of restraint on human vices, '*in every part of the world*.'

And even if he had given the word religion a better meaning, what is his conclusion—that it is necessary to salvation? No; that it leads to a future state? No; but that it is the only bond of society—a mere political engine.

Miss Edgeworth is so sore upon this subject, that there is nothing, in the way of innuendo and inference and circumlocution, omitted, to give what, we fear, must be felt to be a false colouring to it; for instance, in page 4 of vol. ii. she states—

'That many distinguished members, and some of the most respected dignitaries of the established church, honoured Mr. Edgeworth with their esteem and private friendship. This could not have been had they believed him to be either an open or a concealed enemy to Christianity, or had they conceived it to be his design to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.'

And she proceeds to instance the solemnity with which, as a magistrate, he administered an oath, and his receiving the confession of a papist criminal, when party bigotry denied admittance to the Catholic priest. Now instead of all this argumentation, and these facts from which we are to draw such favourable inferences, why does not Miss Edgeworth say in one sentence, '*my father was a Christian, and he brought me and his other children up in the belief of a future life and a redeeming Saviour*?' These two lines would have rendered unnecessary an hundred pages of shuffling.

And what does the acquaintance of dignitaries of the church prove, their external esteem, and, in the ordinary meaning of the words, their private friendship?—nothing to this point: no one ever supposed, that Mr. Edgeworth was so notorious and offensive an infidel

infidel as to deserve to be put out of the pale of society; there was nothing in his manners or conduct in society, as to religion, to justify any peculiar observation upon him; and even as an author, his fault is that of omission; and, indeed, if he had not been put forward as the *Bacon of education*, and as a model for husbands and fathers, it would not have been necessary for us to go into this subject with so much earnestness, an earnestness which we confess is much increased by the evasions and equivocations with which we see, or fancy we see, that his real sentiments are disguised.

What proof of Christianity is the decorous administration of an oath? It may be a proof of a general supposition of a Supreme Being. It may be a proof of good taste, good sense, propriety and obedience to the laws; but nothing more. What proof is the charitable attendance on a Catholic criminal?—of a kind heart, and nothing more; for if it proved any thing beyond this, it would prove that Mr. Edgeworth was a papist, and believed the peculiar superstitions of that sect. Miss Edgeworth must have been hard pushed for evidence when she has recourse to such as this.

But she collects all her force to assure us that—

‘No man could be more sensible than he was of the consolatory fortifying influence of the Christian religion, in sustaining the mind in adversity, poverty, and age; no man knew better its power to carry hope and peace in the hour of death to the penitent criminal \* \* \* Nor did he ever weaken in any heart, in which it ever existed, that which he considered as the greatest blessing that a human creature can enjoy—firm religious faith and hope.’—vol. ii. p. 407.

These sentences, if they stood alone, written spontaneously, and untainted by all the shifts and equivocations on the subject which we have observed, would be perhaps considered as satisfactory; but we have been put on our guard, and must look at them more narrowly.

In the first place we observe that Mr. Edgeworth, when defending *himself* on this very charge, says nothing like this; he never, we believe, distinguishes the *Christian* religion, from ‘religion in its large sense, and in every part of the world:’ and we might, therefore, if necessary set his own against his daughter’s evidence. But it is not necessary; she does not say a syllable about *his own personal faith* in this doctrine; she says of him what might be said by any deist or infidel, that the worldly effect of the Christian religion is obvious and highly advantageous to society; she dwells upon its *human effects*, which every man sees and acknowledges, namely, its power of sustaining the mind in adversity and sorrow—its support to the condemned criminal—its consolation to those who rely upon it. These are mere *facts*, which every one sees, and which Hume or Voltaire could not, and do not deny; but, that such a



reliance is well founded, rational, just—THAT is what Hume and Voltaire would deny, and that is what Mr. and Miss Edgeworth do not affirm. To see and acknowledge the effects of any thing in third persons is one thing; to feel the effects one's self is another; the former is but the exertion of common observation and common candour; the latter is an internal conscientious conviction; in short, the former is consistent with deism or paganism, the latter is the distinction of a Christian.

It will not, we hope, be thought, that we have invidiously or unnecessarily introduced this subject. It forms so prominent a feature in Miss Edgeworth's work and in Mr. Edgeworth's Life, that we could not pass it over in silence, and we could not mention it without stating our impressions, and the reasons which produced them. We should have not imputed it as blame (though we should have regretted it as a misfortune) if the minds of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth had been so constituted as not to be able to believe in the great doctrines of Christianity—*belief is not in our own power*; and if they were not Christians, we should applaud the good sense and delicacy with which in their former works, and indeed in this, they have taken care not to give any offence by the ostentatious production of infidel opinions—but when we see, what we think, a design to induce us to believe *the thing which is not*—to represent Mr. Edgeworth as a Christian, and to justify as Christian doctrines and practices things which are certainly not so—when we find a system of education rejecting the Christian doctrines from its schools, and yet are told that the author of that system is a Christian, it becomes a duty to pull off the mask, under which Mr. Edgeworth's system and principles might be received without that caution and suspicion to which, in this particular, they are liable.

If, after all, we have been mistaken as to Mr. Edgeworth's religion, it is the fault of himself and his daughter. Three words would, as we have already said, have rendered all this discussion unnecessary; three words may yet clear up the difficulty, and if Miss Edgeworth, in her next work, is able to say, with confidence, *my father was a Christian*, she will do a pious office to his memory, and no inconsiderable good to mankind; and no one will be more pleased than ourselves to find that her inaccurate modes of expression had confirmed an error into which her father's own avowals had originally led us.

We have now done our painful task; and, on the whole, our greatest objection to the work is, that it must lower Mr. Edgeworth's reputation, and not raise that of his daughter. There is much to blame, and little to praise in what they, with a mistaken and self-deceptive partiality, record of him—his own share of the work is silly, trivial, vain, and inaccurate; hers, by its own pompous claims

to approbation, fails of what a more modest exposition would have obtained, and might have been entitled to. Mr. Edgeworth had some ingenuity, great liveliness, great activity, a large share of good sense, (particularly when he wrote,) of good nature, and of good temper—he was a prudent and just landlord, a kind husband, (except to his second wife,) an affectionate parent; but he was superficial; not well founded in any branch of knowledge, yet dabbling in all:—as a mechanic he shewed no originality, but some powers of application—as a public man he was hasty, injudicious, inconsistent, and *only not* mischievous: in society we must, notwithstanding Miss Edgeworth's dutiful partiality, venture to say that he was as disagreeable as loquacity, egotism and a little tinge now and then of indelicacy could make him; but with all these drawbacks, his life was, as far as we have heard or seen, on the whole, more useful, more respectable than the representation which is here given of it. For his reputation these two volumes of biography ought to be forgotten. It is a mistaken tribute of vanity and filial piety, which almost justifies the superstition of our German ancestors, that monuments were onerous to the dead.

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ART. XII.—1. *The Church in Danger; a Statement of the Cause, and of the probable Means of averting that Danger.* Attempted by the Rev. Richard Yates, B. D.

2. *The Basis of National Welfare; considered in Reference chiefly to the Prosperity of Britain, and Safety of the Church of England.* By the Rev. Richard Yates.

3. *Substance of the Speech delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday the 16th of March 1818, on proposing a Grant of One Million for providing Additional Places of Public Worship in England.*

4. *A Sketch of the History of Churches in England, to which is added a Sermon on the Honours of God in Places of Public Worship.* By John Brewster, M. A. Rector of Egglescliffe and Vicar of Greatham in the County of Durham.

5. *A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool on that Part of the Speech of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, which recommended the Attention of Parliament to the Deficiency in the Number of Places of Public Worship belonging to the Established Church.* By James Elmes, Architect.

6. *New Churches, considered with respect to the Opportunities they offer for the Encouragement of Painting.* By B. R. Haydon.

A NEW novel of American manufacture has reached us from Boston; the writer assumes the character of an English woman,

man, and lays the scene of her fiction in the vale of Keswick. Fictitious tales are good for something when they convey information concerning the age and country wherein they have been written: and, as the *Troy Book* throws more light upon the age of Caxton than of king Priam, so does this little tale represent, unwittingly, the state of America in one most important point, when it speaks of England. 'After the lapse of some years,' it says, 'in which a parish has been vacant, and when the voice of prayer and the songs of praise have only been heard at long intervals, it may readily be supposed that the revival of religious institutions occasions a kind of jubilee among the people.' Hence it appears that, because of the want of a religious establishment in America, when a minister dies years sometimes elapse before his place can be supplied! And this is confirmed by what the writer supposes to have happened at Keswick, in a passage not the less amusing for its attention to local circumstances. 'A year had passed since her husband's death, and yet the living of Keswick was vacant. During this time, there had been some sabbaths in which divine service was performed, and the good Bishop of Landaff had not forgotten the people of Keswick. Two young gentlemen from Carlisle had also officiated there.'

'In the United States,' says Mr. Bristed, there is no national church established, no lay-patronage, no system of tithes. The people call and support their minister; few churches having sufficient funds to dispense with the necessity of contribution by the congregation. The law enforces the contract between the pastor and his flock, and requires the people to pay the stipulated salary so long as the clergyman performs his parochial duty according to the agreement between him and his parishioners. The general government has no power to interfere with or regulate the religion of the Union; and the States generally have not legislated farther than to incorporate, with certain restrictions, such religious bodies as have applied for charters. In consequence of this entire indifference on the part of the state governments, full *one third* of our whole population are destitute of all religious ordinances, and a much greater proportion in our southern and western districts.'

Such is the state of things in America; and the consequences are thus described by the same able and meritorious writer:

'The late President Dwight declared in 1812, that there were three millions of souls in the United States entirely destitute of all religious ordinances and worship. It is also asserted by good authority, that in the southern and western states societies exist, built on the model of Transalpine Clubs in Italy, and the atheistic assemblies of France and Germany; and, like them, incessantly labouring to root out every vestige of Christianity. So that in the lapse of a few years we are in danger of being overrun with unbaptized infidels, the most atrocious and remorseless banditti that infest and desolate human society.'

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A society has been formed in Connecticut for the purpose of endeavouring to remedy this evil. It appears by the statement in an address to that society, that five millions of people in the United States are destitute of competent religious instruction.\*

'An immediate universal vigorous effort,' says Mr. Beecher, 'must be made to provide religious instruction for the nation. It is indispensably necessary, to prevent the great body of the nation from sinking down to a state of absolute heathenism. Let the tide of population roll on for seventy years as it has done for the seventy that are past, and let no extraordinary exertion be made to meet the vastly increasing demand for ministers, but let them increase only in the slow proportion that they have done, and what will be the result? There will be within the United States seventy million souls, and sixty-four million out of that society will be wholly destitute of religious instruction. They may not become the worshippers of idols; but there is a brutality and ignorance and profligacy always prevalent where the Gospel does not enlighten and restrain, as decisively ruinous to the soul as idolatry itself. If knowledge and virtue be the basis of republican institutions, our foundations will soon rest upon the sand, unless a more effectual and all-pervading system of religious and moral instruction can be provided. The right of suffrage in the hands of an ignorant and vicious population, such as will always exist in a land where the Gospel does not restrain and civilize, will be a sword in the hand of a maniac, to make desolate around him, and finally to destroy himself. It is no party in politics that can save this nation from political death, by political wisdom merely.'

The American legislators, those of Old America at least, will probably ere long consider these things to be 'worth a fear':—they will otherwise be repaid, and with large interest, by our demoralizing philosophism, for the evils which their political lessons have brought upon Europe. The old Americans will lay it the more to heart, because the first and chief consideration by which their forefathers were moved to establish themselves in a wild country, was the belief that it would be 'a service unto the church of great consequence to carry the Gospel into those parts of the world.' But if the general government continues to profess a liberal\* indifference whether there be any religion in the country or none,

\* When the American Convention were framing their constitution, Dr. Franklin asked them how it happened that while 'groping as it were, in the dark, to find political truth,' they had not once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights to illuminate their understandings?—"I have lived, Sir, (said he) a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach

none, the Americans will find, and at no very remote time, that the want of an adequate provision for the moral and religious instruction of the people,—that is to say, the want of an established church,—a circumstance of which their short-sighted admirers have boasted as their peculiar happiness,—will bring upon them in its inevitable effects worse evils than have ever been produced, even by superstition itself.

Modern colonies are always in a more immoral state than their respective mother-countries. This is lamentably exemplified in Spanish America, and in the Columbian Islands; but nowhere more strikingly than by the Dutch, wherever they have established themselves in India, in Africa, or in the New World. In their native land they are an exemplary people, but in their colonies and conquests none so vicious, so brutal, and so mercilessly inhuman. Two causes tend mainly to produce this degradation; the existence of slavery, for wherever that abomination exists it is in its moral effects scarcely less injurious to the oppressor than to the oppressed;—and the absence of religious institutions. The backsettlers of every new country, receding from civilization themselves while they prepare the way for it, live without law and without religion,—an assertion which the history of every continental colony supports. Even in the Spanish Indies and in Brazil, where the governments have always been influenced by a Catholic zeal for the salvation of souls, it has not been possible to provide adequately for the spiritual instruction of a population scattered over so wide a surface of wild country; and if this is impracticable for the Romish church, with its celibacy, its power, its admirable organization, its great auxiliary force of Regulars under the most despotic discipline, and the zealous aid of governments which, upon that point at least, were beyond all doubt conscientious,—how much less is it to be effected by protestant churches to which all these advantages are wanting!

We have upon former occasions adverted to the service which the monastic orders formerly rendered in aid of the church in this country. While they existed the church had in itself a principle of growth which kept pace with the growth of cities, the general increase of population, and the necessities of society. It would have been difficult, or perhaps impossible, to reform them upon their original foundation, because so much audacious and blasphemous imposture was connected with their history. But it is on many accounts to be regretted that the revenues of these orders, instead of being so scandalously and sacrilegiously squandered,

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reproach and a bye-word down to future ages." He then moved that prayers should be performed in that assembly every morning before they proceeded to business. "*The Convention except three or four persons thought prayers unnecessary!!*" These words, and these notes of admiration were written by Franklin himself.

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had not been applied to the foundation of institutions, such as might easily have been devised, retaining all that was good in the former establishments, without any of the alloy.

From the time of the abolishment of the Regulars the ill consequence of having diminished the number of religious instructors has been felt. It was more glaringly manifest in the capital. Before the vote for building fifty churches in the metropolis was past, in Queen Anne's reign, Burnet says that there were in the suburbs of London about two hundred thousand persons more than could possibly worship God in the existing churches. This had been partly owing to the Fire, eighty-four churches within the walls out of ninety-seven having been destroyed in that tremendous visitation: but many had been rebuilt, and several of the smaller parishes had been united, so that it was not in the city of London itself that the want was felt, so much as in Westminster which had then joined it, and in the suburbs which were every year becoming more extensive. In 1696 Evelyn complained of the increase of buildings about what he called 'this already monstrous city,' wherein, he says, he was credibly informed that one year with another, about eight hundred houses were erected. St. Martin's and St. Giles's were then no longer in the fields, but Mary-le-bone was still a village, and cattle were pastured upon the site of New Bond Street and Hanover Square. Of the proposed fifty churches only eleven were built, so grievously was this good intent frustrated in the performance. But if the necessity of such an augmentation was acknowledged then, how much more is it required at the present time, after the interval of more than a century, during which the metropolis has been doubled in extent and in population!—If even then there were parishes which, as Captain Graunt said, 'were grown madly disproportionate,' what should be said in these days when those parishes have increased twenty fold! when it appears that, in the metropolis, there are seven parishes containing each from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants more than their respective places of worship can contain,—six wherein the excess amounts to from thirty to forty thousand; two in which it is from forty to fifty thousand, and one parish, that of Mary-le-bone, which has not room in its church and chapels for nine thousand out of a population of seventy-five!—Nor is this deficiency confined to the metropolis. In Liverpool, out of 94,000 inhabitants only 21,000 can be accommodated in the churches; in Manchester, only 11,000 out of seventy-nine. In the diocese of Winchester accommodation is wanting for 265,000 persons, more than four-fifths of its whole population; in that of York for 580,000; in that of Chester for 1,040,000. The deficiency is greatest in growing towns and cities,  
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the very places where religious instruction is more peculiarly required : it is an evil which has arisen with the commercial prosperity of the country and keeps pace with it. Our forefathers built convents and cathedrals,—the edifices which we have erected are manufactories and prisons, the former producing tenants for the latter.

Upon this subject Mr. Yates has entered into a full inquiry, and has stated with great force the tremendous result. It appears from the official documents which he has collected and compared, that within the small circle of ten miles round London, ‘no less than NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND souls are shut out from the common pastoral offices of the National Religion!’—‘Shut out,’ says Mr. Yates, ‘from the pale of the church, from all participation in its benefits, they are necessarily driven to join the ranks of injurious opposition, either in dissent and sectarian enthusiasm, or in the infinitely more dangerous opposition of infidelity, atheism, and ignorant depravity.’ Well may he add that ‘such a mine of heathenism, and consequent profligacy and danger, under the very meridian (as it is supposed) of Christian illumination, and accumulated around the very centre and heart of British prosperity, liberty and civilization, cannot be contemplated without terror by any real and rational friend of our Established Government in Church and State; and is surely sufficient to awaken the anxious attention of every true patriot, every enlightened statesman, every sincere advocate of suffering humanity, and every intelligent and faithful Christian.’

The ecclesiastical, as well as the civil institutions of England, were originally accommodated in many points to local circumstances which have long ceased to exist. Thus when bishoprics were first established among our Saxon ancestors, the dioceses had the same limits as the respective kingdoms of the heptarchy, in which they were founded. In like manner, the limits of a parish were determined by those of the manor, or estate, of the person who founded the church; and thus, not upon any system, nor with any regard either to the extent of ground, or number of souls, but according to the accidental extent of particular properties, the present division of parishes was generally fixed before the time of Edward the Confessor.

Mr. Yates has given tables and calculations, whereby it appears that the average proportion of population to one church, is 640, in those parts of the country where inhabitants are not crowded together for the purposes of trade and manufactures. Though parishes certainly were not determined by any considerations of this kind, it is sufficient for his argument that, in prospective measures for removing a great national evil, reference must be had to  
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some such scale of fitness. Assuming it as a fact, that villages have generally been reduced in proportion as overgrown towns have increased, he is of opinion that a somewhat larger numerical average may be considered as the standard at and before the Reformation. But he seems not to have taken into his account the great general increase of population which has more than doubled itself since that time. In our judgement, the average parochial population must have been considerably less three centuries ago than it is now. Be that as it may, the number of religious instructors was far greater: for the regulars, the auxiliary force of the Church, were undoubtedly more numerous than the secular clergy. That they interfered with the parochial clergy in many respects, and lessened their utility by diminishing their influence, is undeniable: but so long as they existed, there was no lack of religious instruction, such as it was; and in extensive parishes, and thinly peopled countries, the itinerant friars performed those duties which a stationary minister could but imperfectly discharge.

In those days too, the task of the clergy was comparatively easy: half the work was done for them by the manners of the age, and the effect of surrounding circumstances. Entirely ignorant as the peasantry and populace in Catholic countries are of the true nature of Christianity, they are every where habituated to a strict and regular observance of its forms: and although they are precluded from the use of the Bible, they are nevertheless made familiar with the great and leading facts of Gospel history, by means of images and pictures, which have truly been called the books of the ignorant. It was as natural for our forefathers to respect their church as to love their country. Its symbols were always and every where before their eyes. In infancy they played with the rosary while at the breast, and in age they dropt asleep with the unfinished bead-string in their hands. A relic, an *agnus Dei*, or some such memorial, was worn at once for a trinket and an amulet. In case of disease they applied to the Saints with more faith than to the physicians, certainly with less danger, and perhaps with more success. A fashionable shrine was more frequented in those days, than a fashionable watering-place in these; and any medicinal properties which a spring might possess were ascribed to the celestial patron who was invoked there, and who was believed to have endued the waters with their healing virtue. Some reference to the usages of religion was made in almost all the ordinary business of life; the time of day was familiarly denoted by the names of the canonical hours; the quarterly pay-days by the festivals which occurred at those seasons. The regular recurrence of fast-days made it necessary that every housewife should order her table with regard to appointed observances: but the Romish Church was too wise

wise in its generation not to perceive how impolitic it would be if these observances related to privations alone; it had, therefore, its feasts and merry-makings also; and the greater holydays were distinguished by some junket for the table, or sport for the day, some of which, in spite of the war which the Puritans declared against them, continue, generally or locally, to keep their ground. In many provinces the village *wake* still evinces by its name, that the annual season for revelry and joy was connected with the festival of the patron Saint; and perhaps, though such assemblages are seldom or never altogether innocent, the kind of religious sanction under which they were held, imposed upon them some restrictions of decorum, and rendered them less injurious to good morals than they have been since they were wholly secularized. Every thing, indeed, in those ages, tended to impress upon the people, a feeling of the dignity and importance of their Church Establishment. The clergy were then ostensibly as well as actually one of the three estates of the realm. A sense of stability and of protection was felt by those who resided upon their estates. They were the best landlords, and in times of civil war, their tenants were seldom called upon to take part in the danger, like those of the turbulent barons. Feelings of kindness and good will toward the members of this great and powerful body were equally experienced by those who bestowed their bounty upon the mendicant brother, believing that whatever was thus given would be carried to account in their stock of good works, and by those who received a portion of alms at the convent gate, or partook within of its liberal hospitality.

We shall not be suspected of insidiously setting forth the advantages of the old Catholic establishment; nor of overlooking, or unfairly keeping out of sight, the superstitions and frauds and immoralities which were connected with it. Our opinions upon that subject have been too often and too explicitly declared, for any such misconception of our meaning to be possible. The observation of every intelligent person who has travelled in Catholic countries, may safely be appealed to in proof that we have not exaggerated the effect which is produced upon the popular mind by the forms and discipline of the Catholic Church. The general tone of morals among the vulgar may be in some main points far below what it is among the English populace, and in others not above it; but the lowest of the vulgar are not abandoned to a state of utter irreligion. They may have their jest against the priest, and their tale or their proverb against the friar; but this levity leaves no leaven of infidelity behind, it passes as it comes, and the principle of faith remains unaffected. Great evil unquestionably arises from the confidence with which they look to the church as a sanctuary from

from the pursuit of justice, and to the confessional as a place where a long score of sin may be wiped off; still there exists a deep and rooted reverence for religious things. The spirit is kept alive by habitual attention to the forms. At whatever hour you enter a Catholic place of worship, some persons will be found, at one or other of its altars, on their knees, abstracted in solitary devotion, whether the church be full, or crowded with spectators. At the hour of vespers you hear the evening hymn from every house in a village; and in the streets of a busy and a populous town, at the sound of the vesper bell, the passengers uncover their heads, and halt, or utter a prayer as they pass on. And who knows how many holy thoughts and healing influences may at such times have entered the heart! how often a check may have been given to temptation; how often wretchedness may have received consolation; and weakness and frailty may have been admonished where to look for and to find support! Comparing the state of mind which is thus produced with that of our own town populace, if the populace alone were considered, we might almost wish that they had still been 'suckled in a creed outworn.'

Looking back, therefore, upon England, as it was before the Reformation, we find that the population did not, in all probability, reach to a fourth part of its present amount; that the number of religious instructors was at least twofold of what it now is (though the methodist ministers, and the dissenting clergy of every denomination be taken into the account), and that the religion of the country, by means of its forms and ceremonies, was interwoven with the whole business of life. The habits of the people were not migratory at that time. A peasant, perhaps, scarcely ever went thirty miles from the place where he was born, unless he were called away upon military service. There were then no overgrown cities, and the few manufactures which existed were carried on upon a small scale, and in a manner which was neither incompatible with private comfort, nor with public peace and safety.

But even in those parts of the country which are merely agricultural, and where the parochial population continues nearly at its old standard, the influence of the clergyman over his parishioners, for many reasons, never can be what it was in former times, unless there be an extraordinary degree of zeal on his part. Formerly the routine and mechanism of the church did the greater part of the work for him: he must now do every thing for himself. The Romanists, persuading themselves that their church service is an actual sacrifice, are persuaded also that the value of that sacrifice can, in no degree, be diminished by the incapacity or unworthiness of the minister by whom it is performed: whoever, therefore, may officiate, the Romanist has the same satisfaction in attending mass, and

and partakes equally of the imaginary propitiation. With us, on the contrary, the effect of an admirable liturgy may be dismally impaired\* by a cold or careless delivery; and pulpit discourses may be of such narcotic potency that no attention, however vigilant, can resist their operation. We have retained but few festivals which have any direct relation with the Church, and those only locally. Nevertheless in the agricultural parts of the kingdom the Church has still a strong hereditary hold upon the minds of the people. The increase of population has not excluded the peasantry from a due attendance at divine service. They are familiar from their childhood with the sound of the church bell, in all its varied imports of joy and sorrow: the sight of the font and the altar brings with it to them hallowed and tender recollections, and their family graves are in the green and quiet church-yard, where they themselves know that they shall one day find room as well as rest. It happens not unfrequently that a peasant on his death-bed gives directions as to the precise spot where his grave shall be digged, and names the friends and kinsmen by whose hands it is his desire that his coffin may be let down; and this with a composure equally remote from the insensibility which philosophism affects, and from the delirious raptures which enthusiasm inspires.

The difference between the church-yards of remote villages and those of a crowded town, might of itself lead a thoughtful observer to reflect upon the wide difference between the parochial duties, and possible influence of the clergy, in the agricultural and manufacturing parts of the kingdom. The village church-yard, with its little grassy mounds,

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From east to west,'

has a character of quietness and sanctity, which makes us feel how appropriately such an enclosure is called by the Germans *God's ground*. Compare it with the inhuman cemeteries of a great city, where the probe must be inserted before a grave can be opened; where iron coffins or cages† are used as securities against the corpse

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\* Speaking of the present Rectors of St. George's Hanover Square, and St. James's, Mr. Yates says 'they are articulate, impressive and audible readers and preachers. The two Churches built to the full extent of the human voice, and a few years since, while served by incumbents that could not be heard, almost constantly empty, are now both of them attended by crowded congregations. The appointments of these two Rectors to the situations for which they have proved themselves so appropriately qualified, have more augmented the number of adherents, and more contributed to the support of the Church of England, than all the controversial defences of its doctrines, or all the legislative enforcements of its discipline, that have appeared during the last half century.'

† We noticed on a former occasion, (vol. xxi. p. 380.) the curious legal question concerning the iron coffins, which was then pendent in the Courts. The iron cage,

corpse stealers; and where the bones of those who have been allowed to moulder in the earth, are made an article of trade, to be ground and pulverized for manure. Alas, the same causes which have occasioned this huddling together of the dead in a manner so offensive to the feelings, so repugnant to that respect which is due to the poor relics of mortality, have induced consequences far more injurious to the living inhabitants, than the indecency to which they are exposed when they have departed! At the commencement of the late reign, the parishes immediately surrounding London were villages, with a larger proportion of opulent inhabitants indeed than were to be found in other villages, but with a population of one, two or three hundred souls, all of whom could be accommodated in their parish church, and all personally known to the parochial minister, living under his eye, and benefited by his notice and his instruction. In the course of that long reign, (three-score years which have produced more momentous changes in society than ever before occurred during an equal length of time,) these parishes have increased in population to the enormous amount of thirty, forty, fifty, and in one instance of more than seventy thousand souls; and no alterations having been made in their religious establishments, 'many of the civil advantages and moral restraints, (says Mr. Yates), and almost all the ecclesiastical benefits of the Established Church are necessarily annihilated. An immense numerical majority of the inhabitants are excluded from all instructive participation in the prayers and praises of their parish church. The due discharge of the salutary duties of a resident parochial minister is become absolutely impossible. The advantage which individual knowledge and notice give to instruction, and the preventive effect which that knowledge and notice have upon the vices of the lower classes, are absolutely and wholly lost.'

Mr. Yates seems to think that it had been the practice before the Reformation to divide parishes and build places of worship according to the increase of inhabitants. It is certain, however, that there was no public provision for this; nor could there be at the period in which Christianity was introduced among us. The cathedrals and larger monasteries were mostly founded and endowed by royal personages, either from an impulse of piety, or as an atone-

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or frame, is a Scotch invention, which we have lately seen at Glasgow, where it has been in use between two and three years. A frame work of iron rods is fixed in the grave, the rods being as long as the grave is deep; within this frame the coffin is let down and buried, an iron cover is then placed over the grave, and fitted on the top of the rods, and securely locked. At the expiration of a month, when no farther precaution is needful, the cover is unlocked, and the frame drawn out. The price paid for this apparatus is a shilling per day. This invention is not liable to the same objection as the iron coffins, and if it has not already reached London, the undertakers may thank us for an useful hint.

ment for acts of injustice and blood. Powerful men were taught that in this manner they might redeem the penance which they had incurred. In the laws of Edgar it is said, 'he that has ability may raise a church to the praise of God; and if he has where-withal, let him give land to it, and allow ten young men, so that they may serve in it, and minister the daily service.' In like manner it was an act of atonement to repair a church. Motives of ambition, as well as of piety and repentance, induced men also to erect places of worship. It was a law, or custom, that 'if a churl thrived so that he had five hides of his own land, a *church*, a kitchen, a gate, a bell-house, a seat, and several offices in the king's hall, then was he thenceforth the Thane's right-worthy;' and from this usage, says Stavelay, 'we may observe that there is scarce any village, town, or hamlet, but it still retains, or anciently had, some church or chapel, there built by some chief proprietor in that place or circuit.'

Thus it was that those edifices were originally founded, so many of which still remain as the great ornaments of the country, and which were so distinguished for their beauty, that in the old verse they are enumerated among the things for which England was remarkable.

*Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.*

Provision for dividing parishes was not made when the churches were first built, and the parishes originally constituted, because the future evil was not foreseen, nor were there in that stage of society any indications whereby it might be apprehended. Few generations escaped some scourge, either of war or of pestilence, by which the country was thinned from time to time: considering the frequency of these visitations, the violence with which the plague and the sweating sickness used to rage, and the desperate desolation with which our civil wars were carried on, it may reasonably be inferred that the population of England in the days of Henry VIII. little, if at all, exceeded what it was at the Conquest. The few towns which increased in size, increased slowly; and old towns are always well provided with churches, because no small part of the wealth which in those ages was acquired by trade was thus meritoriously bestowed.

When, therefore, the Church of England was established upon its present foundation, and from that time till the *Radical Church* Reformers succeeded for awhile in their design of overthrowing it, the evil was not that there was any want of places of worship, nor that parishes in any part of the kingdom, whether town or country, had become too populous for the care of a resident minister. If it had been so, the same conscientious solicitude for the religious instruction of his subjects, which James I. displayed towards his native

native land, would undoubtedly have manifested itself in England also. This monarch has been hardly dealt with by posterity; his errors have been exaggerated, his weaknesses represented as crimes, his motives maligned, and justice has rarely been rendered either to his disposition or his talents. Well might Sir Benjamin Rudyer describe it as 'a glorious and religious work,' and relate it 'to his unspeakable honour,' that 'within the space of one year he caused to be planted churches through all Scotland, the Highlands and the Borders, worth £30 a year apiece, with a house and some glebe belonging to them; which £30 a year, considering the cheapness of the country, and the modest fashion of ministers living there, is worth double as much as any where within an hundred miles of London.'—'And in Ireland he,' says Dr. Ryou, 'of his princely bounty and Christian devotion, hath of his own given well nigh three hundred thousand acres of principal good land to the reverend bishops, dignitaries and parish churches of the north of that kingdom.' The evil in England was that qualified clergymen could not be found for the churches, and the chief cause of this was that the church had been grievously and scandalously impoverished by the transfer of impropriations from the regular into lay hands. Motives of policy prevented Elizabeth from remedying this great evil; and James, who expressed his desire of applying some remedy, found it impossible to effect his intentions. The lapse of time had then established a legitimate right of possession, which it would have been unjust as well as dangerous to disturb.

At the commencement of the ensuing reign a memorable scheme was formed for purchasing impropriations by means of a fund raised by voluntary contributions, and applying them to the maintenance of the clergy. There is no reason to doubt that the intention of those persons who first devised this scheme, and promoted it, was good; but good intentions may sometimes be perverted to the most seditious and mischievous purposes, and so it soon proved with this feoffment, as it was called. The feoffees perceiving the power which they had got into their hands, employed it as a great engine for overthrowing that church, which it was then the fixed determination of the puritans to destroy. When they purchased the lay-tythes of a parish, instead of reannexing them to the cure from which they had been severed, according to the direct and plain object which they professed; they founded lectures for puritanical preachers,—'persons disaffected to the discipline, if not to the doctrine, of the Church of England;' and no small part of the funds which they thus obtained, and held at their own unrestricted disposal, was 'given to schoolmasters to season youth *ab ovo* for their party: and to young students in the universities, to purchase them and their judgments to their side, against



their coming abroad into the church.' The danger to be apprehended from such a self-constituted power was discovered in time. It was perceived, as Kennet has well stated, that 'by degrees the rectories and tythes, before more safely dispersed into several hands, would have been at last united in this one *civil* body, without any restitution of the right to spiritual persons;' and that 'their disposing the profits in arbitrary pensions to what persons, in what places, and for what time they pleased, would soon have brought the inferior clergy to such a great dependance on *them* as would at last outweigh any other interest, even that of the king, and the bishops, and all other patrons.' Laud, therefore, properly wrote down among the 'things which he projected to do if God should bless him in them,' his intention 'to overthrow the feoffment, dangerous both to Church and State, going under the specious pretence of buying in impropriations.' He succeeded in this by means as strictly constitutional and legal, as the end was justifiable; and one of the charges against him upon his infamous trial was, that he had 'wilfully and maliciously caused this feoffment to be overthrown, contrary to law,—whereby that pious work was suppressed and trodden down, to the great dishonour of God and scandal of religion.' If any thing were necessary to prove the propriety of Laud's conduct in this respect—it would be that he was thus accused for it by the blood-thirsty faction who murdered him under a mockery of law.

The earliest intimation which has occurred to us in our reading, that there was a want of churches in the metropolis, and that for that reason the lower classes were deprived of the means of religious instruction, is in a tract entitled *England's Wants*, printed, we believe, for the first time, in 1685. It is there proposed 'that (as in the reformed churches beyond the seas, and as in the royal chapel of the King of England, which should be a pattern to all other English churches) every Sunday morning early, and other festivals, there may be in all parish churches, (but more especially in London) divine service, and plain sermons, only for servants, apprentices, and the meaner sort of people, who have most need of all to be instructed, and yet now, *for want of room*, or leave, seldom come to church at all, or to very little purpose, the ordinary eleven o'clock sermons being usually made and intended for the best and most knowing persons of the parish, who have the least need of instruction.' Here the evil is only mentioned incidentally; but from that time it rapidly increased. And in the reigns of William and Mary, and Anne, a great war expenditure bringing with it a quick circulation of money, and acting as a general excitement to industry and adventure, a rapid increase of city population

population followed as the natural consequence;\* and the religious state of the people in those places which were most affected, was brought before the legislature by petitions from those parishes in London and Westminster which were then extending their streets into the fields, and from places the prosperity of which was directly connected with our maritime power, such as Deptford, Greenwich, and Gravesend. The convocation then spoke of the extreme want of churches in and about the metropolis. In the papers which were laid before Parliament upon this subject, it is worthy of notice, that the four parishes of Newington, Lambeth, Pancras, and Marylebone, all at present of an enormous population, are not mentioned; that the average number of persons in a family is computed at six, but seven are allowed in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and ten in St. James's and St. Martin's in the Fields; and that reckoning the number of persons in the specified parishes over and above those whom the existing churches could contain at 342,000, a deduction of 101,500 was made from that number, as being French Protestants and Dissenters, for whom, therefore, it was not necessary to provide. The French Protestants have melted down into the general mass. But including the sects which have sprung up since that time, and the Methodists also, it would appear that the proportion of separatists has rather diminished than increased.

The Act of Queen Anne was only carried partially into effect. Of the fifty churches which it proposed only eleven (as we have said) were erected. Since that reign the population of the kingdom has doubled; and that of the circle about London has probably decupled its inhabitants; but no additional churches were built, neither were any means provided for imparting religious

\* 'Our affairs,' says Burnet, 'were in all respects, except that of the coin (1696) in so good a condition, that we felt ourselves grow richer by the war.' (Vol. III. p. 230, last 8vo. edition.) A passage from this valuable author respecting the state of things in the midst of Marlborough's glorious career may be read with advantage as well as interest, from the resemblance to what we ourselves have witnessed.—'The credit of the nation was never raised so high in any age, nor so sacredly maintained; the treasury was as exact and as regular in all payments as any private banker could be. It is true a great deal of money went out of the kingdom in specie: that which maintained the war in Spain was to be sent thither in that manner, the way by bills of exchange not being yet opened. Our trade with Spain and the West Indies, which formerly brought us great returns of money, was now stopped; by this means there grew to be a sensible want of money over the nation: this was in a great measure supplied by the currency of Exchequer bills and bank notes: and this lay so obvious to the disaffected party, that they were often attempting to blast, at least to disparage this paper credit; but it was still kept up. It bred a just indignation in all who had a true love to their country, to see some using all possible methods to shake the administration, which, notwithstanding the difficulties at home and abroad, was much the best that had been in the memory of man; and was certainly not only easy to the subjects in general, but gentle even towards those who were endeavouring to undermine it.'—Vol. iv. 153.

instruction to the multitudes who were now actually excluded from public worship. This enormous evil would not have remained so long without some attempt to remove it, had not the clergy suffered their old right of meeting in convocation to fall into disuse. Men of business at last began to perceive the opportunity which was afforded them by the legislature's neglect; and private chapels in and about the metropolis were built as good speculations, which would return a larger interest than could be obtained by buildings of any other kind. This interest being derived wholly from the pew-rents, of course none but those who could afford to pay a high price for seats could find admittance; and the sole benefit was that a certain number of the wealthy were thus accommodated when there was no room in their respective churches. But the ministers who officiated had no other relation with their hearers than that of merely going through the service of the chapel,—they had no parochial connection with them, nor were they allowed by the law to perform any of the pastoral offices. In fact, they were merely the hired servants of the owner of the building, and the obvious tendency of such a system was to bring the Establishment into disrepute.

The diseased growth of parishes frustrated the political as well as the religious purposes of our old parochial system, if we may be permitted to consider apart things which are, strictly speaking, inseparable. Every parish being in itself a little commonwealth, it is easy to conceive, that before manufactures were introduced, or where they do not exist, a parish, where the minister and the parochial officers did their duty with activity and zeal, might be almost as well ordered as a private family. Indeed there cannot be a more practicable or a more efficient means of reform than this system of our ancestors would afford, if it were brought fairly into use. Mr. Yates has well pointed out the essential and important benefit of that sort of preventive police which the parish minister and parish officers were designed to exercise, but which cannot possibly be exercised in our huge city or manufacturing parishes, because 'it is necessarily dependant upon, and derived from a personal knowledge and inspection of all the poor and labouring classes.'

The evil has been at last seen and acknowledged by the legislature, and means for remedying it have at length been adopted. 'Nothing,' said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'in fact, could have justified so long a delay,—a delay which had continued till any effectual remedy began to be despaired of,—but the difficulties with which the state has had to struggle, and the expensive wars in which it has been involved.'—'It should indeed be remembered,' he added, 'that even during the pressure of the severest and  
most

most arduous contest in which this country had ever been engaged, Parliament had made liberal grants to promote the comforts of the clergy, and to confer on the public the benefit of a resident, a respectable, and a moderately-endowed ministry. But these grants, however important in their object, could not supply the want of places of public worship, of which there existed so melancholy a deficiency. Those grants are among the measures for which the name of Perceval will deservedly be held in honour by his grateful country.

By the Act of 1818, a commission (to continue in force for ten years) was appointed to 'examine the state of the parishes and extra parochial places in the metropolis and its vicinity, and other parts of England and Wales, to ascertain in which additional churches and chapels are most required, and the most effectual means of affording such accommodation.' One million sterling was put at the disposal of the commissioners, from which they might make grants for building churches or chapels, in parishes containing not less than 4000 persons, and not having church-room for more than 1000, or where 1000 of the inhabitants should be residing more than four miles from any church or chapel. When the commissioners are satisfied that the parishioners are not able to bear any part of the charge of the building, they may grant the whole sum. In other places, such proportion as may be deemed fitting is to be raised by rates, or subscriptions, or both, and the commissioners may grant money in aid, and advance as a loan any part of the proportion which the parish is to supply. The application for new churches must come from the parishes; and for such application the consent is required of the majority of the inhabitants who are assessed to the poor; or if the parish be under the care of a select vestry or body, of four fifths of that body, and of two-thirds in value of the proprietors of land, whether that land be freehold, copyhold, life-hold, or held by lease for not less than fifteen years absolute. All sums expended in purchasing sites, or advanced as loans by the commissioners, are to be charged on the church-rates, so as to be repaid within a specified term. Any parish may, with consent of the bishop and the patron of the church, be divided into two or more separate parishes, for all ecclesiastical purposes; in such cases, the proposed bounds of the division, with the relative proportions of the endowments, are to be represented to the King in council; and the division is not to take effect completely till after the death, resignation, or avoidance of the existing incumbent. In these cases, the patronage is vested in the patron of the original parish. Where such a division is not thought expedient, a division into ecclesiastical districts may be made, to be approved in like manner, by the King in council.

The new churches are to be perpetual curacies. No burials are to be permitted in them, nor in the adjacent cemetery, at a less distance than twenty feet from the external wall; except in vaults wholly arched with brick or stone, under the church or chapel, to which the only access shall be by steps on the outside of the walls. The penalty for a breach of this provision is £50. One-fifth of the whole sitting in these churches, is to be reserved for free seats: the rent of the other seats may be fixed by the commissioners, and from it provision is to be made for the minister and clerk.

In the middle of the last century, when some doubts were expressed as to the propriety of erecting a new Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, Dr. Franklin delivered an opinion upon it in his characteristic manner. 'To build a new church in a growing place,' said he, 'is not properly dividing, but multiplying, and will really be a means of increasing the number of those who worship God in that way. Many who cannot now be accommodated in the church, go to other places, or stay at home; and if we had another church, many who go to other places, or stay at home, would go to church. I had for several years nailed against the wall of my house, a pigeon-box that would hold six pair: and though they bred as fast as my neighbour's pigeons, I never had more than six pair, the old and strong driving out the young and weak, and obliging them to seek new habitations. At length, I put up an additional box, with apartments for entertaining twelve pair more, and it was soon filled with inhabitants by the overflowing of my first box, and of others in the neighbourhood. This I take to be a parallel case with the building a new church here.'

The act of Queen Anne was designed as one means 'for redressing the inconveniences and growing mischiefs' which arose from the increase of Dissenters and Papists,—inconveniences and mischiefs which in that age were distinctly understood, and which it was not then thought a point of prudence to dissemble, or a proof of liberality to despise. The immediate political danger of Popery died with the hopes of the Stuarts; and as no direct tangible evil is now connected with its increase in this kingdom, the fact that it is increasing more than at any former time, and that the Jesuits have established seminaries in England and Ireland, may excite regret and wonder in a few persons who have grown up in the old school, and have not yet outgrown its lessons; but will generally be regarded with perfect unconcern. Upon this subject much might be said, were there no nearer and greater evils; and upon the Protestant Propagandists also, who send forth their missionaries,\* into our peaceful

\* A specimen of the spirit which these Propagandists carry to their work may be seen in Mr. Bowles's 'Plain Narrative of some circumstances attending the sickness and death

peaceful villages to illuminate the peasantry, by preaching against the ordinances of the English church, and exhorting them not to commit the grievous sin of taking their children to be baptized! But if these inconveniences and mischiefs in Queen Anne's reign rendered an increase of the means of sound religious instruction advisable, as a preventive measure, much more is such an increase required in our times, when, in addition to those disturbing causes, a mischief of more pestilent nature has arisen among us, which brings with it greater present evil, and draws after it dangers of a worse kind. The speculative impiety which has long existed in this country is no longer contented, as in the days of Chubb and Collins, to rest in speculation; it has produced a system of practical immorality; and as in colonial wars the perilous practice has sometimes been resorted to of proclaiming freedom to all slaves who will take arms against their owners, so in the war which the preachers of this philosophy have declared against the civil and religious institutions of society, the bounty which they hold out to their deluded disciples is an immediate emancipation from all the restraints which the laws of God impose upon the selfish and sinful propensities of man. The populace are told in plain terms that religion is a mere juggle between priests and kings, for the purpose of keeping them in subjection; that men are like the beasts that perish; and that, as they have no other world to look for, they are fools if they refrain from any gratification which this can give them, or suffer any prejudices to stand in the way of their interest and their inclination.

These doctrines are still disseminated in weekly journals through town and country, for the benefit of mechanics and pot-house politicians, and they are served up in verse for the edification of the higher orders, and the use of the rising generation. We know in what such principles begin,—and we know in what they end. 'Assuredly,' says one of our admirable old divines, 'assuredly in this matter men's convictions begin not at their understandings, but at their wills, or rather at their brutish appetites; which, being immersed in the pleasures and sensualities of the world, would by no means, if they could help it, have such a thing as a Deity, or a future estate of souls to trouble them here, or to account with them hereafter. To believe that there is no God to judge the world, is hugely suitable to that man's interest, who assuredly knows that upon such a judgment he shall be condemned; and to assert that

death of Ann Nichols, a poor woman, late of the parish of Bramhill, Wilts.' The poor woman, when upon her death-bed, had been thrown into all the horrors of despair by one of these false prophets, and in all probability would have died raving mad, if Mr. Bowles had not interfered, and rescued her from the hands of this cruel Calvinist. The narrative is very interesting, and ought to be extensively circulated.

there

there is no hell, must needs be a very benign opinion to a person engaged in such actions, as he knows must certainly bring him thither. Men are Atheists not because they have *better wits* than other men, but because they have *corrupter wills*; not because they *reason better*, but because they *live worse*.'

Something of this spirit prevailed when South delivered his excellent discourses upon 'the fatal influence of words and names falsely applied.' 'Such,' he says, 'as appear foremost, and cry loudest for reformation, are a sort of men greatly branded with the infamous note of atheism and irreligion, debauchery and sensuality, lust and uncleanness; so that, although we cannot see what we are to be reformed *from*, yet we may fairly perceive what we are likely to be reformed *to*: a reformation proceeding in such hands being in all probability likely to prove much after the same rate, as if, upon those disorders and abuses mentioned to have been in the church of Corinth, St. Paul should, of all others, have singled out and wrote to the incestuous Corinthian to reform them.' The same clear-sighted writer observes that the means which had once already put the country in a flame, would infallibly do the same again, if the providence of God and the providence of man did not timely interpose between her and the villainous arts of such incendiaries; 'for,' continues he, 'we may and must pronounce of this vile cant, what a great and learned man said of common prophecies and predictions, usually vented and carried about to amuse the minds of the vulgar: to wit, that in point of any credence to be given to them, in respect of their truth or credibility, they were utterly to be despised and slighted; but in point of the influence they may have upon the public, by perverting the minds of the people, no caution can be too great to be used against them, no diligence too strict, no penalties too severe to discourage and suppress them. For even the silliest and most senseless things may sometimes conjure up more mischief to a government, than the wisest and ablest statesmen can conjure down again.'

'Whenever I figure to myself,' says Michaelis, 'a period when religion shall decline among us, I reflect at the same time with horror on the severe punishments which it will then be necessary to devise, and which, after all, will very often prove more ineffectual than the moderate ones of the present day. For, in place of the weight that religion then no longer lays in the good scale, must be substituted the constant employment of racks and executioners. But may God,' he adds, 'avert the approach of such unhappy times which too many among us are now labouring to hasten!' It is indeed a fearful consideration, that while so many causes, some of them unforeseen in the progress of society, and others inseparable from it, are tending to produce an increase of crimes, there should be men wicked



wicked enough and mad enough to labour at removing from the multitude all respect for the laws, all reverence for the Gospel, all restraints of conscience, all salutary fear either of God or man, as if Hell had its apostles upon earth, and the Advent of Antichrist were at hand. The pestilential opinions with which these zealots of anarchy are possessed, produce an effect like that which Thucydides notices as one of the frightful characteristics of the plague at Athens: it was observed that the unhappy persons who laboured under the disease were agitated with a malignant desire of spreading their own curse, and that they rejoiced when they had succeeded in communicating the infection to others, even to their nearest and dearest friends.

The open diffusion of these destructive doctrines has been checked at last by laws which had too long been insulted, and defied with impunity. But we must be allowed to doubt, and to express our reasons for doubting, whether those laws which were enacted by our forefathers to protect the religion of the country, have not in one point, and that point a most important one, been relaxed too far.

By the statute 9 & 10 William III. it was enacted, that if any person educated in the Christian religion, or professing the same, should by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking, deny any one of the persons in the Holy Trinity to be God, he should, upon the first offence, be rendered incapable to hold any office or place of trust; and for the second, be rendered incapable of bringing any action, being guardian, executor, legatee, or purchaser of lands, and should suffer three years imprisonment without bail. That room, however, might be given for repentance, if the delinquent, within four months after the first conviction, would publicly renounce his error in open Court, he was to be discharged from all disabilities. Thus the law stood, till a bill for its repeal was introduced by the member for Norwich, Mr. William Smith, which passed without opposition.

The necessity for the repeal was not quite obvious. It was not a statute, which by imposing pecuniary penalties, and allotting a portion of the mulct to the informer, could excite vexatious prosecutions from selfish motives. We are not aware that any Unitarian was ever deprived of a legacy by the enforcement of this law, or debarred by it from the exercise of any legal right: and certainly that body of dissenters had not been prevented by it, from defending, inculcating and diffusing their peculiar opinions with perfect freedom, whether from the pulpit, or the press. In fact, they had organized themselves as a sect, during the existence of the statute, grown up, and flourished (as far as it can be said that they have flourished) under it. Nevertheless, its repeal was asked  
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for by one of their community, and it was granted with unhesitating and unsuspicious liberality.

Let us now state the use which has been made of this concession. The Unitarian Society met and passed certain resolutions upon the Bill 'for the relief of those who impugn the doctrines of the Trinity.' One of the resolutions was 'that this Society hail the present measure as an auspicious prelude to that happy day, when all penal laws and political restrictions on religious grounds, shall be for ever abolished; when an invidious and limited toleration shall give way to universal religious liberty; and when all, without distinction, shall be entitled by law, to the possession of those civil and political privileges which are the birth-right of Britons.' It is well that we should be taught how surely all concession to sects and factions leads to larger demands. The subscribers to the Unitarian fund also resolved—'that as Unitarian Christians feared not to profess and inculcate what they esteem the doctrines of the Gospel, though liable to the infliction of severe penalties, it is their incumbent duty, now that they are placed within the protection of the law, not to relax their efforts, but rather to extend those exertions which well consist with the peace and order of civil society, and the purest principles of Christian charity.'

In pursuance, we presume, of these resolutions, the following placards have been exhibited on the high-road between London and Uxbridge.

'Parish of Hillingdon.

'To any of his *poor* fellow parishioners, who honestly recognizing the fundamental principle of Protestant dissent, that the Scriptures alone are sufficient to make men wise unto salvation, and well content therefore to adhere strictly to their language as well as doctrine, are disposed to educate their children in the Evangelical and Apostolic faith of one God the Father, and Our Lord Jesus Christ, rather than, according to the Improved Version of Orthodoxy, in the belief of 'Trinity in Unity, Three Persons, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, &c. &c.\*

Mr. Clarke

Proposes to clothe and to educate, gratis, somewhere within the above parish, fifteen female children above the age of eight years.

'N.B. All creeds, catechisms, articles and other unscriptural innovations upon genuine Christian theology, will of course be religiously excluded the above school, in which the children will be taught the Bible only.'

'The word Trinity sounds oddly, and is mere human invention. It were better to call Almighty God, God, than Trinity.'—LUTHER.

'I like not this prayer, O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity! It savours of barbarism.'

'The word Trinity is unintelligible, profane, a human invention,

\* These *et ceteras* are copied from the placard.

founded upon no testimony of God's word:—the Popish God unknown to the Prophets and Apostles.'—CALVIN.

'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.'—CHILLINGWORTH.

'Articles of Churches are not of divine authority. Have done with them! They may be true, they may be false. Appeal to the Book!'

—BISHOP WATSON.

Another of these placards was in this form :

ORTHODOXY  
as learnt  
from

The Bible only.

Sundry comparisons and corrections.

Under the first head are collected the texts which the Unitarians have forced into their service : under the other, the Trinitarian expressions of the Liturgy, disfigured by interpolations, and at the end, is said

If Jehovah be God,  
follow him.

But if the Baal,  
follow him,

The honourable member by whom the bill for repealing the Statute of William was brought in, has made it known to the nation that he is a reader of the Quarterly Review ; and it has even appeared that he sometimes carries it in his pocket. We appeal to him, therefore, in a well founded confidence that these pages will come under his eye ; and we ask him whether he would have brought in that bill, if he had been aware that the first use which the Unitarians were to make of it would have been thus openly and grossly to insult the established religion of the country ? and whether he believes that this bill would have been suffered to pass, if any such suspicion had been entertained by the Heads of the Church and the Houses of Parliament ?

The Church of England has never shrunk from the fullest investigation of its tenets. From the time when it was

'Founded in truth ; by blood of martyrdom  
Cemented ; by the hands of wisdom reared  
In beauty of holiness, with order'd pomp,  
Decent, and unproved,'

it has been still

'For its defence, replenish'd with a band  
Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts  
Thoroughly disciplined.'

It has vindicated itself triumphantly against Romanists on the one hand, and Schismatics on the other ; and maintained with equal strength, the truths of revealed religion against the Deist, and those of natural religion against the Atheist. Whatever we may think

think of ourselves in this age of journalists, when humility is as much out of fashion as a Steenkirk wig, the student who should betake himself to the diligent perusal of our great divines, would derive from any one of them more wisdom than is to be acquired from the most diligent study of the last Review, or the most assiduous attendance upon a fashionable lecturer. Precepts are to be found in their writings, which rectify the judgment, strengthen the moral principle, and render the heart invincible. Nor has that band of champions degenerated, nor is it likely to degenerate. Against fair and regular attacks, the Church of England requires not, and needs not the protection of authority : it can protect itself by its own strength ; its defenders are armed at all points, and ready at all times. But misrepresentations and charges of idolatry, supported by mis-statements, and addressed promiscuously to the ignorant, are not legitimate modes of warfare. And the Church has a right to require from that State, the welfare and existence of which is inseparably connected with its own, that the religious feelings of the people shall not be thus wantonly and publicly outraged. For whatever may be the opinion of the Socinian propagandists,—however elaborately they may have examined the question, and conscientiously formed their own decision, they cannot but know that upon this point they are as much opposed to all other bodies of Dissenters, as to the national Church ; that in this matter they are the Ishmaelites of the Christian world, their hand is against every Christian, and every Christian hand is against them : that all Christians, except themselves, (and how insignificant their own number is they well know,) regard the Trinity, not merely as true in speculation, but as the vital and essential truth of Christianity, without which nothing but mere naturalism would remain ; they ought to know also that when the restrictions of law were removed, it might have been expected that a sense of decency would have prevented them from obtruding their tenets upon public view in a manner, which though it may seem sportive to themselves, necessarily appears blasphemous to all who believe that Christ is their Redeemer and their God.

Of the discreeter Unitarians, (and there are among them many estimable and excellent men,) we would ask whether it is fitting—whether it is decorous, that questions relating to the highest mysteries of theology, and the most important points of revelation, should be brought in this manner before the multitude ? Even if the doctrine were erroneous, upon their own view of its introduction into Christianity, it would be no common superstition, no vulgar error. They themselves derive it from that philosopher upon whom antiquity conferred the appellation of divine, and who has  
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been acknowledged by the greatest men of all times, (those who have approached nearest him in intellectual powers,) to have carried human reason as high as it is possible for mere humanity to reach. Had the doctrine, therefore, as they maintain, originated in the Platonic philosophy, it would be no fit subject for rude placards and that sort of consideration which such means are likely to invite. We are accustomed to have our affairs of state discussed upon the hustings, and we know in what manner they are usually discussed there; that for one Canning who explains the true principles of a British statesman, with an eloquence and a wisdom which Cicero might have applauded, mob-orators start up by the score, thoroughly bred in the school of faction, graduated in impudence and with all the figures of mendacity and slander at command. Use has reconciled us to this, and there is some good also to compensate in part for the absurdity and mischief of the practice. But theological controversies have never till now been brought before the populace, and carried on by means of hand-bills and placards. We would ask also of the discreeter Unitarians, whether they approve the matter of these compositions any more than the manner? Whether it be fair dealing to bring forward the authority of Chillingworth and Bishop Watson, as if either of those writers agreed with the Unitarians in opinion? Whether it be honest to quote Luther and Calvin as Anti-Trinitarians, knowing, as the author of these placards, however ill-informed he may be in other respects, must have known, that both those reformers would have laid down their lives rather than have denied the divinity of the Son, or the personality of the Holy Spirit?

It may not, perhaps, be generally known to the readers of this journal, that there exists a sect of ultra-Unitarians, forming a link between Socinianism and infidelity, but, as it appears, gravitating very sensibly towards the latter. The orthodox Unitarians, (if words so heterogenous may be used in combination,) they who follow the opinions of Dr. Priestley, and of whom Mr. Belsham may be considered as holding the most conspicuous place among their teachers, were in the habit of holding religious conferences in the lecture-room belonging to the Unitarian Chapel at Hackney. These meetings were begun and concluded with singing and prayer; the minister of the meeting presided, a quarter of an hour was allowed to each speaker, and it was one of the rules that no subject should be adjourned to a second conference. The subjects proposed for discussion, were of course chosen with a view to the support of Socinian principles, but they were perfectly decorous, and in accord with the feelings of sincere and pious men of that persuasion. They were, in some instances, objectionable, as inviting disputation upon

upon points which ought not to have been mooted as doubtful,—for example, the subject for one debate was ‘the expediency and Scriptural authority of Public Social Prayer;’ and for another, ‘how far Christianity inculcates or sanctions the virtue of Patriotism.’ One of the ablest American\* writers has said, wisely as well as feelingly, ‘I desire to thank God, that since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure.’ There are questions upon which the heart should have decided. They introduced also too much of political matter, as when they debated ‘whether war be justifiable on Christian principles, and how far upon the same principles capital punishments could be justified.’

Certain persons, however, calling themselves ‘intelligent, candid and liberal† Unitarians,’ found that there was not sufficient liberality and latitude at the Unitarian Conferences, held at Hackney: ‘they had observed with pain and disgust,’ they said, ‘that all arguments tending to invalidate the authority of particular tenets and principles maintained by Unitarian professors, had been followed by a wicked and insidious attempt on the part of one or two privileged individuals to fix on those who used them a charge of disorderly and indecorous conduct, and by every specious and plausible insinuation, to degrade the speaker, the more effectually to paralyze the thing spoken.’ An anti-conference was therefore set up, and these ‘intelligent, candid, and liberal’ persons were invited to the Freethinking Christians’ Meeting-house, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate, ‘where truth,’ it was said, ‘shall neither be stifled by interested opposition on the one hand, nor borne down by aged intolerance on the other.’ This anti-conference was *not* to be opened by singing or prayer; and *no* minister was allowed to preside.

The following questions (among others) proposed for discussion once a fortnight during the winter, may shew the tendency and intent of these conferences.

1. ‘Are the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper Christian institutions?’
2. ‘Is public social worship founded on expediency or scriptural authority?’
3. ‘Is pulpit-preaching, and the appointment of any particular order of men to what is termed the Christian ministry, authorized by the writings of the New Testament?—or justifiable on the ground of utility?’

\* Fisher Ames, a man of sound sense, and true political wisdom, and one whose conduct was equally admirable in public and in private life.

† It may be worth noticing that in a true and faithful account of *Veritas*, which is an Unitarian Utopia, (printed about thirty years ago,) one of the laws is ‘once in every three months let some part of the Alcoran of Mahomet be read, and let the minister make such commentaries thereon as he thinks proper.’

4. 'Are Unitarians in their practice as a body, free from the charge of inconsistency and of culpable indifference to truth and principle?'

These Freethinking Christians are the same community who met about twelve years ago, at No. 5, Cateaton-street, with whom another set of sectarians, calling themselves 'the Church, assembling at No. 7, Cateaton-street,' thought it necessary publicly to disclaim all connection, expressing at the same time their regret, that any of their countrymen should hold sentiments so repugnant to the word of God. They made themselves notorious at the time, by advertizing in one of the Sunday papers, their intention of publicly inquiring into the existence of the Devil. The business in their meetings (for the term Religious Service would be inapplicable) is thus described in Mr. Evans's sketch :

'At these meetings, doctrinal, moral and scriptural subjects are chosen for public instruction : there is the utmost simplicity and familiarity in their form and manner. The elder opens the business by stating the subject ; and at his call, several speakers, one after the other, address the Church and the audience assembled. It is no unusual thing to hear among them a difference of opinion, which they express without the least hesitation, considering that truth is engendered by the comparison of sentiment, and that no sensible mind can be otherwise than pleased at every attempt to correct what another may esteem its error. This exercise generally occupies about an hour and a half, and the business is concluded by the elder. The speakers, in their discourses, take frequent occasions to controvert the current opinions of the Christian world in general ; and to shew their ground of dissent from all sects and parties : nor are they at all sparing with their censures on the priesthood, which under all its modifications and refinements, they consider as opposed, both in theory and application, to the best principles of the Christian Church, inimical to the purity of the Gospel, inconsistent with the advancement of mind, and unfriendly to the interests of truth.'

It appears then, upon translating this *lingua-franca*, or liberal language, into its meaning in plain English, that this meeting, though the house is licensed under the pretext of being a place of religious worship, is neither more nor less than a debating club, in which the opinions prevailing throughout the Christian world, those Catholic doctrines which have been held by all Christians, at all times and in all parts of the world,—are controverted ; and the clergy, not those of the Establishment alone, but the religious ministers of every denomination, are denounced as a class of men whose existence is incompatible with that new and liberal order of things, that golden age of philosophy, which the sages of this society are labouring to advance, sometimes by their metaphysical



talents in Jewin Street,\* and sometimes by their political harangues in the Common Hall.

Far as these gentlemen have gone, the convenient method of turning a meeting house into a debating society has been carried still farther. In this lowest deep there is a lower still. The following is literally copied from a handbill before us.

Judge Abbot

and the

BIBLE!

The following adjourned question will be debated

At Hopkin's Street Chapel,

Near Berwick Street, Soho,

On Monday Evening, Nov. 1, 1819.

*'Is Judge Abbott's refusing Mr. Carlisle to read the Bible on his Trial, to be attributed to a sincere Respect for the Sacred Writings, or to a reasonable Apprehension that their supposed Absurdity and Falseness would be exposed?'*

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*'On Wednesday Evening next, the*

*Following question will be debated;*

*'Is the removal of Earl Fitzwilliam from the Lord Lieutenancy of Yorkshire, to be considered as a crafty Design of Ministers and Wigs,† to subvert the gigantic Power of the Radicals, vainly supposing the lower Order would accept of a rich Man for their leader, who Commands eleven Voices in the Senate, or to be Considered as an Act of Prudence on their Part, to suppress the inquiry made respecting the innocent Blood spilt at Manchester?'*

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One of the late acts of government (those salutary acts which were so loudly called for by all the loyal and religious part of the nation—the great majority of the British people) has put an end to this hot-bed of impiety and sedition, and to others of the same kind. The law has also reached some of the wholesale dealers in blasphemy and treason. But numerous agents of evil are still as busily at work as ever; and the poisonous drugs are still prepared and vended, though they are no longer labelled as they were before.

Mr. Yates has stated the result of a personal and minute inquiry into the 'extent of circulation given to papers and pamphlets injurious to morals, and of an infamous, loose and irreligious character.'

'There are,' he says, 'many printers and publishers of such works;

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\* The following specimen may shew the manner in which religious subjects are treated in this preparatory academy for infidelity.—The true mode of conversion, said one of the speakers, is to deal with a man, as — did with St. Paul.—How was that? —By knocking him down!

† The spelling, syntax, punctuation, and other peculiarities, of this precious paper are faithfully preserved.

one of whom alone employs from ten to twenty persons (men and women) to traverse the town and country with packages; to find their way into the kitchens and stables of the higher classes; and into the shops, manufactories, public houses, and all the resorts of the numerous servants, artisans, mechanics and labourers, the greater part of whom, in all the large parishes, are left totally destitute of the care of the national religion; wholly without any participation in the instructions of a parish minister, or in the benefit of the Established Church. How successfully these sheep without a shepherd are sought after by the destructive zeal of the enemy, may appear from the fact, that each of these emissaries of vice maintain themselves by a profit of from ten to forty shillings each per week—after their employers have received an ample gain upon the printing and publishing: each of these vendors of *Good Books* (as they term themselves on their catalogues and packages) brings a sum seldom less than five pounds in ready money, or a sufficient security for a like sum, and receives books to that amount at the wholesale price, living upon the retail and ready money profit, and when all are sold returning with the capital for a fresh supply. A circulation beyond credibility is thus given to the silent and insidious vehicles of licentiousness, disaffection, and every description of vice. And if even when the good seed is sown, the enemy intermixes his tares, how abundant must be the growth of evil when the uncultivated soil is left entirely to him!—*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 64.

Thus it is that those pestilential opinions are diffused which have cankered the populace at the core; opinions which are equally destructive of patriotism and of loyalty, of morality and of religion, of national welfare and of individual happiness;—which wither and blast the household virtues, and eat into the main beams and pillars of society, like a dry rot. The newspapers and other journals, through all the imperceptible shades of gradation between Whiggery and Radicalism, continually administer their stimulants and keep up the diseased action in the body politic. Quarter after quarter, month after month, week after week, day after day, the revolutionary press sends forth its poison—

*Nihil est profecto stultius neque stolidius  
Neque mendaciloquius, neque argutum magis,  
Neque confidentiloquius, neque perjurius.*

But false as it is, ignorant and self-contradictory even to absurdity, its impudence and its perseverance must inevitably prevail—if the laws are not vigilantly enforced. Oh folly to believe that the press, like the spear of Telephus, possesses a virtue which can heal the wounds it makes! Oh madness to suppose that the press can counteract the evils which the press is producing! As well might you hope to remedy the effects of habitual drunkenness by medicine, while the patient continues in the practice of the vice: as

well might you expect to restore a maniac to his senses, by putting into his hands a treatise upon the right use of reason!

Upon this subject the opinion of an American writer already mentioned may be read with some interest. Fisher Ames considered it as the best proof of the remarkable strength of the British Constitution, that it had stood so long in spite of the abuses of the press. 'The press,' said this excellent man, (a republican by education, principle and duty, and a true lover of liberty)—'the press has left the understanding of the mass of men just where it found it; but by supplying an endless stimulus to their imaginations and passions, it has rendered their temper and habits infinitely worse. It has inspired ignorance with presumption, so that those who cannot be governed by reason, are no longer to be awed by authority. The many, who before the art of printing, never mistook in a case of oppression, because they complained from the actual sense of it, have become susceptible of every transient enthusiasm, and of more than womanish fickleness of caprice. The press is a new, and certainly a powerful agent in human affairs. It will change, but it is difficult to conceive how, by rendering men indocile and presumptuous, it *can* change societies for the better. They are pervaded by its heat, and kept for ever restless by its activity. While it has impaired the force that every just government can employ in self defence, it has imparted to its enemies the secret of that wildfire that blazes with the most consuming fierceness on attempting to quench it.'

The greater the power of any instrument, the greater is the mischief which it may produce if managed by unskilful hands, or directed by wicked ones. This is as true of printing, as it is of gunpowder and steam. The direction which is given to the press we see and feel at this time, and the anarchists, to do them justice, honestly tell us the end which they are endeavouring to bring about. The press in their hands, is exhibited by themselves as

'The THING

*that in spite of NEW ACTS,*

*And attempts to restrain it by SOLDIERS or TAX,*

is to POISON THE VERMIN of the country.' And that there may be no doubt, who these vermin are, they are represented as the ministers of justice, the military, the persons who are adorned with marks of honours and nobility, and the clergy. In disordering the manufacturing population these *poisoners* have succeeded to the extent of their ability. The result, however, has disappointed their hopes; for, heaven be praised, the conservative powers of society have been found stronger than the united efforts of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion. The arm of authority and the vigour of the law have with God's blessing sufficed for our preservation.

preservation. But the country can never again be in a state of permanent tranquillity,—the feeling of settled security can never be restored, unless more be done, and unless effectual means, in aid of authority and the law, be taken for providing the people, from their youth up, with sound religious instruction. The sure and only way of making them good subjects is by making them good Christians and good men.

A despotism of laws and institutions is supposed as the basis of all Utopian romance. It was aimed at by the legislators of antiquity, and (omitting less complete examples) has been thoroughly exemplified in Egypt and in Japan. To some such despotism every society which is not founded upon Christian principles, must tend, if it be not retrograde instead of progressive; and when it reaches that point, the hopes of man are extinguished. It is only through the prevailing influence of pure religion and undefiled, that the permanent blessings of perfect freedom can be attained; and it is only by timely inculcating the principles of that religion that governments can at once effectually provide for their own security, and for the happiness of their subjects. To this object the measures of the legislature are at length wisely directed, since that by the termination of a war not more arduous than it was inevitable and just, it has won for itself leisure to give its main attention to the improvement of the people, which is the great end of government.

O glorious England! thou hast borne thyself  
Religiously and bravely in that strife;  
And happier victory hath blest thine arms,  
Than in the days of yore  
Thine own Plantagenets achieved,  
Or Marlborough, wise in council as in field,  
Or Wolfe, heroic name.  
Now gird thyself for other war!  
Look round thee, and behold what ills  
Remediable, and yet unremedied,  
Afflict man's wretched race!  
Put on the panoply of faith!  
Bestir thyself against thine inward foes,  
Ignorance and Want, with all their brood  
Of miseries and of crimes!

And here let us remark, that although the grant of the late parliament is far from being adequate to the whole exigencies of the case, no measure of equal magnitude has ever yet been deliberately taken by any government for the interest of religion.—Nor must we omit to notice the conduct of those distinguished persons who have come forward on this occasion to assist in forwarding the object of the legislature by their voluntary contributions. The rea-

diness with which the higher ranks in this country contribute their time, their personal exertions and their pecuniary aid, whenever a just claim is made upon public benevolence, is indeed a distinguishing feature of the present times—one great and consolatory consideration in an age which abounds with evil signs. For any great purpose of foreign or domestic charity,—for the relief of countries which have been laid waste by war,—for the widows and orphans of our defenders who have fallen in battle and in victory,—for assisting the poor in seasons of unusual pressure,—for spreading the blessings of national education,—for diffusing the Scriptures and the light of the Gospel over the whole world,—and now for building churches to provide for our religious wants at home, our princes, our statesmen, our nobles, our clergy and our gentry have taxed, and are continually taxing themselves, with a liberality always equal to the urgency of the call. In no other age and no other country can any parallel to these things be found: in no other age and no other country have there ever been seen such desires on the part of the government, and such exertions on the part of the higher ranks for bettering the condition of the people.

It has been asked, and in no amicable spirit towards the establishment, whether we can build church-ministers as well as churches? whether, while new places of worship are provided, we can provide also a due supply of persons properly qualified and disposed to perform the duties of their sacred office? In reply it may safely be affirmed, that at no time since the foundation of the English Church, have men been more diligently trained for holy orders than in these, our days; nor has promotion in the church been ever so generally bestowed according to desert. Such scandals as were pointed out by Eachard and Stackhouse in their days, have long since ceased to exist. The causes of the inefficiency of the clergy (in as far as they are inefficient) are to be found not in the characters of individuals, but in the history of the Reformation, in the decay of discipline, (for which their predecessors must have to answer,) or in circumstances arising from the present state of society, which, requiring more than any other in which men have hitherto been placed the restraining and correcting and healing influences of religion, places them less within its reach. The erection of new churches and the division of parishes is the first step toward a correction of this evil. For an evil of an opposite kind, the want of proper ministers in the remoter and poorer parts of the country, remedies are at this time in progress. The Bishop of St. David has formed an establishment in his diocese, where students may be qualified at a moderate expense for the ministry in Wales. And a similar institution is flourishing in the North of England,

England, through the zeal of the Bishop of Chester and the liberality of the Earl of Lonsdale.\*

This island appears with peculiar distinction in ecclesiastical history, both legendary and authentic, modern and ancient. St. Paul's is the most splendid cathedral which has ever been erected by a Protestant people; and there are not wanting grave authorities who affirm that the first Christian church in the world was erected in Britain. Cressy would fain persuade his readers, upon the authority of the monk St. Augustine, that Joseph of Arimathea and his disciples, when they arrived in the isle of Avalon, found this church already existing there, 'not built by the skill of man, but prepared by God, and fitted for human salvation—a fable, for the support of which, a magnanimous lie has been forged and fathered upon St. David. But the edifice might well have been constructed by human hands, and the proportion which, as Fuller says, it beareth to time and place, is good presumption for its antiquity, as well as proof of its human origin. 'It had in length,' says that delightful writer, whose fancy never flagged over his most laborious works, 'sixty foot, and twenty-six in breadth, made of rods wattled or interwoven, where, at one view,

\* When the utility of establishing such a seminary for persons who could not incur the expense of an education at Oxford or Cambridge was represented to that beneficent nobleman, he offered to assist the plan by giving to the person who might be chosen to conduct it, the living of any place in his patronage that should be thought best adapted for the purpose. And he proposed Hensingham, (a church which he had himself endowed with a stipendiary payment of 100*l.* a year out of his Whitehaven estates, and to which he had also given a good official residence,) or that of St. Bees, which was at that time vacant, and which was preferred. No place could be better adapted than this little quiet secluded village, to which the Abbey Church, and the school of Archbishop Griadall's foundation, gave something of a venerable and scholastic character. As the number of students increased, more accommodation was required than could be found in the village, and Lord Lonsdale then fitted up the ruined chancel of the Abbey in a manner at once commodious, and harmonising in the best manner with the general appearance of that ancient building. He gave also land enough for the site of a parsonage, (there being none before,) gardens, &c. to entitle the living to a grant from the Commissioners of Queen Anne's bounty, in the usual proportion, clearing away the buildings that were upon the site, and replacing them for his tenant in another situation, at a considerable cost. A gentleman, in all respects fully qualified, was found to conduct the institution. The expenses of tuition are ten pounds per annum; two guineas are required at entrance in aid of a fund for the general purposes of the establishment, and such board and lodging as the village affords (a clean, frugal, flourishing place) may be obtained for about thirty pounds a year. The vacations are two months in summer, and one at Christmas. The students go there from the age of eighteen to twenty, with the stock of Latin and Greek which they have acquired at school, and they remain till they can be reported qualified to undergo an examination for holy orders. This useful institution could not have been placed in its present respectable state without the liberal aid of Lord Lonsdale; but the interest which he has taken in its success, and the unremitting attention which he has bestowed upon it, have been not less beneficial than his pecuniary assistance. Let us hope that the example may be followed where it is needed; and let us again express a wish, that the statute of Mortmain, of which the only possible effect now is that it may stand in the way of much good, may be speedily repealed.

we may behold the simplicity of primitive devotion, and the native fashion of British buildings in that age, and some hundred years after. For we find that Hoel Dha, king of Wales, made himself a palace of hurdle-work, called *Tyguyn*, or the White House, because, for distinction sake, the rods whereof it was made were unbarked, having the rind stripped off, which was then counted gay and glorious, as white-limed houses exceed those which are only rough-cast. In this small oratory Joseph with his companions watched, prayed, fasted, preached; having high meditations under a low roof, and large hearts betwixt narrow walls. If credit may be given to those authors, this church, without competition, was senior to all Christian churches in the world. Let not then stately modern churches disdain to stoop with their highest steeples, reverently doing homage to this poor structure, as their first platform and precedent; and let their chequered pavements no more disdain this oratory's plain floor, than her thatched covering doth envy their leaden roofs. And although now it is meet that church buildings, as well as private houses, partaking of the peace and prosperity of our age, should be both in their cost and cunning increased, (far be that pride and profaneness from any, to account nothing, either too fair for man, or too foul for God!); yet it will not be amiss to desire that our judgments may be so much the clearer in matters of truth, and our lives so much the purer in conversation, by how much our churches are more light, and our buildings more beautiful than theirs were.

Such, according to authorities which, upon this point, there can be no valid reason for disputing, was that edifice which, if not the first Christian church in the world, was assuredly the first in England. The first Saxon Churches were all built of wood.\* 'Then,' says old Trevisa, 'had ye wooden churches, and wooden chalices, and golden priests; but now golden chalices, and wooden priests.' In the course of a few centuries the land was filled with cathedrals, monasteries, and village churches; the former vying with, and the latter exceeding any similar edifices in any part of Christendom. Nothing indeed of the kind can be more beautiful, nor more beau-

\* As late as the seventh century, the Scotch (it is of the Scotch, and not the Irish, that Bede is speaking here) are known to have built their churches of oak, and thatched them with reeds. The episcopal church of Lindisfarne, which afterwards became so beautiful a structure, was originally built after this fashion by St. Finan, who came from Iona. One of his successors removed the thatch, and cased the whole building with lead. The reader may be pleased with having before him the original authority for these curious facts in the history of our church architecture. '*Interea Aidano Episcopo de hac vita sublato, Finan pro illo gradum Episcopatus a Scotis ordinatus ac missus acceperat: qui in insula Lindisfarnensi fecit ecclesiam Episcopi sede congruam. Quam tamen more Scotorum non de lapide, sed de robore secto totam composuit, atque arundine texit. Quam tempore sequente reverendissimus Archiepiscopus Theodorus in honorem B. Petri Apostoli dedicavit. Sed et Episcopus loci ipsius Eadberht, ablata arundine, plumbi luminis eam totam, hoc est, et tectum et ipsos quoque parietes ejus cooperire curavit.*'—Bede, l. iii. c. 25.



tifully appropriate to their design, than the best of our parish churches, those of Somersetshire for instance, with their gothic towers, which were erected in the best age of religious architecture, and those of Lincolnshire, with their fretted spires, seen far and wide over a country which contains no other objects either of beauty or sublimity. The Quakers have a mortal objection to the steeple; and in their orthodox phraseology they never call a church by any other name than a steeple-house—a hatred conceived in the same unlucky spirit which made them proscribe sweet sounds, gay colours, graceful apparel, and good English. The other dissenters have no such prejudices; but of the numerous places of worship which they have erected, there is not one which has the slightest pretensions to architectural merit, even among those in the construction of which economy has not been the first consideration. Heaven be praised, that our forefathers had a truer sense of the beauty of holiness, and built churches and cathedrals for us instead of meeting-houses! We hope and trust that this proud and visible distinction will be preserved on the present occasion; that the new churches may all be ‘steeple-houses;’ and that the good old fashion, sanctified by the practice of so many ages, and the feelings of so many generations, may in no instance be departed from on considerations of expense—motives so temporary in their action and effect should have no operation on works intended to last for posterity:—let us remember what Erasmus said of Canterbury Cathedral,—*tantâ majestate sese erigit in cælum, ut procul etiam intuentibus religionem incutiat.*’

It is worthy of notice that when the plan of a new Post Office was laid before Parliament, a member, remarkable for his zeal for economy, objected to a noble portico, because of the expense; the portico was rejected accordingly, and a public building, which is to stand for ages, is to be erected, not upon the most convenient and appropriate and beautiful, but upon the most economical plan, for the sake of saving a sum in the year’s expenditure, which, if equally apportioned upon the inhabitants of Great Britain, would not amount to a poll-tax of half a farthing! These are things which make an Englishman, who feels for the honour of his country, groan in spirit when he thinks of them. ‘Our King Henry VII.’ says Stavely, ‘built a ship, and he built a chapel, and both these, as it is said, at an equal charge. His ship remains not, *ne tabella quidem*, not so much as a plank of it. But his chapel stands to this day, and is likely to stand till the last, a lasting monument of the founder’s piety and devotion.’

‘Let us remember,’ says a clergyman whose pamphlet lies before us, ‘that when we cease to have a **VISIBLE CHURCH**, we not only endanger our very existence as a professional body, but the character of the middle and lower classes of society becomes proportionably deteriorated

riorated or debased. The common people cannot *philosophize* themselves into religion. There must be outward, visible and tangible evidence of the services of our Maker, and our towers and spires should continue to raise and point to Heaven, if we wish to preserve the morals of the community from relapsing into a morbid state.

Upon this subject the great moral and philosophical poet of the age has expressed himself with characteristic feeling and sublimity.

—‘O ye swelling hills and spacious plains,  
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,  
And spires whose ‘silent finger points to Heaven;’  
Nor wanting at wide intervals, the bulk  
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud  
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds  
To intercept the sun’s glad beams;—may ne’er  
That true succession fail of English hearts,  
That can perceive, not less than heretofore  
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,  
What in those holy structures ye possess  
Of ornamental interests, and the charm  
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,  
And human charity, and social love.  
—Thus never shall the indignities of Time  
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed;  
Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt  
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage  
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;  
And if the desolating hand of war  
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow  
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men  
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds  
Exclusively with transitory things)  
An air and mien of dignified pursuit;  
Of sweet civility—on rustic wilds.’

Our pews have often been objected to by foreigners as deforming the churches, and marking far too strongly the distinction of ranks in a place where that distinction ought, as far as possible, to be forgotten. The custom, however, has been too long established, and is too closely united with our domestic habits to be laid aside, even if these objections were altogether valid. That a church, considered simply with regard to its architectural effect, appears to more advantage when its area is clear, than when it is encumbered with pews, cannot be denied; but that consideration is perfectly inadmissible: what will be most convenient when the edifice is full, is the point to be regarded, not what will be most picturesque when it is empty. And whether our English system be not preferable to that of the Catholic churches on the continent, where dirty women during the service ply with dirty chairs to be let  
out

out for the sitting, will not admit of a question. The separation into families belongs moreover to our national character, and to some of its better parts; the quietness, the reserve, the decorum of our manners require it, and the sanctity of private feeling is thus preserved in the act of public worship. With regard to distinction of ranks, it may be observed, that the sense of those distinctions is much more effectually precluded by the present distribution in which every one knows his place, than it could be by a promiscuous assemblage, which, were there not other and greater objections to it in our state of society, would be liable to this decisive one, that the contrast would be rendered more glaring by juxtaposition, and persons in whom no thought of their relative conditions would otherwise have entered, would have that thought irresistibly forced upon them when they found themselves side by side; the scheme therefore would produce the very evil which it was intended to prevent. And this consequence is so unavoidable, that in those conventicles where the principle is professed, common sense has introduced a wiser practice. Even in quaker meetings every one knows his place, and they who are most respected for their station in life always occupy the chief seats in the synagogue.

When St. Wulstan was building the present cathedral of Worcester, and the former and ruder edifice of St. Oswald was destroyed to make room for his splendid structure, they who stood by him observed that he shed tears at beholding the demolition, and they told him that he ought rather to rejoice in the enlargement of the church over which he presided. He replied, *Ego longè aliter intelligo, quòd nos miseri sanctorum opera destruimus, ut nobis laudem comparemus. Non noverat illa felicitum virorum atas pompaticas aedes construere, sed sub qualicumque tecto seipso Deo immolare, subjectosque ad exemplum attrahere: nos è contra nitimur ut, animarum negligentes curam, accumulemus lapides.* However natural the feeling which Wulstan thus expressed may have been, the fashion of erecting fine cathedrals was certainly no indication that piety was on the wane. It is when old places of worship are dilapidated, or allowed to go to ruin, while no new ones are erected in their stead, that the decay of the mystical as well as of the material church has begun. There was nothing puritanical in Wulstan's feeling; it was just as well as natural: the demolition of a fabric which time and many circumstances had sanctified, forced upon him a melancholy sense of the vanity and instability of all human works, and he could not but think of the chances and changes which his own edifice must undergo, and the destruction to which it must needs come at last, long as it would outlast him, his monument, and perhaps his very name. Very different from this is the spirit which sometimes appears in monastic history, and represents the splendour

splendour of religious buildings as a sinful waste of money which might be piously bestowed on other purposes. Such remarks proceeded from the same spirit which defaced too many of our cathedrals, demolished our painted windows, sold our church organs to the tavern-keepers, strove hard to eject the altar, and for two centuries prevented us from having a school of painting in England, by refusing to admit pictures into the churches.

That spirit happily exists no longer. The organ is now introduced even in meeting-houses, and it is no longer pretended that the eye may not rest upon a church-picture with as little interruption to devotional feelings as upon a monumental tablet, or a bare wall. 'The mind of man, even in spirituals,' says South, 'acts with a corporeal dependence, and so is helped or hindered in its operations according to the different quality of external objects that incur into the senses. And perhaps sometimes the sight of the altar and those decent preparations for the work of devotion may compose and recover the wandering mind much more effectually than a sermon or a rational discourse. For these things in a manner preach to the eye when the ear is dull and will not hear; and the eye dictateth to the imagination, and that at last moves the affections. And if these little impulses set the great wheels of devotion on work, the largeness and height of that shall not at all be prejudiced by the smallness of its occasion. If the fire burns bright and vigorously, it is no matter by what means it was at first kindled; there is the same force, and the same refreshing virtues in it kindled by a spark from a flint, as if it were kindled by a beam from the sun.'

A forcible appeal in behalf of painting has been made upon occasion of these new churches by Mr. Haydon and Mr. Elmes. Mr. Elmes proposes that a committee should be appointed 'similar to that which investigated the merits and value of the Elgin marbles; that various architects, painters, and sculptors shall be examined by it as to the best way of using the national wealth that will be appropriated to this purpose; that this committee shall be empowered to decide on the merits of our present living artists, and give commissions for building the new churches to such architects as they shall approve; that each architect so appointed shall execute his work on his own responsibility and at his own peril, and not exceed the sum entrusted him to expend; that each new church shall have one historical picture by some living painter, who shall be commissioned in a similar way to the architect by the same committee, and the architect desired to prepare his altar-piece accordingly, with double walls, &c. to resist the damp and to keep his church in a regular state of temperature; that five per cent. out of each sum appropriated be set aside for the expense of the historical picture, its frame, &c. that the committee be empowered to inquire into the

best

best modes of remedying the damp in churches, and every other object that may contribute to the improvement of these sacred edifices. 'This,' says Mr. Elmes, 'will set the seal of glory and immortality on the Regency of Great Britain, and form the key-stone of the arch of British glory, and will leave pictures, statues, and buildings to shew posterity what we were.'

Mr. Haydon writes with a warmth of feeling which the consciousness of his powers may well produce. He is laudably desirous of removing from the path of the rising artists, those obstructions which all who are established in the art have but too fatally experienced. He truly observes, that the great works by which the country has been rescued from the stigma of incapacity have been produced by the enthusiasm of individuals who have devoted themselves with the spirit of the Decii, and that those gigantic individual efforts, as they are now made, are of no effect, for want of a place of public reception. There are two ways, he says, by which the powers of the country could be called forth, 'by commemorating the glories of our Regency in our public halls, or by illustrating the duties of Christianity in our cathedrals and churches.' He proposes that, from the money voted for the new churches, three per cent. be allotted for altar pictures.

'Taking this plan,' he says, 'as merely a matter of art, it would produce in a few years the most beneficial effects. Considering it as connected with religion, it would greatly tend to extend the influence of the Established Church; for one great reason why the Methodists have gained such extensive sway is from their having never suffered the feeling of their congregations to flag; whereas, in our churches, there is nothing to excite pious associations in the short intervals of prayer; the buildings are generally dark, dingy and cold. Surely there is no impropriety in saying the regular church might now use all the means of intellectual power and refinement in its reach, under proper direction, and do its utmost to counteract by its associations the feverous excitement of other sects. As a matter of art it would correct the great fundamental and pernicious effects of exhibitions. Where a picture is bought or sold, as it happens, and then hurried into obscurity, no opportunity is ever given for candid examination, nothing is left to time; its errors or its beauties are pressed on the people according to the interests or enmities of those who conduct, or of those who oppose, the society where it is exhibited; parties puff or censure, ridicule or praise, just as it suits; the whole town is in a whirl of feeling, and before any one has time to estimate with perspicuity, the exhibition closes, and the picture and the painter are remembered or forgotten till a new season and a new subject obliterate the recollection of both: while the public vote of Parliament for a picture, as for a statue, would be sound, fair, public encouragement, and collect by degrees the accumulated talent of the country, the work would be for ever before the eye of the world, time would establish its reputation if it deserved it, or destroy it if it deserved

served it not; every man could always judge for himself by a walk to the building where it might be hung, and England would have something to shew the foreigner, when he asks with a sneer, "Where are your historical productions?"—pp. 14—16.

The appeal which has been thus made, and which Mr. Haydon prosecutes with considerable warmth and eloquence, cannot fail in consequence of any prejudices against the admission of pictures into our churches, for no such prejudice exists; Jack himself is now ashamed of the manner in which he tore off the embroidery from his coat, cloth and all. And surely the importance of the object must be acknowledged. Historical painting never has flourished without public encouragement; it never has, and it never can. That encouragement is all which is wanting to complete the glories of this triumphant country, by producing an age of art in England, equal to any which Greece or Italy can boast. The poet can wait for his reward; he may live and die in poverty and neglect; but neither poverty nor neglect can debar him from the full exercise of his divine calling; nor from the sure and certain consolation that he must finally be judged, not by envy and malice, not by ignorance and conceit, not by caprice and fashion, but according to his works, and that too as righteously as if Rhadamanthus were the judge. Truly may he sing,

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;

wherever he may be, infinity is around him, and heaven and earth are open to his excursive spirit. But the painter must have scope and room: if he do not obtain present reputation, his inheritance of futurity is cut off; without patronage his powers can no more expand themselves than the seed of a tropical forest-tree can attain its natural growth and stateliness under the roof of a hot-house. Let us suppose (and this is not merely a gratuitous supposition) that an artist, who may have devoted years to the painful study of his art, conscious of his powers, should determine to evince them by producing a great historical picture, under all the disadvantages of straitened circumstances. After years of painful toil and privation, the work is completed. Its merits are too conspicuous to be denied, and honest admiration is loud in its praise; but no purchaser appears; and the picture which, if it had its proper place in a church, or a public building, would keep the artist before the eyes of the public, and secure to him prosperity and fame, is forgotten as soon as the novelty of the exhibition is over, because it is no longer in sight, takes up room which he cannot afford to give it, and becomes to him an incumbrance, an expense and a perpetual vexation. With what is he to comfort himself? with the proud

sense

sense of native superiority? As well might we suppose that the eagle in a cage should take pride and pleasure in a consciousness of the strength of his wings! It is a miserable consolation to know that art has always had its martyrs, and a miserable thing to suffer a martyrdom for which there is no reward to be expected, either in this world or the next.

An annual grant for the encouragement of this noble art would be, on every account, preferable to a per-centage upon the money voted for the New Churches. A sum which would be scarcely perceived in the year's expenditure, would produce more excitement, more individual happiness, more national glory, more credit among other nations, more good in our own, than ever was obtained at so small a cost in any other manner. It would call forth a display of powers with which all Europe would soon 'ring from side to side.' It would do for London, by national generosity and the force of native genius, what Buonaparte attempted to do for Paris, by national robbery and force of arms; it would make it what Athens has been in the old, and Rome in the modern world, the acknowledged and unrivalled school of arts. Half a century ago Richardson said, 'I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but if ever the great, ancient, and beautiful taste in painting revives, it will be in England.' Already we have seen more than one such revival in our generation. The spirit of poetry has appeared among us again, such as it was in the golden age of Elizabeth; and we are beholden for peace, safety, and increasing prosperity, to a revival of that military spirit which our forefathers displayed at Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, and at Blenheim. But in painting, our ancestors will easily be surpassed: it is with the great men of other times and other countries, that this race must be run: give but a fair course and we shall win the field: give national encouragement, and this generation will see Richardson's prophetic hope fulfilled.

Nor let it be thought that the object is, in any point of view, insignificant, except in the amount of the expenditure required for it. It is of importance even in the mere calculating view of the subject, even upon the gross principle of profit and loss. How far the character and success of our manufactures depend upon the state of art in the country may be illustrated not only by the well-known impulse which was given to our potteries by the late excellent Mr. Wedgwood, when he introduced Etruscan models, but by a fact more recent and directly to the point. When the continent was last opened to us by the success of our arms, our printed cottons were universally objected to, because of their bad taste; and though the material was better than that of the French, the French were preferred. The Manchester manufacturers were  
alarmed;



alarmed; they applied to the most ingenious artists in London for designs, and then, and not till then, the cottons recovered their former ascendancy. These facts are not unworthy of consideration, but it would indeed be unworthy to rest the merits of such an appeal upon such considerations. The glory of a nation in arts and arms is its truest and highest interest; and it is by impressing upon the hearts of a people the great and heroic deeds of their fathers and their brethren, that national greatness may be prolonged, and a succession of great and heroic men be called forth for the service of the country.

There is a series of pictures at Chantilly representing the victories of the Great Condé. We have greater victories to celebrate, and better artists to celebrate them. And for our churches, there is not only the inexhaustible source of Scripture, but the rich stores of our own ecclesiastical annals also, which have, in every way, too long been neglected, abounding as they do with examples that well deserve to be treasured up in our hearts. It is no reason because the Roman Catholics have abused pictures and images to the introduction of a gross and palpable idolatry, that we, among whom no such abuse is possible, should debar ourselves from the advantage of speaking to the eyes of the people, and thereby imprinting upon the young imagination ideas which would never be effaced, and lessons which might sometimes be remembered in an hour of need, and thoughts which would be the prolific seed of virtuous actions. It is not painters alone that painting makes; it has made heroes and penitents, and saints and martyrs, by calling forth whatever emulation is just and salutary. In bestowing upon it that national encouragement to which it has so strong and irresistible a claim, we should be giving an impulse to benevolence and virtue and patriotism as well as to genius.

The British sovereigns have often shown a sense of the value of this art, and been its liberal patrons according to the circumstances of their age. Henry VIII. protected and encouraged Holbein. In Elizabeth's reign we were excluded from the countries in which painting flourished and great artists were to be found, by the fierce intolerance of papal policy; but that queen well understood how desirable it was that great and glorious actions should be preserved fresh in the memory of the people, and she hung the House of Lords with tapestry representing the defeat of the Armada. Charles I. loved poetry and painting; and had his reign been passed in tranquillity, England would have had no cause to envy the collections of foreign princes. After his time the decline of the art came on; and when the dome of St. Paul's and the pictures for Greenwich were painted, the views of the government went beyond the genius which could then be found in the country to an-

swer

swer them. The late king appreciated painting and music with a real feeling of what was excellent in both. Handel was his favourite musician, and it will be remembered (to his honour) that for thirty years he employed Mr. West when that admirable artist had no commission from any other person.

Of the disposition of his present Majesty to encourage whatever is connected with the dignity and honour of the country it would be superfluous to speak: the Royal Academy contains munificent proofs of his liberality to the arts. The sense of the legislature too has been distinctly pronounced by the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, an act of which the wisdom is becoming every day more and more evident. Many foreigners have already come into this island solely for the purpose of seeing these marbles. Casts from the whole collection have been already sent to Bavaria, to Wirtemberg, to Russia: others have been ordered for Florence. The school of sculpture will soon be in England. We have seen in our own exhibition the work of Canova beside that of an Englishman, and England might well be satisfied with the excellence to which her native artist had attained. That national encouragement is asked for painting which sculpture already receives: and when that encouragement is given, England will assert and win for herself as high a pre-eminence in art as she holds at this time in commerce, in science, in literature and in arms.

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